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Three decades ago, Elaine's was *the place.* Once again, celebrated swells—McInerney and Schnabel, McAlary and Bratton, Sharon Stone, the Miramax crowd, Letterman guys, various Baldwins—are piling in. Check, please. By James Kaplan

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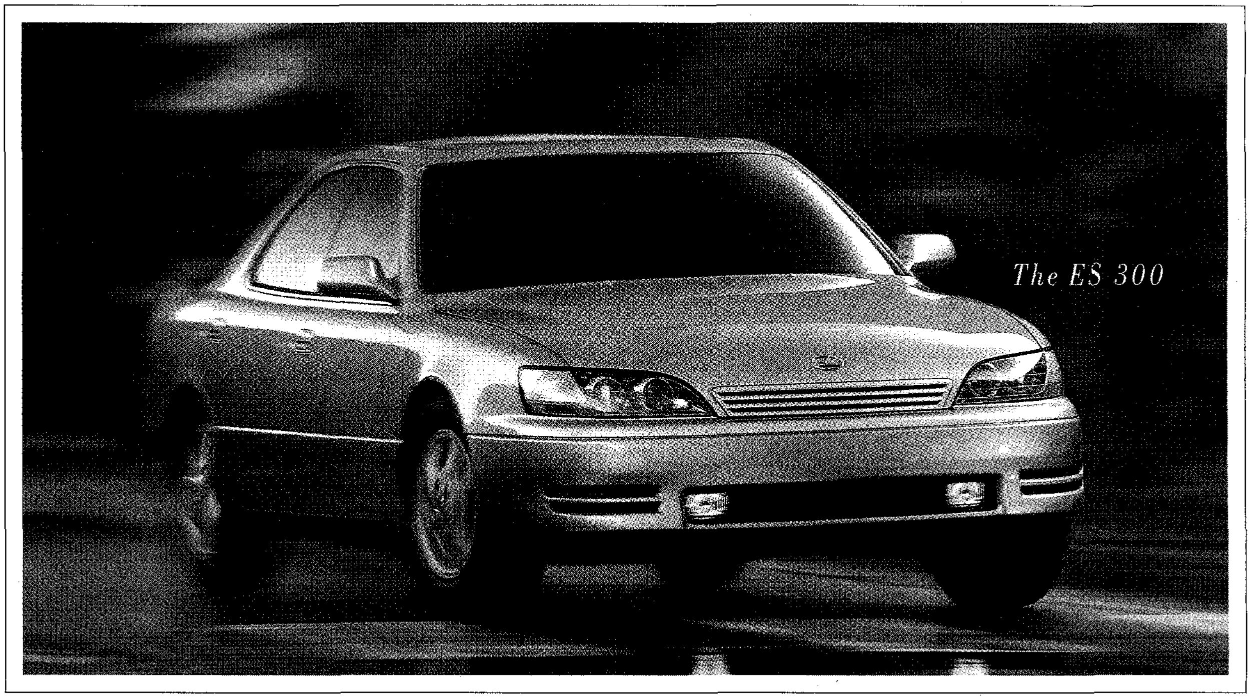

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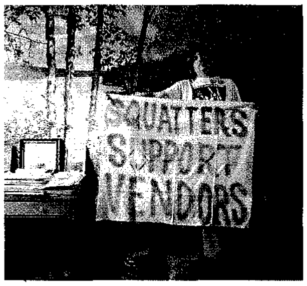

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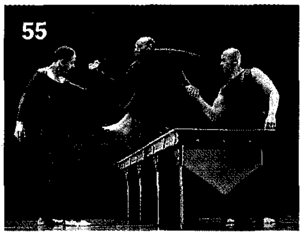

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Hot Type

Why all book publishing requires blatant self-promotion;
how same-sex couples are accommodated at Bloomingdale's.

"HYPING TYPE" [BY RICHARD TURNER, June 17] portrays a "battered book business" run by "new media-conglomerate owners" in an environment "resistant to new media" where "very little synergy exists" with all the non-blockbusters "dy[ing] on the vine." Here are a few nonfiction edits.

First, the book business is thriving. Americans are buying more books than ever and last year spent more on books than on home videos or recorded music. The average person buys four books every three months. Second, the S-word [synergy] is alive and well, at least at Viacom. Simon & Schuster's new Nick Jr. kids' line is one of the most successful licensing launches in history, shipping a quick 1.5 million books. MTV Books has notched a few New York *Times* best-sellers. We're teaching kids math at Paramount Parks, retailing at Blockbuster, and releasing tie-ins to Paramount films. By the way, we also sell thirteen *Star Trek* books every minute around the world.

Third, the literary-fiction market is growing, which is why S&S recently launched Scribner Paperback Fiction. When Annie Proulx sells more than a million copies of *The Shipping News,* it's clear the cerebral end of the market is bigger than the media suggest. Fourth, on the new-media front, Simon & Schuster, which now derives one quarter of its revenue electronically, has more than 400 CD-ROMS for sale this year.

Richard Turner got the wine part right. Our Chardonnay stinks.

Andrew Giangola
Vice-President, Communications
Simon & Schuster
MANHATTAN

RICHARD TURNER FRETS THAT MEDIA conglomerates could decide to target mid-list books for elimination so that newly acquired publishing houses can turn a quick profit. Most authors have good reason to believe that Turner's bushy-tailed MBA has already come up with a bright idea to make these nice little assets perform: Squeeze the authors. Practically every working author now sees stingier contracts that pay less for far more than book rights, options, and noncompete clauses (which shackle the author's career to one publisher) but offer little in return other than, yes, anemic marketing and support for most books.

Stories like Mark Arax's are typical. And even when an author undertakes Arax's heroic efforts to self-promote, the income from sales of 10,000 or even 30,000 hardcover copies under today's typical contract is pathetic given the two years or more of full-time labor most books require. Let's hope publishers, and readers, start to value these professionals' work more than that. Or maybe we should just let the free market kill the industry, since it doesn't seem to be paying under the latest model. After all, who needs books when we have Jim Carrey?

Kay Murray
Director of Legal Services
The Authors Guild
MANHATTAN

June Brides

LOVED SHOPPING WITH HENRY ALFORD FOR the best places to give a gay wedding ["My Gay Wedding," June 17]. I'm living this story with my lover and his mother. So far, we've floated on a sea of warm and helpful caterers, restaurant managers, florists, and photographers, with just a few little bumps along the way. Like the lady at the front desk of Bloomingdale's "Bridal" registry, who tried ever so hard to take our name down but kept dropping her pencil, hot-potato-style. Our rabbi's been the best, helping us with everything from *chuppah* to *ketubah.*

With all the political fuss about gay weddings, it was great to see that for practically everyone we've encountered, it's been business (almost) as usual. Bloomingdale's registry called us at home the next morning to make sure they'd "spelled our name right" (what looked

---

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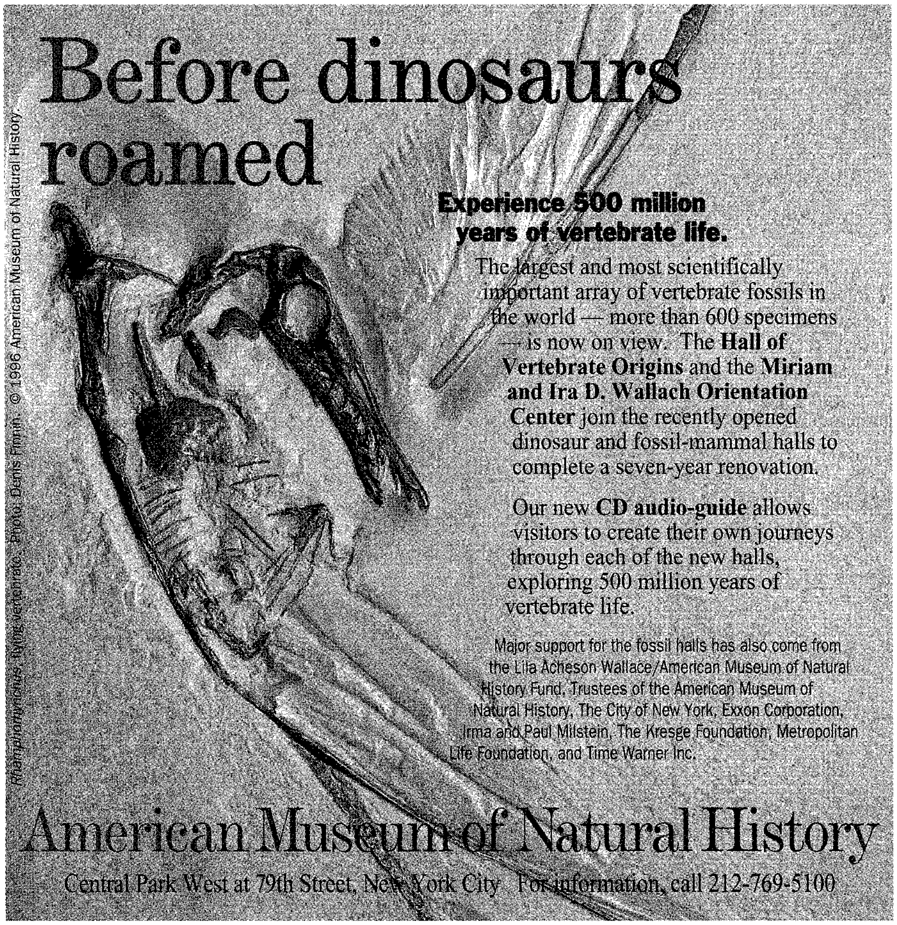

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LETTERS

like "Douglas" *must* have been "Doris," right?). So I'm listed as the bride at Bloomingdale's—they haven't figured out how to program their computer for same-sex weddings yet. And Andrew's on ABC Carpet & Home's registry as the bride. Their computer's behind the times, too, but who cares when their sheets and towels are so incredible!

Douglas Wythe and Andrew Merling
MANHATTAN

I LAUGHED OUT LOUD WITH RECOGNITION when I read Henry Alford's "My Gay Wedding." Despite the dark winds of ignorance and conservatism blowing across the country, gay New Yorkers are relatively free to express their love and commitments publicly to one another.

I just wanted to add that, never to be outdone, Los Angeles merchants are equally gracious when it comes to "alternative" ceremonies. Last September, I married my boyfriend in a garden ceremony in front of 75 friends and family members. During the months of planning, we encountered not one negative reaction, not even a raised eyebrow, from any of the dozens of businesses we came in contact with. We ordered engraved invitations at the Beverly Center; sat in Hanson's Bakery with a dozen young women and their mothers tasting wedding cake; got into an argument in the middle of Williams-Sonoma while registering (I thought we needed charlotte molds and madeleine pans; he didn't); were apologized to by Macy's for their having to list one of us as the bride (their software isn't "sophisticated enough to handle unions" such as ours); and were graciously helped, praised, and congratulated every step of the way.

It's nice to know that America's two largest cities are still accepting, progressive, and, of course, fabulous places to live.

Daniel Berendsen
LOS ANGELES

Corrections In the June 24–July 1 issue's "Wear Yourself Out," the manufacturer of In the Buff and Footnotes was omitted. The two products are made by Philosophy and are available at Barneys New York. In the same issue, "Three If by Sea" misidentified Bay Ridge's 69th Street Pier as "the 59th Street Pier in Canarsie."

In the "Best Doctors" issue (May 20), Dr. David Levine's specialties were omitted. He specializes in psychoanalysis, psychopharmacology, and couples therapy. Also, Dr. Warren E. Enker is affiliated with Beth Israel Medical Center.

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

KUBY PULLS RANK OVER FILES

Ron Kuby: Radical cheek

Ron Kuby is the last lawyer you'd expect to complain to an official—*any* official—about another attorney. The grandstanding radical lawyer, who has defended **Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman** and **C. Vernon Mason,** made no secret of his disdain for the Appellate Division's grievance committee when it went after his clients or his mentor and partner, the late **William Kunstler.** But last spring, after Kunstler's widow, **Margaret Ratner,** ordered him out of the West Village office he had shared with Kunstler since 1982, Kuby fired back by filing a grievance against her, sources say.

Ratner is herself a lawyer who works for the lefty Center for Constitutional Rights. "A group of us find it somewhat paradoxical and ironic that Ron . . . is pursuing Margaret in the grievance committee, which represents the most conservative element of the bar," says one legal insider. Another source believes the grievance stems from a fight over files owned by the Kunstler/Kuby firm. Ratner did not return calls, and even Kuby, for once, wouldn't talk, although he couldn't keep from branding the story "that sort of malicious gossip" that only benefits "the killer cops and the Newt Gingriches."

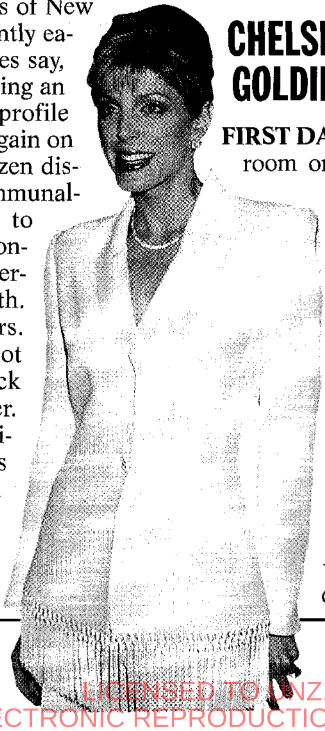
TOP TEN REASONS TO LEAVE *LATE SHOW*...

Writing for **David Letterman** is often tough, but when his ratings drop it can be downright fatal. That's what the writers at *The Late Show* have been discovering ever since **Jay Leno's** come-from-behind triumph over Letterman put the testy talk-show host on the defensive. As ratings have declined, sources say, *The Late Show* writers have become the scapegoat. It's like "rearranging the deck chairs on the *Titanic,*" one observer snipes. Shortly after he fired his longtime producer (and former best buddy) **Robert Morton,** this spring, Letterman did a week of shows out of San Francisco, orchestrated by Morton's replacement, **Rob Burnett.** It was the type of gimmick designed to boost ratings, but Leno's winning streak continued unabated. So as soon as *The Late Show* returned to New York, two new writers, hired by Burnett, quickly got the ax. Two others resigned, including the only woman on the staff. Any changes have "everything to do with creativity and nothing to do with ratings," insists Burnett, who sees "a very big creative surge on the show right now."

David Letterman: Writing them off

MARLA MAPLES: THE LOAN BANDIT?

Has **Marla Trump** taken to treating the stores of New York as her personal walk-in closet? Evidently eager to give her dresses a second life, sources say, the New Age princess is not above purchasing an expensive outfit, modeling it at a high-profile event, and returning it to the store to live again on the back of another woman. The most brazen display of Marla's penchant for high-end communalism came last week, when she returned to Henri Bendel the fringed white Claude Montana pantsuit she'd worn to Donald's hyper-publicized fiftieth-birthday bash last month. Bendel's had not only sold the suit to Mrs. Trump but altered it for her as well. "It's not in salable condition now—there are lipstick stains all over it," said a Bendel's insider. "She even had the nerve to appear on television in it before she had one of her plebes bring it back." Marla insists she returned the suit because it was full of little "picks." "Why would I have paid $85 to alter something I wasn't hoping to keep?"



CHELSEA BUMPS; GOLDIE GRINDS

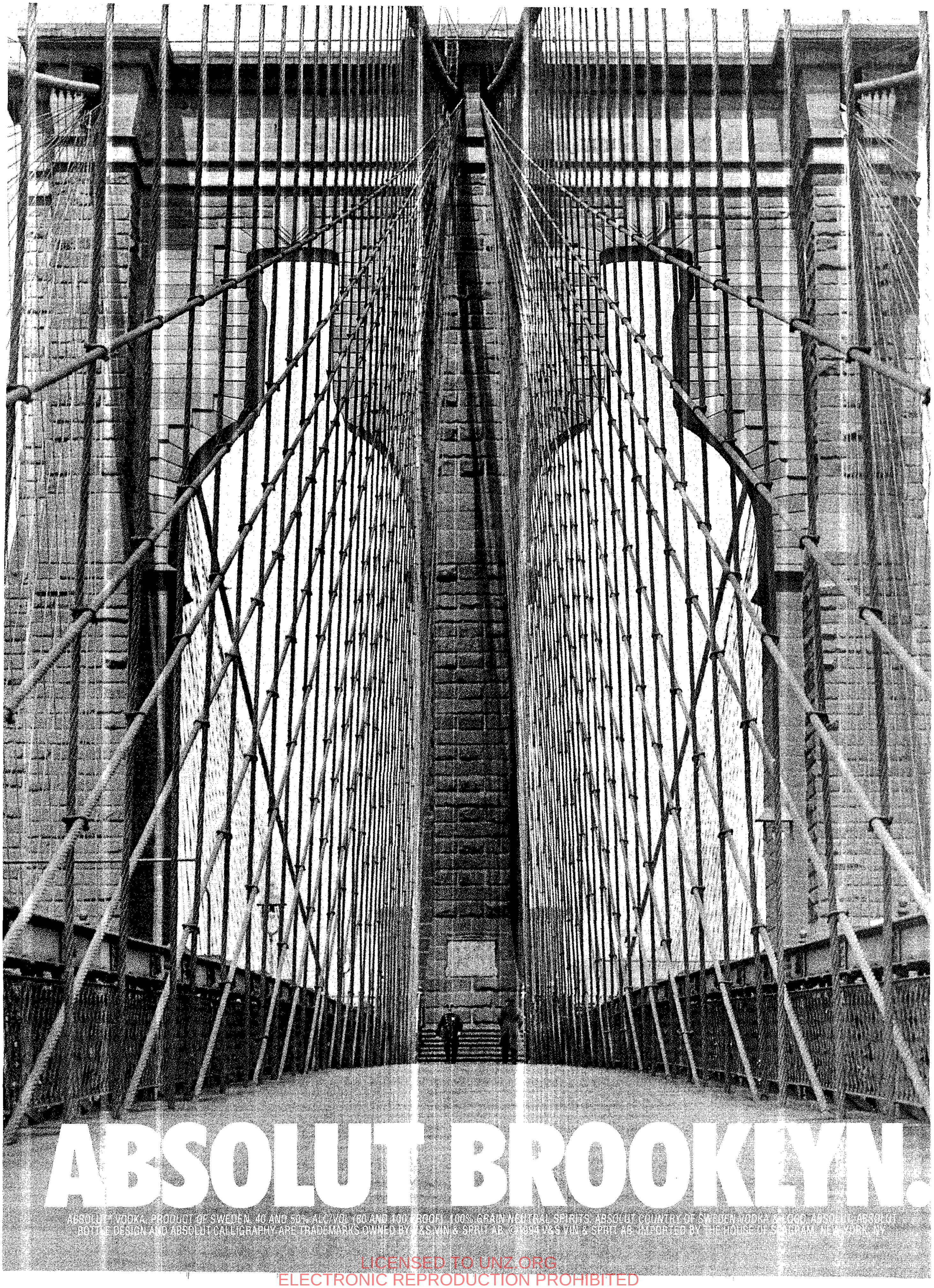
FIRST DATE: It was standing room only at Washington, D.C.'s, stylish Cafe Milano last week when **Chelsea Clinton** dined with a boy and several Secret Service men on the same night that the prime minister of Jordan stopped in for dinner with *his* security team. Displaced regulars stood at the bar and watched the president's daughter, clad in a champagne-colored top and black skirt, share pasta, salad, and soda with a sandy-haired young man as a throng of bored agents looked on.

WOODED BLISS: Is **Woody Allen** ready to make it legal? On a hot and sultry Saturday afternoon recently, Allen and his collegiate paramour, **Soon-Yi Previn,** shambled into Tiffany and then shambled out with a $71,000 diamond ring. Despite rumors of a pending engagement, Allen's P.R. handler, Leslee Dart, insists that Allen has no plans to marry again. "Soon-Yi doesn't even wear it on that finger," she says.

RUSSIAN UN-DRESSING: Those bottle blondes swaying on the bar at Pravda at 3:30 last Saturday morning were no mere babes under the influence. The restaurant's constitutionally jaded patrons were appalled when **Goldie Hawn,** dressed in skintight black pants, jumped on top of the bar and began wildly shimmying with **Ellen Barkin,** who wore a flimsy print dress, *Basic Instinct*–style. "[They] really got into the Latin music," says bartender Eugene Masat.

Additional reporting by Matt Pincus.

Photographs: clockwise from top left, AP/Wide World Photos; Frank W. Ockenfels 3; Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.



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GOTHAM

The national Forbidden Fruit—*Jonathan Franzen*

THE FRONT PAGE

Live Nude Heroes

Stripping, it turns out, is all about family values.

'You know what—dancing and the nudity was not what the movie was about," Bruce Willis was saying last week at the New York premiere of *Striptease,* the movie in which his wife dances naked for men but you don't really get to see her new breasts until she takes a shower about 36 minutes into the film. "It's not really about taking your clothes off," Demi Moore, whose savagely tanned behind is available for viewing throughout, had said earlier. "It's a comedy about a woman fighting for her 7-year-old daughter."

It's true that *Striptease* is not worth seeing for the nudity, of which there is surely not 34 quarters' worth. And *Striptease* is—as Demi and co-star Ving Rhames ("It's really a comedy-drama with a strip-club background") and director Andrew Bergman ("We all just assumed that people would know it's a comedy") and Castle Rock's marketing department ("A comedy where you least expect to find one") insist—a comedy, but not in the traditional sense of there being intentionally funny parts and the audience laughing at them. *Striptease* is part of a larger comedy, set in Hollywood but really on Main Street, U.S.A., about the moral contortions Americans will go through in order to justify looking at boobs.

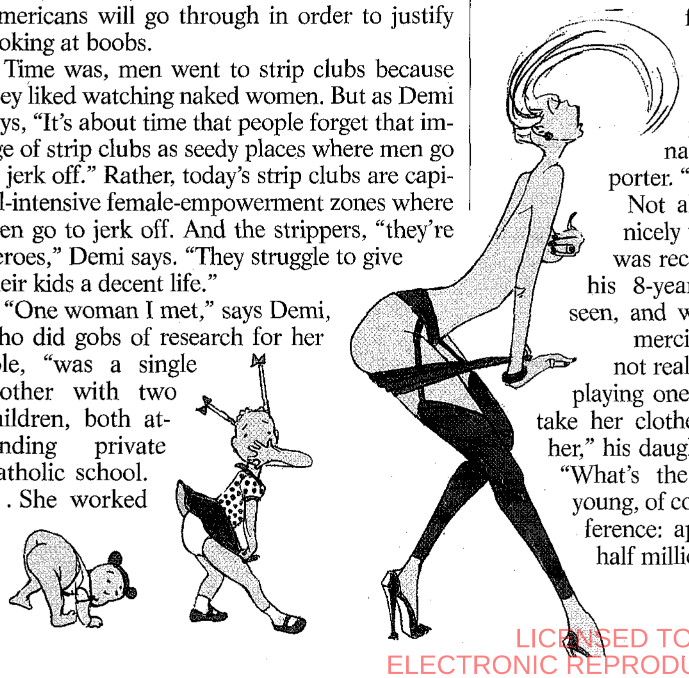
Time was, men went to strip clubs because they liked watching naked women. But as Demi says, "It's about time that people forget that image of strip clubs as seedy places where men go to jerk off." Rather, today's strip clubs are capital-intensive female-empowerment zones where men go to jerk off. And the strippers, "they're heroes," Demi says. "They struggle to give their kids a decent life."

"One woman I met," says Demi, who did gobs of research for her role, "was a single mother with two children, both attending private Catholic school. . . . She worked at nights so she could spend time with her kids." (Which also neatly explains why Demi had her real-life daughter cast in the movie.)

So that's the new Hollywood formula: *Honey, I Stripped for the Kids.* Fox's *Independence Day,* which opens this week, is really all about kicking extraterrestrial ass but manages to find time between hydrogen bombs for a strip-club scene in order to add a much-needed second dimension to a young single mother who, she later tells the First Lady, is only stripping to support her young son. The First Lady approves.

As if to underscore stripping's family values, Demi and Bruce brought daughters Rumer, 7, and Scout, 5, to the premiere at the Ziegfeld. ("I guess the kids have seen it all before," one guest surmised.) Unfortunately, the tykes were unable to attend another event at Scores, which had to be canceled because of an ambush shooting-homicide there two days before. Otherwise, it appears, father Bruce would have been there. "It's time for everybody to get over their parochial attitude about naked bodies," he told a reporter. "It's 1996."

Not all 1996 fathers have it so nicely worked out. One we know was recently at a loss to explain to his 8-year-old daughter—who has seen, and will see only, the TV commercials—that Demi Moore is not really a stripper, just an actress playing one. "She gets paid money to take her clothes off and people look at her," his daughter responded, innocently. "What's the difference?" She is too young, of course, to understand the difference: approximately twelve and a half million dollars.



Photograph by Curt Wilcott/Gamma-Liaison; illustration by Istvan Banyai.

OFF THE RECORD Manhattan borough president and mayoral candidate Ruth Messinger released a report on whether New York should be rezoned for superstores last week, following the one Mayor Giuliani released in April. "It's getting close to election time, and mayoral candidates thrive on reports the way delis thrive on pastrami," a City Council member told *New York.* "But neither of *their* reports is relevant to our position on it. We sort of smile and say, 'That's fine.' But in the end, it's [the council's] decision, and we'll make that call in the fall."

NIMBY-Q "There's no cooking allowed in Central Park. No hamburgers, no hot dogs. People may heat them up and bring them in and eat picnics at tables, but no barbecuing. It's because of the liberals on Fifth Avenue—they don't want the grease and the fat collecting on the trees, and they make the rules around here."—A police officer of the Central Park Precinct, on the recent enforcement in Manhattan (except uptown, in St. Nicholas Avenue and Inwood Parks) of the no-barbecuing law

NEWS PLUG "In a just-released novel, former New York City Mayor Edward I. Koch writes about a bizarre on-stage killing during the climactic scene of a hit Broadway musical. But despite the theme of the mystery novel, the former mayor believes New York is essentially a safe city."—From the press release for Koch's latest book

Culture

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

"KIKI'S DYING. HE WANTS TO SAY GOODbye. Do you have any time over the next few days?"

The call came from Carol Cox-Nickles the Tuesday before last, and went out to a few people who knew Kiki Mason, the 36-year-old activist and journalist whose articles on his HIV infection were half political tract, half prayer. Burningly funny, Kiki wrote about those who were outside—gays, blacks, women with cancer, the Rave scene—for *Vanity Fair, The New York Times Magazine, Vibe, Out,* and others; he wrote a cover story on the new CEO of Motown Records for this magazine just last fall. But Kiki shone like a votive candle in his columns in *Poz;* the monthly updates of his battle with Kaposi's sarcoma transmuted the solitary, ordinary business of chemotherapy, pill regimens, and hospital stays into a counterattack against his killer. "I'm not dying," he wrote. "I'm being murdered." Readers suffering from KS would call from all over the country for solace and inspiration; Kiki would talk to them for hours. But now, Cox-Nickles said, there would be just a short list of visitors.

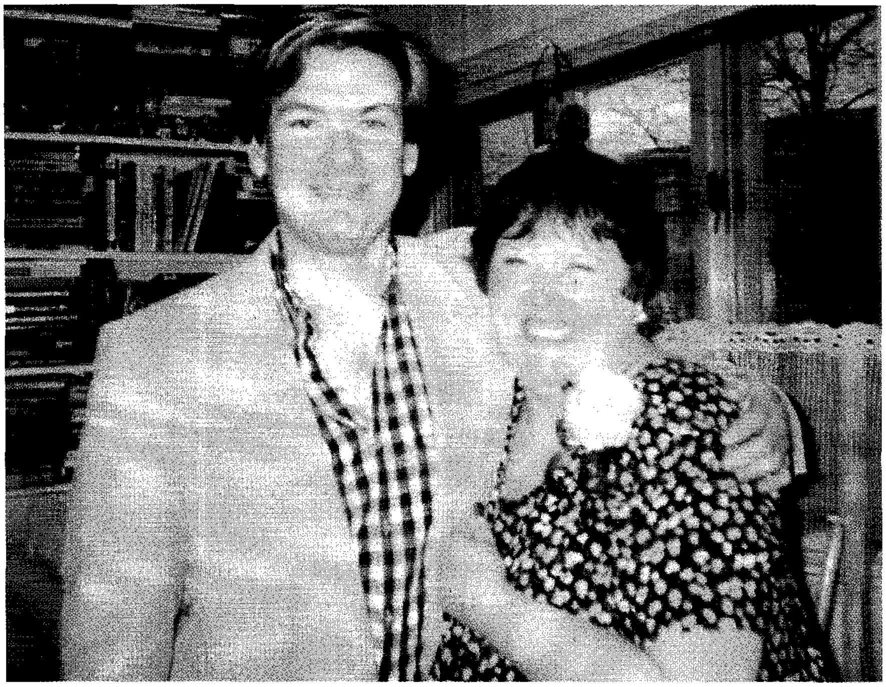
"I'm tired," Kiki told those who made it to his bedside on West 12th Street that night. "I'm going to see Mr. Buddha now."

He'd checked himself out of the hospital and stopped the chemo, the protease inhibitors, the albumen drips, the morphine, the lung drains. That night, he watched *Sweet Dreams,* the biopic on Patsy Cline, with Cox-Nickles, the Dalton teacher and friend who nursed him, and sang Cline songs to the wee hours. By noon, as friend Jackie Haught chanted Buddhist Rimpow prayers, Kiki was on his journey.

Cox-Nickles raised the window "to let his spirit go." The candles on the zebra-striped altar, set with Mexican crucifixes, a statue of Saint Lazarus, and a photo of Joan Crawford, flickered. His shrine of Barbie dolls looked on. Cox-Nickles washed him, cut off his clothes, and put on clean white ones. She pulled a blue quilt up over his shoulders.

Marisa Cardinale, editor of *XXX Fruit* and executive vice-president of the Robert Mapplethorpe estate, took a call from his nurse. "I'm almost there," the nurse said. "Too late," said Cardinale. "He's gone."

Writer David France came, and Robert Monteleone, who'd run any errand Kiki had needed. *Details* editor Joe Dolce, *Out* editor Sarah Pettit, Frank DiGiacomo from the New York *Observer,* Gary Bonasorte, the program coordinator of the Community Research Initiative on



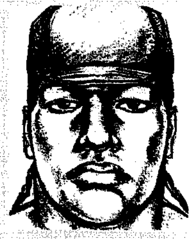
Kiki Mason and Carol Cox-Nickles in 1994.

CRIME

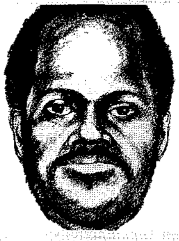
Artistic Differences

It's been a rousing time for local law enforcers recently—the arrests of serial attacker John Royster and Zodiac killer Heriberto Seda came within days of each other. Detectives recognized Royster by his fingerprints and Seda by his signature, but hardly anyone would have recognized them by their respective police sketches. "In general, we've been very successful," says Officer Ivette Serrano of the work produced by the NYPD's three sketch artists. "But it completely depends on how well a person is able to remember [the perpetrator] and how well they're able to convey this to the actual artist. How one person sees an apple is very different from how another person sees an apple." Especially, it seems, if it's a notoriously bad one.

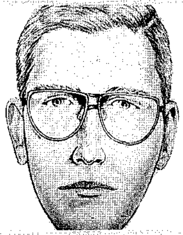
VICTORIA CAIN



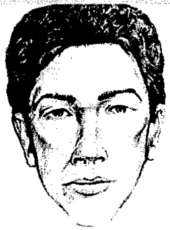
Central Park Attacker



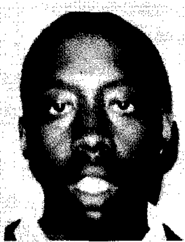
Zodiac Killer



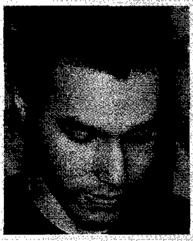
Subway Gunman



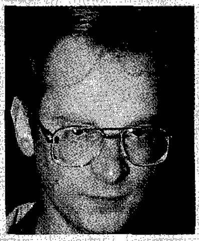
Son of Sam



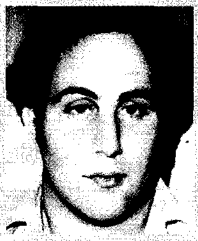
Confessed serial attacker John Royster



Confessed serial killer Heriberto Seda



Confessed gunman Bernhard Goetz



Convicted murderer David Berkowitz

Photographs; bottom, clockwise from upper left, AP/Wide World Photos (2); New York Times Pictures; AP/Wide World Photos (2); Allan Tannenbaum/Sygma; AP/Wide World Photos; Ilkka Uimonen/Sygma.

AIDS. Mark Strausman, the owner of Campagna. Tommy Boy Records president Monica Lynch, who'd quietly paid for the $600 bottles of medicine. Another friend walked in and caught his breath. At the sight of Kiki, he sobbed. That friend, too, is sick.

"I wish I'd gotten closer to Kiki years before I did," someone mourned. "But I always thought he considered me a nerd."

"He probably did," said another.

Most drank coffee from Styrofoam cups, and Cardinale took a swig of whiskey from the bottle. "I can't find Jonathan!" she said. "The funeral director wants to come *now.*"

It was then everyone realized there was no family to make decisions. Abandoned by his parents ten days after his birth, Kiki did not put them on the short list.

"What's the rush?" someone said. "Let him stay here awhile."

Someone purposefully placed his cup in the trash, and the mourners, still terrified of the superneat Kiki, laughed.

Nancy Wilson played on the stereo, and one by one, people would sit on the bed and talk to Kiki, or rock back and forth. When Charly, Cox-Nickle's 17-year-old son, sat by the bed and stroked his swollen, bald head, most cried. The night before, Kiki, strafed with lesions, had actually smiled at a friend at his bedside and said, "And how are *you?*"

"His body was like a relief map of pain," said DiGiacomo.

Finally, Jonathan Van Meter, the journalist and former editor of *Vibe,* arrived. He held on to Cox-Nickles and cried.

At about 4:30, someone touched Kiki's hand and realized rigor mortis was setting in. "Let's all get around him in a circle," said Bonasorte.

"What are we going to do, sing 'Kum-Ba-Ya'?" someone snickered.

Kiki's cynical friends gathered around, and joined hands.

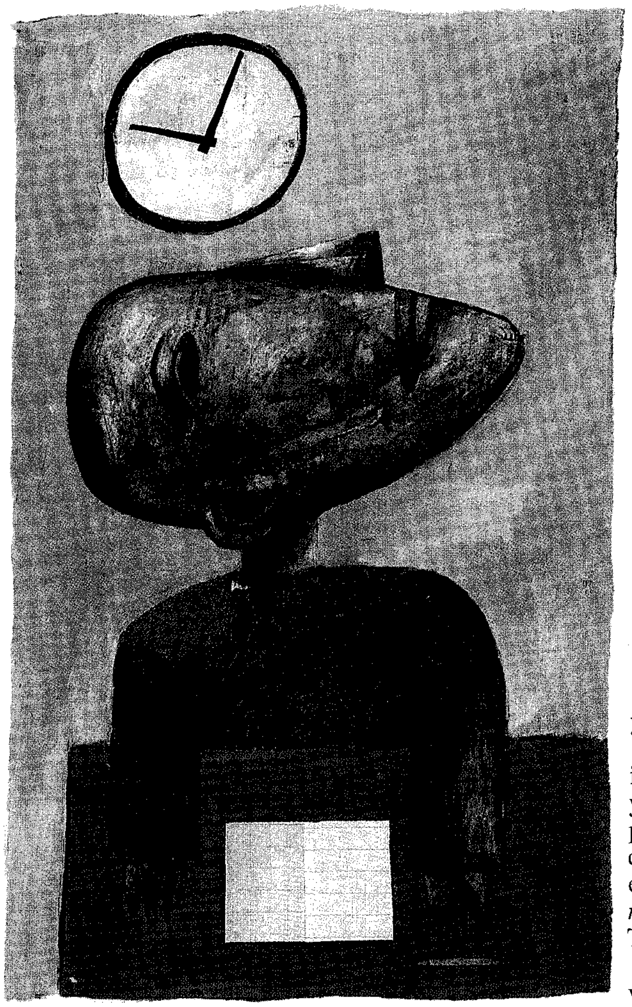
"It's time for you to go now," one said. "Don't piss off God."

A water bottle that had been sitting on the kitchen windowsill crashed into the sink, and everyone jumped.

The undertakers came, and Cardinale and Cox-Nickles rode down with him in the elevator for the last time, out onto the busy Village street.

"Oh, no!" cried Cox-Nickles, mindful of Kiki's unforgiving sense of style. "They're taking him away in a gray Chevrolet Caprice station wagon!"

"With Jersey plates!" said Cardinale. Joanna Molloy



Education

TESTY

SOME 200 NERVE-RACKED ASPIRING LAWyers were lined up in the hallway of Columbia University's School of International and Public Affairs at precisely 12:30 P.M. on June 10, waiting to be fingerprinted before taking the Law School Admission Test, upon which their future would depend. The week before, Law Services had unexpectedly changed the test centers for half of those originally assigned to Columbia Law School, exiling them to places like Newark. This group had been moved only next door, to the International school. I considered myself lucky to be among them.

The LSAT counts for a lot in getting into law school; many schools make their initial cuts based on these scores alone. And so I was probably not the only one in my test group to have hired a private tutor, or to have taken my prep book on vacation—in my case, backpacking through South America—or even to have taken a sedative at three in the morning the night before in order to ensure at least some sleep.

We were not the calmest group to begin with, sitting in our small, hard chairs, our No. 2 pencils lined up on the Formica tables, staring at the two-foot-high stack of exam booklets waiting on a table in front of us.

Watching them sit there for another twenty minutes didn't help.

"Can I have your attention?" A man in a green suit—he was in charge of the security guards—announced at about 1:20 P.M. "The people who give the test seem to have forgotten about this test center," he said matter-of-factly. "We have contacted them, and they should be here shortly."

Nobody said anything.

Test takers started swapping newspapers and magazines. A woman told the story of how she had been rejected by Pace University's law school because of a poor LSAT score. A man who looked like he played football in college put down the towel he was using to dry his hands, which were perspiring profusely.

At 2:45 P.M., a young man wearing a blue security-guard uniform walked to the front of the room. He wrote the number of the test center on the blackboard, passed out booklets, and told us all to fill out the top part of the answer sheet with our name and Social Security number. He did not read directions from the booklet, as is the standard, and immutable, practice. After about two seconds, he asked, "Are you finished yet?" A few hostile voices: "No!" When everyone had looked up, he said, "Okay, you have 35 minutes."

That's when a woman wearing a Yale sweatshirt spoke up.

"Wait," she said. "Are you going to tell us when it's five minutes before the end of the section?"

The supervisor will announce a five-minutes-remaining warning for each test section, the LSAT bulletin says. Real proctors always give a five-minute warning. The security guard had never heard of such a thing. "I'm not going to do that," he said, with a playfulness that went undetected.

"You have to!" someone yelled. "It's your *job.*"

"Okay," he shrugged. "I'll tell you five minutes before it's over."

Sometime early into the reading-comprehension section, a young woman took out small plastic bags filled with Ritz crackers and cookies, and began eating. *Eating and drinking are not permitted in the testing room.* The guard approached her.

"I'm pregnant; I *need* to eat," the woman began to explain. The

Illustration by Jordin Isip.

guard said something in muffled tones.

"Uh, sure," the woman said to the guard, taken somewhat aback. "Have all you want." There was a rustle of food being eaten. One of the other test takers whispered, "Shhhhhh!"

A break, usually 10 to 15 minutes, is given after SECTION III. "You want a ten- or a fifteen-minute break?" the guard asked.

"Fifteen!" the group shouted back.

In the hallway during the break, several people surrounded the head security guard in the green suit. They complained bitterly that the guard had taken four crucial minutes off the second section. "I'll have a talk with him," the man in the green suit said.

One woman was convinced she had done terribly on the truncated section. "I can't decide if I want to cancel my score," she agonized. She also said that she had approached the security guard at the beginning of the break to tell him that she had seen a young man cheating. Someone in the room, she said, had been reading his test booklet before the guard had told everyone to begin. *Supervisors will report any irregularity that occurs during the administration on the Supervisor's Irregularity Report.* "I told the guard," she said, furious. "But he said there was nothing he could do."

The woman in the Yale sweatshirt met with a similar response when she approached the guard with her answer sheet in hand to ask, "How can I find out about hand scoring?" She was apparently concerned that her pencil marks might not register well enough in the scanner.

"I have no idea," he said blithely.

And yet, it was hard not to feel affection for the guard. He may have taken minutes off one section, but he also took some of the edge off of the test. Like the time, during the writing sample, when he called out, "Almost done. You're almost done. You're doing great!"

But others, clearly, were unsettled. A young woman wearing bell-bottoms and high-heeled sandals was crying on the phone afterward. "You would not believe what happened here today," she sobbed.

Law Services, the administrator of the LSAT, has yet to issue an official explanation, although its staff seemed familiar with the situation. "Oh, the security guard," said an operator. "I've been getting a lot of calls." Jana Cardoza, Law Services' senior media-relations specialist, says, "[We're] still in the investigative process. We recognize that there must have been some kind of miscommunication in setting up the test center. At what point it occurred I don't know.

"This was an aberration," she adds.

AMY BACH

Energizer Bunny

At Orleans for High Voltage's 50th birthday.

By Ariel Kaminer
Photographed by Patrick McMullan

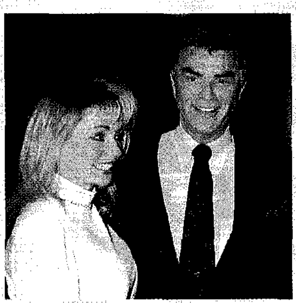
Top, Joel Grey at a sneak preview of Bob Fosse's *Chicago*. Above, Norman Pearlstine congratulates his wife, Nancy Friday, at the party for the publication of her new book, *The Power of Beauty*.

HIGH VOLTAGE, THE HYPERCHARGED, BARELY clothed celebrity trainer improbably marking her first half-century, bounds around the room, flexing and pausing to explain a few of her very simple fitness concepts. The important concepts, she insists, are always simple.

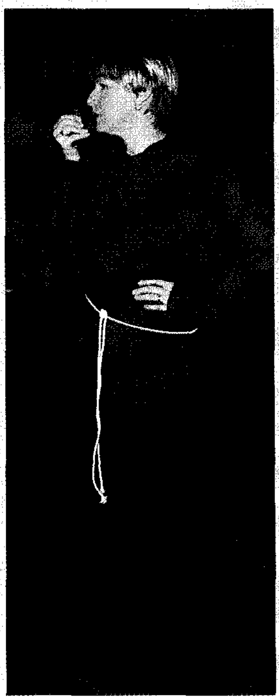
"The game is Follow the Leader, and I'm the fucking leader." That's a big one. "Anyone can have tits, but energy comes from within." Less fundamental, but important. "If something starts to move, put it back." That one she told her plastic surgeon. And above all, as she tells everyone she knows every chance she gets, "no flour, no sugar, no salt. These three are non-negotiable."

As she greets her guests and poses for the cameras, her energy level—always somewhere near meltdown—crests, and she climbs onto the vast shoulders of the two twentysomethings whom she and a contemporary have brought as dates. "Get those . . . in closer to their heads," a friend yells, and she obliges, happy to show off her recently enhanced bikini-clad appendages.

When, at last, Voltage (call her that when you see her; the "High" part is just so formal) comes back down, she mentions another of her contemporaries, a woman also known for her strength and will but whose public fortunes have been faring less well of late. "I admire Hillary so much," she says. "The only thing missing is she really hasn't taken care of her packaging. I guarantee if she took white sugar, flour, and salt out of her diet and started drinking eight to ten glasses of water a day—I guarantee she'd feel better about things."



Left, Pam Seals and Burt Reynolds at the premiere of Castle Rock's *Striptease*. Right, a costumed waitress at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine for the premiere of Disney's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Below, an older and wiser High Voltage turns 50.

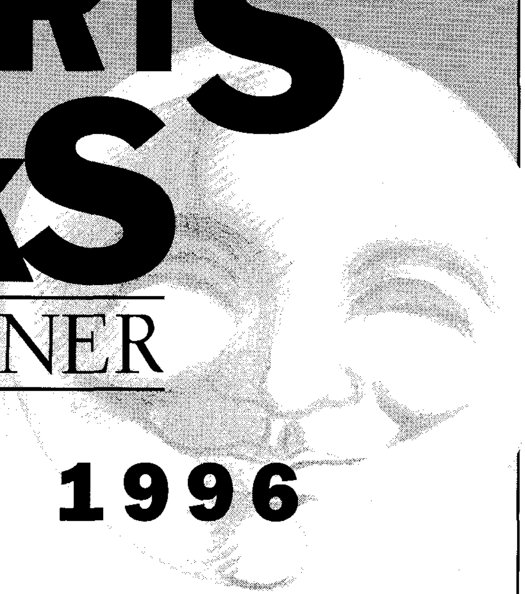


NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

KURT MASUR, MUSIC DIRECTOR

CONCERTS IN THE PARKS

TIME WARNER



JULY 16-27, 1996

MANHATTAN
Tuesday, July 16*
North Meadow, Central Park

Monday, July 22*
North Meadow, Central Park

STATEN ISLAND
Thursday, July 18
Miller Field, Gateway
National Recreation Area

QUEENS
Friday, July 19*
Cunningham Park

WESTCHESTER
Saturday, July 20*
Westchester Community College

BROOKLYN
Tuesday, July 23*
Prospect Park

BRONX
Wednesday, July 24*
Van Cortlandt Park

SUFFOLK COUNTY
Saturday, July 27*
Heckscher State Park

ALL CONCERTS START AT 8:00PM

Rain date for July 16: Wednesday, July 17 — Rain date for July 23 and 24: Thursday, July 25
*Denotes concerts with fireworks
Dates, locations and fireworks subject to change.

"The New York Philharmonic is grateful to the many benefactors and agencies for their financial assistance and cooperation in making these concerts possible.

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MEDIA RICHARD TURNER

Network Double Agent

In the scramble to get a hot piece of the TV-news pie, CNN and CBS's '60 Minutes' hit on a novel strategy: correspondent-sharing. Why Christiane Amanpour didn't have to choose.

AS CHRISTIANE AMANPOUR WAS on her way to Dhahran last Wednesday morning from her base in Paris to cover the aftermath of the terrorist bombing, *60 Minutes* executive producer Don Hewitt was already thinking of a story she could do for him for Sunday. "Maybe some sort of New York *Times* 'Week in Review'–type piece about terrorism," he mused.

This was not exactly foremost in the mind of CNN president Tom Johnson in Atlanta at that moment, as he waited for his star foreign correspondent to land so she could anchor CNN's live coverage of the bombing story. He was worrying about CNN-ish matters like setting up a "fly-away" remote-satellite uplink in Saudi Arabia and getting the story first. But he'd already dutifully talked to CBS News president Andrew Heyward that morning about Amanpour, their now-shared resource. "I'll listen to their proposal," he said.

Well, this is the bed they have made. Amanpour's new contract wasn't even signed yet—it had been announced less than 48 hours before—and already these executives were thrown into the breach, groping through an unprecedented sharing arrangement between CNN and CBS that has Amanpour working for both, primarily CNN, but with at least five longer stories a year for *60 Minutes.* Journalistically, this is a pretty crummy idea. News organizations derive their strength from trying to beat one another's brains out.

But one can't blame the parties for deciding these were exceptional circumstances. A "win-win-win," in the annoying phrase of CBS's Heyward. The partnership, and the courtship of Amanpour that led up to it, illustrates what a high-stakes war zone television news has become. A few years ago a respectable backwater best known for budget cuts, TV news is now seen by corporate chieftains as the gateway to global prominence and high-tech, interactive delivery. Because news is text-based and pan-national, it stakes out ground these companies can later use to pump out more profitable entertainment programming. There are only so many footprints that can cover China, only so many computer-delivered news services that consumers will turn to. Everyone wants to get there first. Such jockeying is horrendously expensive, and executives are trying to save by doing a lot of the hiring on the cheap. But talent raids still will escalate. Also, the Amanpour deal could portend further alliances between CNN and CBS, one offering international reach, the other 200 affiliated stations around the U.S. Both entities are back on their heels right now, trying to survive against NBC, Disney/ABC, and Rupert Murdoch's Fox.

Christiane Amanpour
CNN
Tehran, Iran

It was Amanpour herself who first had the idea. Several months ago, she mentioned it casually to her agent, Michael Glantz. It had become apparent to them that even though every network was offering big money and plum assignments in its pursuit of her, she wasn't going to be whisked instantly into the politburo of Wallace, Stahl, Kroft, Bradley, and Safer. For that, she might have left CNN, where she has worked since 1983. Only a few months ago, the *60 Minutes* cast of "grumpy old men" was squabbling and critics were burying the show amid falling ratings, the viewership decline a result of the loss of football and affiliates. But *60 Minutes* is still the only mass-market blue-chip franchise in television news, on a different plane from any of its imitators. So Amanpour mentioned the notion to Glantz, who thought to himself, *This is a weird idea, but if I twist CNN's arm a little, they might go for it.*

But with an agent's sixth sense, he held off, and as it happened, he didn't have to bring it up at all. In early June, Hewitt had the same idea, and shared it with Heyward. At the time, they assumed they were out of the running. *60 Minutes* was always a tinderbox of combustible egos, and the inevitable youth-ifying of the show (Mike Wallace is 76 years old, Hewitt himself 73) is nitroglycerin-delicate. Especially sensitive: CBS's Tel Aviv–based Bob Simon, a close friend of Amanpour and probably the only foreign correspondent of her stature, was himself being teed up for a starring role. The best CBS could offer Amanpour was a kind of gradual and stealthy entry, and after Heyward flew to Paris to make the pitch, he knew it wasn't enough. But if CNN would accept the sharing arrangement, CBS could give Amanpour three years to work on the specialized skills the show requires, notably writing, then perhaps ascend to the repertory company.

Heyward ran it by CBS president Peter Lund and called Glantz, who called CNN vice-chairman Burt Reinhardt, who brought the idea to Johnson. "I was immediately resistant," Johnson says. "The idea of sharing a correspondent with a competitor is an alien concept."

However, he adds, "I needed Christiane *very* badly." This is because CNN right now is playing defense, not to say panicked. The network is locked in a torpid pending-merger phase with Time Warner, and with no Gulf War or O.J. story to draw viewers in, ratings are low, and rivals are probing for weaknesses. NBC and Microsoft are spending at least $500 million in the next five years to launch their new 24-hour cable news channel, MSNBC, starting in 21 million homes July 15. While CNN has always been known for its thrifty lack of a star system, MSNBC will billboard Brokaw and Pauley and Gumbel and Couric and Costas and Moyers. So CNN changed its approach and is now unapologetically chasing celebrities: Johnson has already told Brokaw he would love to talk to him when his NBC contract expires, and Ted Turner recently called Ted Koppel to tell him the same thing. For CNN to lose its homegrown female war-reporter star, Amanpour, was unthinkable.

Johnson also knew that NBC News president Andrew Lack had been wooing Amanpour, as he had two years before. What Johnson didn't know, and what Glantz would have been a foolish agent to tell him, was that Amanpour was already leaning away from NBC because she thought that defecting to CNN's new 24-hour enemy would seem too disloyal.

ABC's Roone Arledge was after her, too, and this was a more dangerous threat. ABC is the Tiffany of news divisions, with the best production capabilities, the most largesse—and *Nightline.* ABC needed Amanpour to show its commitment to non-blow-dried Serious News at a time when many worried that the new Disney ownership might not exactly have a slavish devotion to the memory of Edward R. Murrow. ABC had just pulled the plug on its own planned 24-hour venture, troubled by the costs and how hard-newsy to make it. The loss of that potential airtime for correspondents was a worrisome personnel problem. "Since the end of the Cold War, it's been harder for the foreign bureaus to get on all the networks," says a rival news executive. "Airtime is the mother's milk." ABC needed to show it was still in the game.

Fox had made inquiries, too: It is starting a 24-hour news channel in the fall, and hiring Amanpour would have sent a potent message. Rupert Murdoch is the ultimate global player, with the satellite capability to beam news all over the world. But Fox barely had a news division, and Amanpour didn't want to be a guinea pig. And being part English, she didn't necessarily associate Murdoch with quality news presentation. This is the person who basically refused to leave Bosnia until American television started covering it, who upbraided President Clinton to his face about American policy there, and who loudly excoriated her own bosses for excessive O.J.-ness.

The fact is, Amanpour couldn't decide what to do. The decision she'd made two years ago, to stay with CNN despite million-dollar offers from the others, wasn't so easy this time. She'd left money on the table then (CNN came up with a signing bonus that would have averaged her income out to a bit less than $1 million a year), but that wasn't so much the point. She wanted to try something different this time, do more "long form" stories and raise her profile in the U.S.

At the same time, she didn't want to lose her international lifeline. Amanpour may or may not be the greatest reporter in the world, but that's whom she plays on TV. Dodging bullets without a helmet, passionate yet clearheaded, exotically British-Iranian, she is queen of her realm, a parallel world uninhabited by Diane Sawyer and Barbara Walters. Nomadic Arabs, whose camels pull trailers with refrigerators and satellite dishes hooked up to generators so they can watch CNN in their tents, revere her. By the same token, as cynical newspeople love to say, no one in Des Moines has any idea who she is (or cares about what she covers).

CNN's Johnson, a former newspaperman, didn't know Heyward. "He probably thought I was a network guy who was going to pick his pocket," Heyward says. But after three meetings, they hammered out the joint-custody plan. Johnson was most worried about constraints on Amanpour's time but also knew that *60 Minutes*'s producers were strong and numerous enough that her pieces might not have to be too labor-intensive. Heyward assured him she'd be identified as a "CNN correspondent," with all the attendant promotional value. Any news exclusives would go to CNN, unless they sprung from specifically *60 Minutes* reporting. But murky scenarios could arise. She could be covering an Arab summit for CNN, as she did last month, and at the same time be working on a longer piece about King Hussein for CBS. In a leisurely *60 Minutes* interview, Hussein says something that's an immediate news break: What does she do? They don't know, but Eason Jordan, CNN's international chief, will arbitrate.

Johnson also knew there would be grumbling in the CNN newsroom, and there is. Handed an assignment, reporters now joke, "Sorry—can't do it. Gotta do *20/20* first." But he pressed ahead. He informed Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin and Time Inc. editor-in-chief Norm Pearlstine. Then he flew to New York and took Amanpour to Lutèce on June 11 to go over the proposal point by point.

Ten days later, Amanpour made up her mind. The news conference was held up while she tried to reach the notoriously unreachable Roone Arledge on the phone to tell him. Then she uncomfortably fielded questions from the press, and soon after, she was on her way to Dhahran. ■

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YIKES! ARE THE CLINTONS IN TROUBLE?

Separating fact from hysteria in the eight (so far) presidential scandalettes.

By Jacob Weisberg

WHAT WAS WATERGATE? EASY QUESTION. Watergate was first of all a break-in, and second a cover-up. Under the congressional magnifying glass, it expanded to cover the wide range of dirty tricks played by Richard Nixon's administration and by his 1972 re-election campaign against political opponents. And what is Whitewater? That one's a bit harder. Whitewater is a lousy Arkansas land deal where after four years of microscopic examination, no Clinton-administration official has been shown to have done anything illegal. Secondarily, it involves clumsy efforts by the White House to try to spin an embarrassing story. In its ever-expanding definition, Whitewater seems to encompass anything any member of the Clinton household has ever been accused of doing wrong. It now covers, by my count, eight separate categories of putative wrongdoing.

Infuriated by aging fish that refuse to really stink, Republicans, sounding not unlike frustrated, Iran-contra-obsessed Democrats circa 1987, have grown more and more hysterical in their characterizations. "Whitewater appears to have been neither the beginning nor the end of a pattern of administration misbehavior that should never occur in a free society," Al D'Amato hyperventi-

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Some of the president's new union pals seem to have some suspicious pals of their own.

By Jeffrey Goldberg

SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA, PRESUMABLY somewhere west of the New Jersey Turnpike, lives a short, balding man named Alphonse D'Arco who could, with a little nudge from the Republican Congress, make himself into a serious problem for the Clinton re-election campaign. D'Arco, a matriculant to the Federal Witness Protection Program, is the former acting boss of the Lucchese crime family, and he is, to prosecutors and the FBI, perhaps the most important mob witness they have ever had. He is in possession of both an uncommonly acute memory and, apparently, specific recollections about the depravations of certain labor bosses, recollections that make up just one strand of a tangled story that at its core contains an unexploded bomb of a question: How is it that the president's key allies in the trade-union movement are also men affiliated with what to all appearances are some of the dirtiest, most mobbed-up unions in America?

So far, at least, Whitewater, Travelgate, and now Filegate have served to pull public attention, such as it is, away from Clinton's unlikely collection of union allies; labor corruption, too, is an annoyingly complex subject to master, at least compared with Craig Livingstone's FBI file procurement. And while Clinton can't, and shouldn't, be

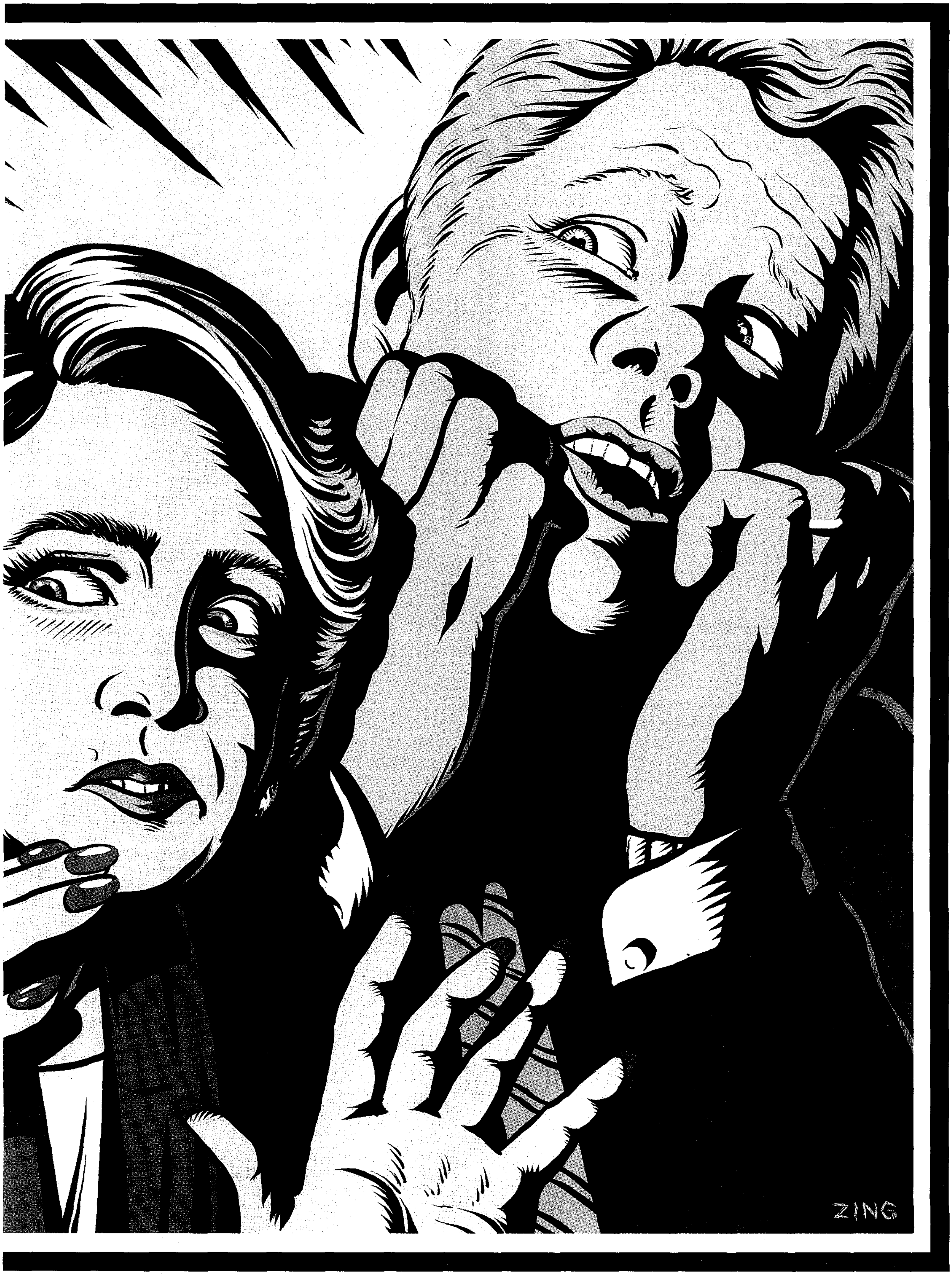


ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ZINGARELLI
FOR *NEW YORK*

lated two weeks ago when he released his 750-page committee report. Republican congressman William Clinger, head of the House travel-office investigation, recently accused Hillary Clinton of being at the center of the budding FBI file-pulling scandal—on the basis of no evidence whatsoever. Meanwhile, William Safire continues to affix a *-gate* to everything that moves as he attempts to elevate minor contretemps into major scandals and at the same time advance his lifelong project of mitigating Watergate itself.

Democrats, on the other hand, have turned into craven Clinton apologists. The position taken by the Senate minority in its 300-page rejoinder to D'Amato is that the Clintons have never done, would never do, and will never do anything wrong. "The American people deserve to know, and now can take comfort in knowing, that this year-long investigation shows no misconduct or abuse of power by their President or First Lady," the minority report declares. Senate Democrats accept at face value all statements by Hillary Clinton, filling in lacunae with their own exculpatory speculations. Their official apologia suggests, for example, that the recovered Rose Law Firm billing records were accidentally moved to the White House book room by construction workers.

Missing amid the hoo-ha is anything resembling a sober, objective accounting. Is any of this truly serious? Here's my attempt to provide an answer. According to the scale I'll use, one thumb down equals a routine Federal Election Commission violation. Five thumbs down equals Watergate.

1. WHITEWATER—"THE ARKANSAS PHASE"

THINK OF: The Clintons channeling LBJ
SCANDAL METER: 👎

There was a basic, garden-variety political sleaziness to the original Whitewater deal. James McDougal, a clever-seeming Little Rock real-estate speculator, offered to make Arkansas's rising young political star Bill Clinton and his wife some easy money. Cheesy? Yes. Typical? Utterly. Lyndon Johnson had friends who helped him get rich off broadcast licenses; Alfonse D'Amato had a buddy who helped him make a quick buck flipping a tech-stock IPO in 1993. (In one documented exchange, D'Amato told a broker: "Can you make me some money?" Broker to D'Amato: "Are you sure you want to do this? . . . It would look bad.")

The difference is that where D'Amato pocketed a $37,000 profit in one day with the help of a brokerage firm sued by the Securities and Exchange Commission for cheating its customers, and LBJ racked up millions over a period of decades, the Clintons lost their shirts to a charlatan in an ice-cream suit. In his exuberant book-length debunking of Whitewater, *Fools for Scandal,* which is just out, Arkansas journalist Gene Lyons offers the first fully credible version of what happened: The mentally unstable McDougal mismanaged the Whitewater investment, hid the truth from the Clintons, and then, after it had gone irretrievably south, dumped the whole disaster in their laps.

In the four years since the New York *Times* first broke the Whitewater story, conservatives have ransacked the Ozarks for evidence that Governor Clinton did McDougal some kindness that would qualify as a corrupt quid pro quo. Their first attempt was to prove that a Clinton-appointed Arkansas bank regulator, Beverly Bassett Schaffer, had gone easy on McDougal's money-hemorrhaging S&L. But the best evidence shows that Schaffer made an aggressive effort to shut down McDougal's Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan in 1987, almost immediately after the bank showed signs of insolvency, and that it was her Reagan- and Bush-administration regulatory superiors in Washington who delayed action until 1989. After several other wishful theories were dispelled, D'Amato finally fixed on the notion that Clinton pressured one David Hale, a corrupt former judge, into illegally lending Susan McDougal $300,000 to help bail out Whitewater. But there's no evidence for this other than the word of Hale himself, an admitted perjurer who first told the story while trying to plea-bargain his way out of a felony indictment. The convictions in May of Arkansas governor Jim Guy Tucker and the McDougals may seem to lend plausibility to the notion that everyone in Arkansas politics and business is some kind of crook, but the truth is that their trial did not unearth any evidence beyond Hale's allegation that would implicate the Clintons.

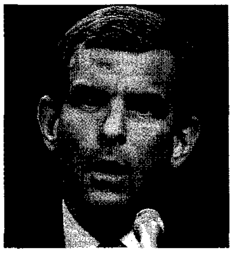
The Republicans have grown more and more hysterical in their accusations.

This is, of course, not an exhaustive reading of the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page's rotating menu of insinuations. But for all their efforts, the Whitewaterheads have yet to even come close to demonstrating any funny business on McDougal's behalf that would juice up the story. Somewhat pathetically (and with more than a little chutzpa), the D'Amato report concludes that "Governor Clinton's official and personal dealings with Mr. McDougal raise an apparent, if not actual, conflict of interest." Please.

2. WHITEWATER—"THE WASHINGTON PHASE"

THINK OF: D'Amato channeling Joe McCarthy
SCANDAL METER: No thumbs down

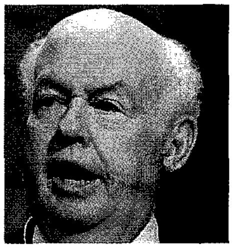
The simple question about the second stage of Whitewater is, did anyone in the administration improperly interfere with the federal Resolution Trust Corporation investigation that was triggered by the March 1992 New York *Times* story? And the simple answer is no, at least based on what's been unearthed to date. The notion that higher-ups were stalling the inquiry into McDougal's activities is the fruit of the fervid imagination of Jean Lewis, an investigator working for the RTC in Kansas City. Lewis was a dedicated Clinton hater who pushed to prosecute the McDougals before the



Bruce Lindsey: Unindicted non-conspirator.

Photograph by Martin Simon/Saba.

pilloried for all the after-hours activities of his supporters, important alliances with people of less than fully established good repute have a way of getting you into trouble.



John Sweeney: Friends in strange places.

No surprise, then, that there is increased interest on Capitol Hill in Bill Clinton's labor pals, and Republicans are promising hearings this summer on the relationship between the president and one of his prime fund-raisers, Arthur Coia, president of the Laborers International Union of North America, one of the most flamboyantly corrupt unions in labor history. The centerpiece will be the weirdly generous deal Coia struck with the Clinton Justice Department to keep his job in the face of compelling charges from that very same Justice Department that he is a longtime associate of organized-crime figures. But there are other pro-Clinton laborites whose apparently imperfect commitments to the ideals of democratic unionism could wind up entangling the president.

One is Ron Carey, the putatively reformist Teamster president, who has made legitimate moves to clean out corrupt locals within his union at the same time that he has run—with the help of soft-glove treatment by the Justice Department—from charges that he himself was associated for many years with organized-crime figures in New York City. The Teamsters, after years in the Republican camp, were shifted by Carey squarely behind President Clinton, and now devote most of their PAC money to Democrats. This may or may not explain why the charges against Carey, some of them made by informant D'Arco, have never been openly vetted by the Justice Department.

Another of these pro-Clinton unionists is no less than the most important labor leader in America, John Sweeney, new president of the AFL-CIO, a hero to the left and a curse on the Republican freshmen, who are targets of a $35 million AFL-CIO advertising campaign.

And this, again, is where Alphonse D'Arco enters the picture. D'Arco was the acting boss of the Lucchese crime family until the day in 1991 when the Lucchese family decided it wanted him dead, for reasons related more to paranoia than anything else. D'Arco was the wrong man to scare over to the government side; he was smarter than the average mobster, and quickly became the government's most valuable turncoat. His testimony has proved invaluable to prosecutors in countless cases, and even today his name makes the papers whenever organized-crime families are targeted: The recent indictment of much of the Genovese family was built in part on his testimony.

Coia's union has given more than $3 million in donations to the Democrats this decade.

But he hasn't only named straight-out gangsters in his many discussions with the FBI; he is also an expert in labor racketeering, and, as first reported by *New York* last July, he has named Local 32B-32J of the Service Employees International Union as Genovese-controlled. This is of more than passing importance, because the Manhattan-based 32B-32J was run for many years by John Sweeney. Even though he ascended to the presidency of the national service-employees union in 1981 (the launching pad for his successful run last year for AFL-CIO president), Sweeney drew a second salary from his old local until last year. More significantly, he played a key role in the local as its "executive adviser," a post created especially for him with the approval of his handpicked successor, Gus Bevona (whose oft-discussed "lavish lifestyle," financed by multiple salaries that add up to more than $400,000 annually, has become shorthand for unbridled trade-union greed).

The implications are far-reaching: If D'Arco's recollection is correct, then the most powerful labor leader in America, and a key ally of President Clinton, is a man who might have been compromised by organized crime.

"With regard to John Sweeney and Arthur Coia and Ron Carey, it's beyond a reasonable doubt that there's some kind of serious relationship between these labor bosses and organized crime," says John Boehner, the Ohio representative who chairs the House Republican Conference and is spearheading the Republican attack on organized labor. Sweeney was out of the country last week and could not be reached for comment; Coia did not return phone calls; and Carey could not be reached for comment.

Skeptics point out that D'Arco may simply have shared with the FBI second- or thirdhand information. But D'Arco was for many years a New York labor racketeer, and there is evidence that he was close to service-employees-union leaders. In the late eighties, according to sources, Frank Russo, a Bevona ally who runs a sister local in Manhattan, often met with D'Arco at a Little Italy restaurant, La Donna Rosa, then owned by D'Arco. Russo adamantly denies knowing D'Arco.

According to government sources, D'Arco did not provide the FBI with Sweeney's name; he did name Sweeney's successor, Bevona, the son of a man identified by law-enforcement agencies variously as a Gambino or Genovese family soldier. It is unfair in most circumstances to visit the sins of the father on the son; given the history of dynastic Mafia nepotism in so many New York City unions, however, state and federal prosecutors do not dismiss Bevona's apparent lineage. "Who you are and who your family is are relevant factors in law enforcement," says Michael Cherkasky, a former Manhattan prosecutor and now a managing director of Kroll Associates, the private-investigation firm. "It does not mean that you are guilty of anything, but historical factors definitely cause [investigators] to look more carefully at subjects."

Through a spokesman, Bevona called charges of mob links "absolutely untrue and ridiculous."

Bevona is today on the outs with the AFL-CIO boss; Sweeney, firmly lodged at the top of the labor food chain, didn't support Bevona this year for a national leadership position in the service-employees union. But Sweeney's efforts to distance himself from Bevona come a bit too late to be credible. By taking a second salary for so many years from Bevona—a salary that at

(continued on page 68)

Photograph by AP/Wide World Photos.

1992 election, then claimed RTC officials were delaying acting on her recommendation for political reasons (a charge since shown to be false). Convinced there was a conspiracy against her, Lewis once surreptitiously taped a colleague and leaked documents to reporters—the so-called criminal referrals—naming the Clintons as beneficiaries of criminal activity. In fact, the RTC acted on the referrals according to its own established procedures, a point underscored in a massive report by the law firm of Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro that the RTC commissioned.

Well, if there was no meddling, perhaps there was concealment. D'Amato provoked a near constitutional crisis by demanding the notes for a November 1993 meeting at which Clinton's lawyers tried to figure out how to respond to Jean Lewis's allegations. The D'Amato report suggests unconvincingly that the notes reveal how the participants hatched plans to conceal relevant information from investigators. As Gene Lyons comments in his book: "Consider the sheer improbability: six high-dollar Washington lawyers . . . meeting *for the first time,* conspiring to hide evidence in a federal investigation of the President of the United States, *writing it down, and keeping the notes.*"

The accusation of last resort is that the White House sinned by seeking information about the RTC investigation. That's what was at the root of all the fuss about Roger Altman, George Stephanopoulos, and Josh Steiner's diary two summers ago. But it, too, has added up to zilch. Keeping apprised of a possible legal action is quite different from trying to mess with it. And in fact, a report by the independent Office of Government Ethics concluded that the much ballyhooed "contacts" between White House and Treasury officials were not improper at all.

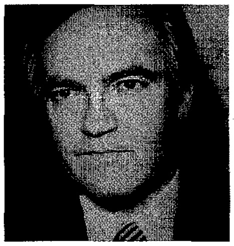
3. THE LOST-AND-FOUND RECORDS

THINK OF: Hillary Clinton channeling David Copperfield

SCANDAL METER: 👎

Republicans use a lot of quotation marks when they summarize the administration's version of how "lost" Rose Law Firm billing records were "found" early this year. After "disappearing" for four years, they were suddenly "discovered" by the First Lady's aide Carolyn Huber, who "realized" with "horror" what they were. Innuendo successfully communicated. But suspicions are not evidence, a distinction the Republicans neatly overlook in their report, which essentially charges Hillary Clinton with obstruction of justice because she had a "powerful motive" to misplace the records. "There is no one more likely than Mrs. Clinton to have handled the billing records in the book room in August 1995," the report contends.

This must offend even the most rudimentary notion of fairness. We all have motives for countless crimes and misdemeanors. But that's not a standard of guilt. And in truth, the billing records, when they turned up, demonstrated nothing much worth hiding. Sure, she had lowballed the amount of time she spent working for McDougal and tried to make it look like an associate had brought the work in when she had really done it herself. But Republicans have been unable to connect Mrs. Clinton to the crooked aspects of the quasi-notorious "Castle Grande" land deal, which means they will have a hard time proving that she had anything important to fib about.



Vince Foster: He gave Whitewater a narrative.

4. THE TRAVEL OFFICE

THINK OF: The White House channeling Tammany Hall

SCANDAL METER: 👎 👎

Thanks to civil-service reform, new presidents can't just waltz into the White House and fire everybody, as in the good old days. But they can still fire some, including those in the White House travel office. Hillary Clinton would have been well within her rights to sack all seven employees just for the fun of it and replace them with distant relatives, business friends of Harry Thomason, or whomever. But being the high-minded sort, she preferred to cook up a pretext. In fact, there *were* plenty of good reasons to sack Billy Dale, the head of the office, who kept government funds in his own checking account and seemed to have learned bookkeeping from James McDougal.

Where the administration crossed the line was in bringing in the FBI to lend political cover to the firings. This unfairly cast a shadow over six other travel-office employees, who have never been charged with malpractice. White House officials then compounded their sin by hounding the FBI to announce publicly that it was investigating. Any misuse of the FBI for political purposes rings alarms (see No. 8). It is also pretty clear that Hillary Clinton lied about her role in the firings when she indicated to the General Accounting Office that she "had no role in the decision to terminate the employees." I've previously suggested that the First Lady has been discredited enough by this and a couple of other untruths that she should have nothing more to do with policy-making. But hey, it's not like she funded the Sandinistas out of a secret Swiss bank account.

> **It's doubtful that Paula Jones completely fabricated her sexual-harassment story.**

5. VINCE FOSTER'S OFFICE

THINK OF: D'Amato channeling Oliver Stone

SCANDAL METER: 👎

The revelation that the Clintons' personal files were removed from Vince Foster's office after his 1993 suicide was what brought Whitewater back to life. It supplied the simple narrative thrust that had been absent previously from the Whitewater miasma. What dark secrets were spirited away under cover of night? Senate Republicans spent many weeks trying to build a case that a top-level conspiracy was afoot. The tip-off, they think, was the decision by former White House counsel Bernie Nussbaum not to let Justice officials search Foster's office after first agreeing that they could. The theory is that Hillary Clinton wanted the search called off and communicated her wishes to Nussbaum via her aide Maggie Williams and her pal Susan Thomases. All three denied this under

Photograph by Arkansas *Democrat Gazette*/Sygma.

oath; the denials have led D'Amato to urge special prosecutor Kenneth Starr to consider perjury charges.

There's a pretty good chance Nussbaum, Williams, and Thomases engaged in some prevarication. But suppose Hillary *did* tell Susan to tell Maggie to tell Bernie to do the search himself. The Clintons weren't obliged to let the Park Police go through private materials that had no relevance to the suicide investigation—or through Foster's shortlist of Supreme Court nominees, for that matter. Legal files belong to clients. If a lawyer dies—and Foster was the Clintons' personal lawyer before he went to work in the White House—the client gets the files back. Had Hillary Clinton said, *I don't want them snooping around because I'm concerned they might unearth something embarrassing that could find its way into the press,* she would have been well within her rights. The only accusation that sticks here is the trivial and tautological one: "Insensitivity to appearances."

The FBI-file revelations are the most troubling yet, and potentially a genuine scandal.

6. THE BRANSCUM-HILL PROSECUTION

THINK OF: Bruce Lindsey channeling Tony Coelho

SCANDAL METER: 👎

The new prosecution brought by Kenneth Starr is of two former owners of Arkansas's Perry County Bank who contributed to Clinton's 1990 campaign. There are two aspects to this case: first, that the bankers conspired with Bruce Lindsey, a longtime Clinton aide, to avoid reporting $52,000 in cash withdrawals to the Internal Revenue Service (which requires notification of all transactions of more than $10,000). The second charge is that the two officials, Herby Branscum Jr. and Robert Hill, ripped off their own bank to make campaign contributions to Clinton in exchange for state appointments.

Lindsey, now tarred forever as an "unindicted co-conspirator," has said he asked Branscum and Hill to keep the withdrawals as quiet as possible because he didn't want to alert Clinton's primary opponent to something that might be made to look bad in the closing days of the campaign. The Clinton campaign later reported the loans as required under state election law. Given that the information was about to become public anyway, why would Lindsey care if the withdrawals were reported to the IRS? The answer is, he wouldn't. As for the second charge, a jury will get to decide whether Branscum and Hill stole from their bank, and it's entirely likely that Branscum's appointment to the Highway Commission and Hill's reappointment to the Arkansas State Bank Board did reflect gubernatorial gratitude for their financial support. But one might say the same about half the hacks who work for George Pataki, or any number of ambassadors under presidents Clinton, Bush, and Reagan. Of course, the quid pro quo is never explicit, because that would make it illegal. Don't count on finding one here.

7. PAULA JONES

THINK OF: Bill Clinton channeling JFK

SCANDAL METER: 👎 👎

This imbroglio is now moot for political purposes, since the Supreme Court last week agreed to listen to arguments on the issue of whether a sitting president can be sued for civil damages, which means no sensational trial until after the election. But the Jones accusations, disagreeable as they are, remain troublesome. Though she is clearly motivated in part by greed and media lust, and thus less than fully credible, there's little doubt that Jones didn't completely fabricate her story. A state trooper, whom Jones has also sued, has acknowledged taking her to Clinton's hotel room. And Governor Clinton was nominally her boss. We will almost certainly never know what really happened, but no one who thinks sexual harassment is a problem when practiced by Clarence Thomas or Bob Packwood can legitimately dismiss a plausible charge against the president.

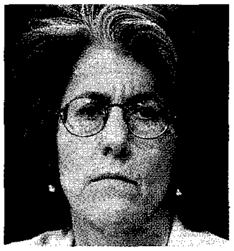
8. THE FBI FILES

THINK OF: Craig Livingstone channeling Beavis and Butt-head channeling G. Gordon Liddy

SCANDAL METER: 👎 👎 👎

The most troubling matter yet, potentially a genuine scandal. Obtaining FBI files without justification is at minimum an egregious violation of privacy and civil liberties; unlike anything related to Whitewater, it really does have Nixonian overtones. But so far, the responsibility for gathering FBI files on political opponents has been traced no higher than Livingstone, the head of the personnel-security office, who resigned last week. My guess is that responsibility doesn't go any higher. An alphabetized A-to-G enemies list sounds half-assed enough to have been Livingstone's own project, and White House pass-holders under George Bush were hardly the right enemies in any case—hassling the likes of Marlin Fitzwater no longer held any great promise in 1993. But administration mandarins bear responsibility in any case for keeping thugs like Livingstone around. Even if the shenanigans end with them, the incident will remain a blot on Clinton's record.

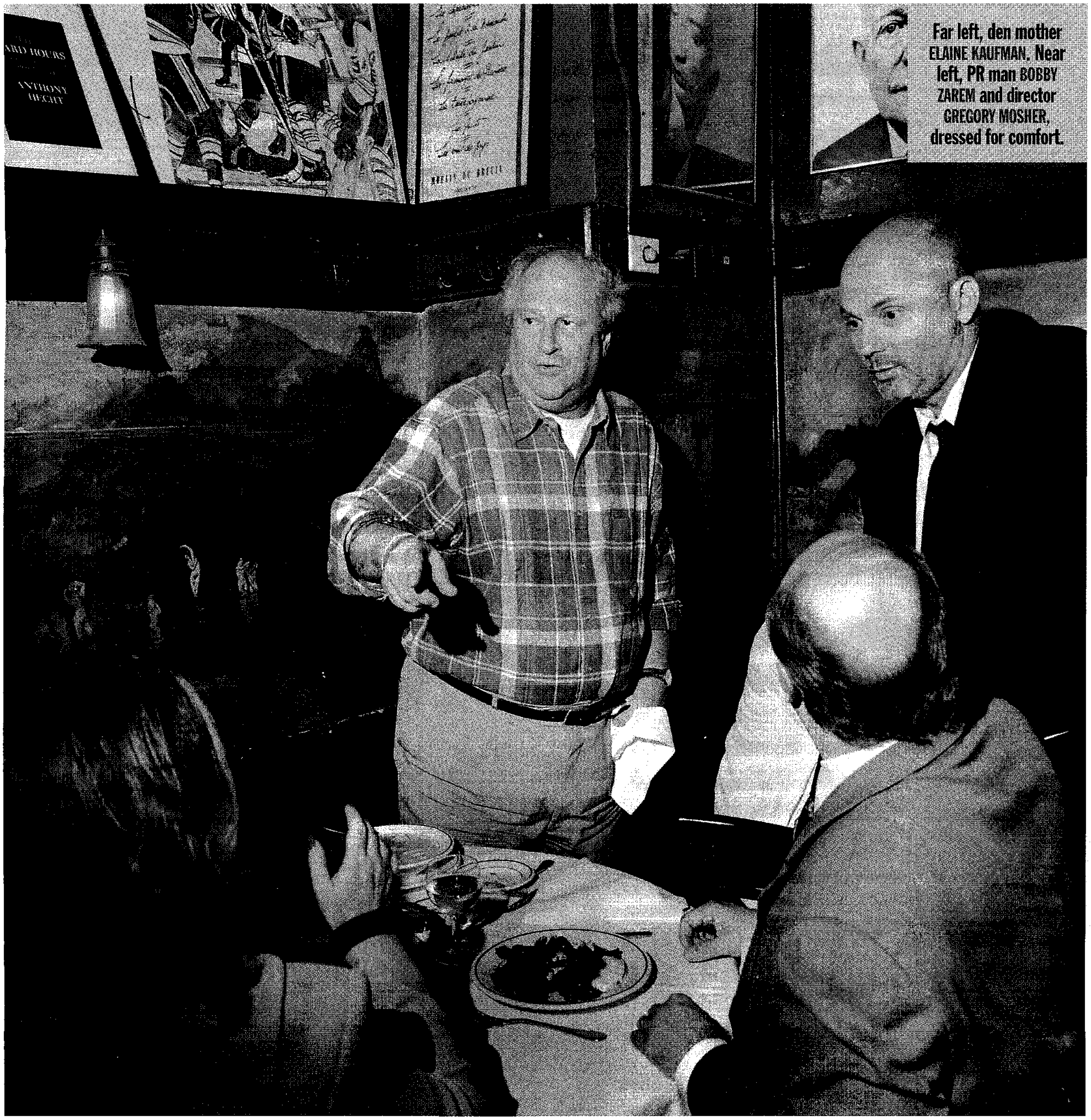
IT IS TEMPTING TO SAY THE CLINTONS DESERVE WHAT they've got. After all, they are the ones who righteously demanded higher ethical standards in Washington, then failed to abide by them. Sanctimony and relentless spin compound their sins. But as abuses go, this administration has yet to make it into the big leagues. Right now, the government, press, and public have no mechanism for dealing with these sorts of breaches, which are regrettable but not even close to impeachable. On balance, the Clintons look like ordinary politicians. Hardly what they promised, but hardly novel either. ■



Susan Thomases: Hard to believe.

Photograph by Larry Downing/Sygma.

FOREVER EL



Far left, den mother **ELAINE KAUFMAN.** Near left, PR man **BOBBY ZAREM** and director **GREGORY MOSHER,** dressed for comfort.

INE'S

Elaine's is New York's longest-running THEATER OF CELEBRITY, where BOLD-FACE NAMES from Mailer and Woody to Bill Bratton and the Weinstein brothers have gone to improvise a blustering, swaggering, self-important GOOD TIME. But if Elaine's is still hot, what can hot possibly mean? By James Kaplan

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LARRY FINK
FOR NEW YORK

WITH REGARD TO ELAINE'S, THE UPPER EAST SIDE bar-restaurant famous for its mediocre food and celebrity clientele, the world seems neatly divided into two groups: those who care deeply and passionately about the place and those who, frankly, don't give a rat's ass. The former group, disproportionately powerful and vocal, are the True Believers—movers and shakers from the worlds of books, magazines, movies, sports, broadcasting, law enforcement, and city government (as well as the thousands who hover eagerly on the periphery of those worlds), who feel that fame is good, that hanging out is good, and that the two quantities inform and abet each other to the benefit of the culture and the world at large. This group constitutes a kind of cult, worshiping the place's owner and constant presence, earth mother–goddess Elaine Kaufman, a—as the cult's central myth would have it—great tough old New York broad, kind of a cross between Gertrude Stein and Diamond Lil, in charge of the longest-running salon-saloon in history: 33 years this spring.

The second group—much, much larger, but by its nature far more silent—consists of literally billions of people who have never been to Elaine's, who know about it (if they know anything) only what they've read in the papers (and that having been put forth by the True Believers, or their satellites), and are convinced, to the extent that they think about Elaine's at all, that if they ever went there, they would be treated like dirt.

Many of these last envy those who are not treated like dirt at Elaine's. And so the old story goes: Envy and glamour are, like the peasantry and the aristocracy, intricately interdependent. When a bar or restaurant begins, as Elaine's did, with a certain hot core of glamorous types, a number of others can then be depended on to feel hurt at the idea of exclusion, and more and more glamorous, or would-be- glamorous types of all varieties keep showing up to test their worth in the crucible of the place. Most of them finding, to their delighted surprise, that the proprietor is not so hard-hearted and forbidding as they had imagined—that her heart is, actually, amazingly capacious! (She has to make a living, after all.) And so what you get is a chain reaction that goes and goes and goes. For 33 years.

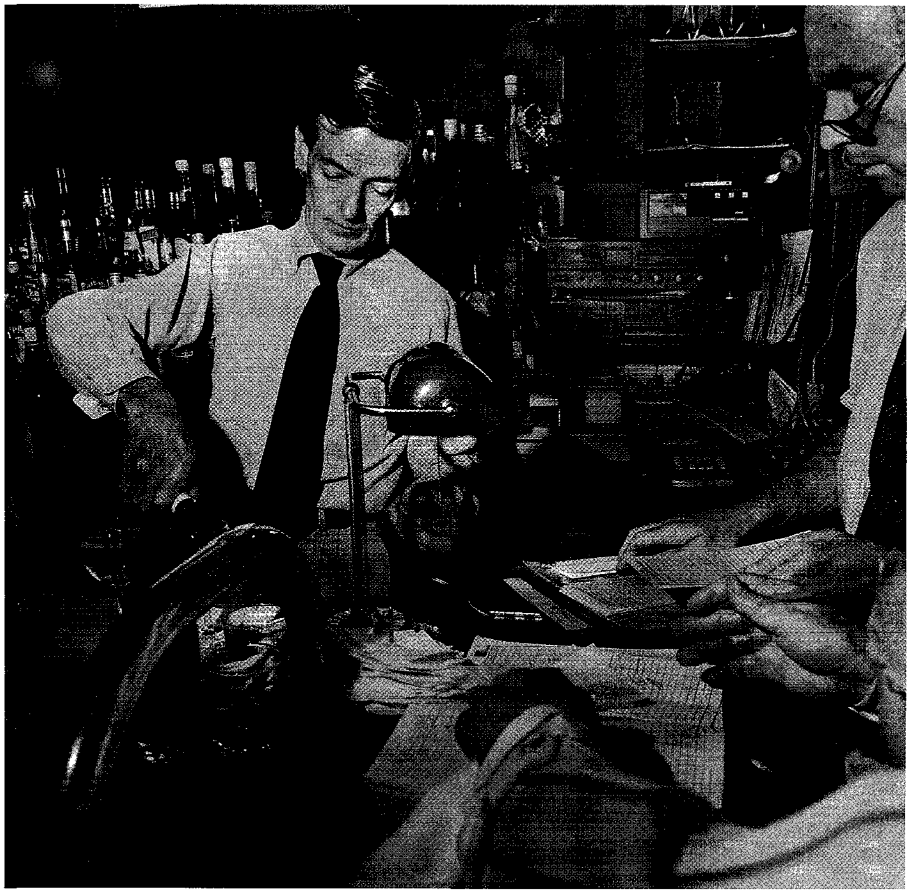
In the world of celebrity physics, though, chain reactions have a way of stuttering and slowing and finally growing cold. Which was exactly what appeared to be starting to happen with Elaine's in the mid- to late eighties. Then, contrary to the laws of celebrity physics, almost against reason, it warmed, and has now grown hot again. Of course, those of you who are firmly in the rat's-ass contingent couldn't care less, and can stop reading right here.

But then, if you were so very secure in your position—if you didn't hope, someday, somehow, in some secret corner of your soul, to be shown to a good table at Elaine's—you wouldn't have come this far, no?

This last sub-group, the not-caring-but-envious-around-the-edges faction, was where I stood for the years and years I never set foot in the place. Like everyone else, I read the gossip-column items, shook my head at the boldfaced names piling up like logs in a logjam, and dimly imagined Elaine's as a brightly lit operating theater or stage set, with circular tables around the four walls and a shadowy, extradimensional corner in back, where Woody Allen sat. Woody was key. He went to Elaine's all the time—he put it in *Manhattan,* for God's sake!—but the legend was that he sat way back, and never talked to anyone besides Elaine herself and the lucky people at his table, to whom he only whispered. It was the ultimate godfather story, and it was an odd business: going out in public to be private. If he wanted to be so goddamned private, why didn't he stay home and open a can of hash? Never mind. We believed in Woody then. We believed in his Gershwin-y, lost-in-a-time-warp view of Manhattan—a view that once actually seemed, at a glance, to have some intellectual and artistic merit, even if it only made sense from the perspective of a Fifth Avenue penthouse. All the other celebrities at Elaine's were like so many brightly colored helium balloons, and Woody was like the strange, grim-faced balloon man. Back then. But that was the seventies. The grainy, Gershwin-y, view of Manhattan also only made a certain amount of sense when the city was broke.

Then came the eighties, and sheer money: junk bonds, black clothes, Bolivian Marching Powder. The eighties and downtown: Odeon and 150 Wooster and Palladium and Nell's. Did whatever happened with Elaine's toward the end of the decade have to do with downtown?

And what changed? For just recently, now in the mid-nineties, I finally went to Elaine's for the first time, and found that not only did it not look like what I'd imagined—it was, in real life, dark-



Left, longtime bartender **TOMMY CARNEY** pours a stiff drink. Above, **MICHAEL MUSTO** assesses the scene uptown.

er, deeper, shabbier—but the place was packed! Jumping! What was happening? Who were these people?

WAS ONE'S FIRST IMPRESSION CORRECT? That Elaine's, though active, was a kind of moldering relic, full of superannuated high-glitz literary-movie-TV bullyboys with perfectly pressed white blue jeans, white Nikes, white hair coming out of their ears, babes on their arms and/or third wives back home—home being the big rambling co-op with great views but the best pictures are missing and the paint's peeling because of alimonies the size of the GNP of Guatemala?

Or was Elaine's a vital, happening scene? Tina and Harry, after all, had given Walter Isaacson's *Time* magazine coronation party there. *Esquire* had had its Dubious party there. (*Esquire* seemed to be there all the time: Maybe this was a clue.) You could see Jay McInerney there, with his wife! You could see Mike McAlary there, with *his* wife. You could see hawk-nosed Bill Bratton and derby-hatted Jack Maple and news galoot John Miller and any number of looming NYPD officials with ox-size torsos and long-back-no-sideburn haircuts, huddled over serious alcohol at 2 A.M. Cops? At Elaine's? All right, how about Julian Schnabel, with Stockard Channing, at an hour when the working squares were entering REM sleep? And the Weinstein brothers of Miramax with Julia Ormond *and* Sharon Stone?

And Woody! There was Woody's table! *Where was Woody*? Where were Styron and Mailer and Willie Morris and David Halberstam and Jules Feiffer?

"It's THE place to be," trumpeted a "Page Six" item in the *Post*, listing eminences spotted at Elaine's on a recent night: Geraldo Rivera. Angela Janklow. Alec and Billy Baldwin. Steven Bauer, the actor. George Steinbrenner.

And there, indeed, was Geraldo, late on a recent weekday night. There was a person named Chuck Pfeifer, surrealistically bronze, with a face that made Eric Roberts's look placid and inexpressive by comparison—former Green Beret–former Winston Man–ad guy Chuck Pfeifer, working the room to within an inch of its life, long after *you* went to bed.

(Where were Frank Conroy and Betty Comden and John Kenneth Galbraith?) There were the Nameless Ones, craning their necks from the bad tables (generally speaking in the back and over to the left, or in the other room. But the rule seemed to be, forget about it if you're in the other room; you might as well be at the Yorkville Inn, next door)—the Nameless Ones, straining smiles at the bar, with that desperate look of trying to belong. ("Is Elaine's back?" an editor mused, from the comfort of Table 5, a very good table, the kind of table he'd put in long, hard hours at Elaine's to be thought deserving of. "How can it be back? My *dentist's* at the bar.")

Dentists there were at Elaine's, and podiatrists, and Realtors from the Five Towns, and wannabes of every stripe—or, more correctly, neverwillbes. Neverwillbes have always been a crucial part of Elaine's: What's a show without the extras and the audience?

What was the show these days?

Look at the walls. Elaine's walls were serried with dust jackets of books whose authors had frequented the place over the years and had furnished and burnished its luster. Peter Maas, Gay Talese, Peter Benchley, Jim Harrison, Jerzy Kosinski. Not to mention Sidney Zion, Michael Caine, and Stanley Fisher, Ph.D. (*Discovering the Power of Self-Hypnosis*).

Elaine's walls were filled with photographs of the real, critical-mass celebrities who hadn't just stopped by but sworn by the place: Hunter Thompson, Streisand, Capote. Sinatra, for God's sake! Federico Fellini! Dabney Coleman! *Look*, the dust jackets and photographs said to the outsiders and strivers. *This is what you're up against. This is what you're here to be around.* And *Look*, the dust jackets and photos said to the *famosi*, the initiates, some of whom, in their secret 3 A.M.'s, might occasionally have stared into a mirror and wondered if they were disappearing: You are *not* disappearing. You're *here*. You *matter*.

But the dust jackets were, mostly, old. The photographs were, mostly, old. The movie posters and art posters were beyond old. Hanging about these dark, red-flocked rooms was a permanent Pamplona wineskin–George Peppard air of, say, 1964 or 1965, when Hemingway and Jack Kennedy weren't long dead, when *Esquire* was in its great, big-format, Harold Hayes–George Lois days, when men were men, women were girls, and writing, and writers, damn it, mattered. When Jones or Shaw or Mailer might swagger in and get drunk and do something really interesting—or something that might, years later, be construed as interesting.

There also hovered here a thick miasma of, say, 1976, when Jones or Mailer or Styron might still be seen, passing on the torch to Lorne Michaels and Buck Henry; when Elizabeth Ashley might be saying something cracklingly witty to Sidney Lumet, as Woody, at Table 8, stared miserably into his chicken Francese, hatching *Manhattan.* When Manhattan, the island, still had that gray, gritty, broad-shouldered, slightly down-at-heels seriousness to it, with creeping jazzy tendrils of the thirties and forties and fifties.

Tendrils now snipped. Snip snip. Bright new world. Manhattan is Gap. Manhattan is Starbucks. Manhattan is blond Florentine boutiques playing tribal music and guys in suits gesticulating at tiny cellulars as they walk down the street and southwestern-Cambodian cuisine and a zillion excessively healthy-looking people, dressed to the nines, skirting the HIV-positive beggars and looking for . . . *more cool stuff to wear.*

This is anti-mythological Manhattan, a Manhattan without a heart to break. A scabrous anti-Woody graffito under the paper-towel dispenser in the men's room at Elaine's seems to confirm the end of an era. The ancient Elaine's regulars one calls to attest to its continuous greatness sound tired and cranky: The torch has passed. It's a halogen torch now, the cool symbolic image of a flame rather than the hot thing itself.

Above, *Post* gossip hound NEAL TRAVIS doing some reporting. Right, women at the bar: Beware the literary lions.

SHE SITS AT HER BAR ON A GRAY weekday afternoon, a squat, old woman with big, sad, tough eyes behind aviator glasses and a hoarse, flat New York voice. "Can I have a cigarette, please?" Elaine Kaufman asks her manager, in a tone that suggests little uncertainty about whether cigarettes will be produced instantly. They are produced. "You want a cigarette?" she rasps.

Mists whirl around her past. She was born in Manhattan at an unspecified date; her parents, Russian immigrants, ran a dry-goods store that folded in the Depression. Elaine grew up in Queens and the Bronx, went to Evander Childs—the era can safely be set as pre–World War II—and went to work. A used-book store on 42nd Street ("There wasn't much to do, so I just read my way through the whole place"); the pharmacy of the old Astor Hotel, at 45th and Broadway, the crossroads of what was, in the early forties, a glittering theater world. Years passed. Her love for show people and books took her to the Village, in its beatnik-and-chianti-flask days, where she met a character named Alfredo Viazzi, a writer and former merchant seaman from Genoa.

"He would work weekends as a waiter so he could write all week," Elaine remembers. "He was very clever. We became good friends. And he said, 'I'll teach you.' I finally made some money, more than all those other jobs. You know, waiting tables is a piece of cake if you're halfway intelligent. It's getting to know the people, making friends with them, learning what they like, what they don't like. And once you've got all those things down, you know what to suggest and what they're going to like. I mean, anybody who's got a functioning mind can do it."

But she had more. She clicked with her customers, and Viazzi saw it. "We knew a man who had a restaurant on Thompson, and he was getting nowhere with it. He had not a clue. So we had coffee there, and he told Alfredo, 'Come in, and see if you can help me out.' And Alfredo started, and then he pulled me in."

The restaurant was called Portofino. "On the larger line," Elaine says, "they couldn't work it out—figure out a menu, the placement of people, getting familiar with them, and creating relationships. You don't have to go home with people to create a relationship. I like it. I *like* the people. I mean, I enjoy seeing them, I enjoy talking to them, and I've always been like that."

The clientele, *Ur*-Elaine's, were theater people and publishing people. "I was friendly with Ted Purdy, the publisher-editor at Putnam. He was very well known. He liked me, and he used to invite me to all the parties and explain different kinds of writers, and how they were paid when they began, and how they developed. I liked it. I liked that end of it."

The Village in the late fifties and early sixties was a cultural petri dish, and Portofino was in the thick of the high-art/low-art primal soup. "We had a lot of young writers from the Village," Kaufman says. "We were located around the theaters, and so the actors would be in, in between curtains. [Genet's] *The Balcony* opened while we were there. And then the Improvisation was across the street. Charles Nelson Reilly, Michael Pollard were there. Sylvia Miles was a young kid; in between things, she would fly around on a motorcycle to play chess."

But when she and Viazzi disagreed over business, she decided to go into business for herself. In April 1963, she and two male friends (she later bought them out) bought an old Austro-Hungarian bar on Second Avenue and 88th Street for a little over $10,000. "To buy in the Village was $25,000 or $30,000. And Alfredo was down in the Village, and I figured it was better to get away. So I came up here."

"Up here" was a kind of Siberia in those days. "It was a lot of cider bars, and 86th Street had the dance halls," Elaine says. "It was kind of a funny neighborhood. A lot of people who worked for the city. You had a small apartment here that didn't cost you very much. It was very nice. I didn't want a big, fancy place."

And the good patrons "were just up the road and down on East End Avenue. Third, Lexington, Park. You just walked down the hill. Helen Frankenthaler lived up the road, and she used to take a walk at night after dinner, and they found us—she and Motherwell. They came in, they had a drink. There was nothing in the neighborhood. So they came in, they loved it, and they began coming back all the time.

"Then the Kafkas, Barbara and Ernie. Mary Ann Madden. Joe Allen from Joe Allen's. The guy who used to run the Garden—Jack Krumpe. And people like that."

All this would have been enough to keep a nice neighborhood bar going, but then Dorothy Kilgallen got into the act. At a time when newspaper columnists still wielded tremendous power, Kilgallen, at the *Journal-American,* ruled her profession.

"She knew me from downtown, and she came up, and she loved it," Elaine says. "That was the first thing ever written about it. It put us on the map. One night, one of the early summers, Elaine Stritch was here with a bunch of people, and she said, 'I've always wanted to be a bartender.' I said, 'Yeah, sure.' I didn't think she was going to turn up. And then there she was in her little gingham dress and flats, behind the bar, trying to draw a beer. Then Leonard Lyons, who used to be crazy about her, would come up, and all the bar owners and restaurant people started coming. So from there it went to, you know, other stuff."

OTHER STUFF, IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES, MAINLY MEANT THE PEOPLE Elaine had always revered most: writers. This mainly meant, of course, male writers, in an era when Capote and Mailer and Wolfe and Talese et al. were distilling the fresh brew of New Journalism from the old sour mash of American fiction, publishing it in *Esquire* and *Harper's* and *New York,* and gathering at Elaine's, like Viking heroes in a mead hall, to clash jars and celebrate their feats. And the writers brought the producers and directors, who brought the movie stars, who brought the models and sports heroes.

Then came the late eighties. "It was odd," George Plimpton says. "Something happened, and nobody could figure it out. Suddenly it was less crowded; you didn't see quite as many stars in there. It had always been bad-mouthed about the food—maybe people were getting embarrassed."

It wasn't that, says Nicholas Pileggi. "What happened in the eighties was that SoHo and TriBeCa exploded—suddenly everybody was going down to Odeon and Tribeca Grill and Indochine."

And crosstown, to a shiny new draw called Columbus. Elaine's had had to evolve through the whole phylogeny of fame, beginning, in the quaint sixties, with its tweedy seed clientele of writers; Columbus skipped the dull stuff and went straight for the fizz: movie stars and models and mobsters.

"Columbus was fact following fiction following fact," says once-and-present WNBC-TV newsman and former NYPD information director John Miller. "It was mobsters following celebrities who played mobsters—Mickey Rourke and Paul Sorvino. Mobsters get the respect up front—people are scared of them, they have money, they beat people up and kill them—but they don't get to hang out with the mayor. So they follow celebrities, who like mobsters—to a point. But finally, so many wiseguys began to crowd into Columbus that the celebrities got freaked out and stopped coming."

Exit Columbus, in 1993. And as Odeon and Indochine all cooled off in turn, people began to trickle back to Elaine's. Some did not. There were also new people. "In the late eighties, we stopped going," Pileggi admits. "I pride myself on knowing every name in the gossip columns, and suddenly, names were appearing in the columns, and at Elaine's, that I didn't know. Suddenly a whole bunch of people, Bratton and others, were sitting at *our* table, eating *our* food, with *our* waiter."

The tides were shifting. Many of the old regulars got swept out by the undertow; some stuck. But increasingly, the new clientele were younger strivers, most of them from out of town, who seemed attracted not so much by Elaine's itself as by the legend of Elaine's, a supercharged nostalgic construct in which the tatty old saloon had metamorphosed from the thing itself into a sort of substantial-fame theme park on the Upper East Side, Planet *Esquire.* If you were going to be Important in the mind of Manhattan, the legend had it, this was the stage you had to strut on. The concept was too heady for the mobsters, who moved on to the social clubs or on back to jail, but ambitious police detectives and officials not averse to thinking of themselves as characters in a Sidney Lumet film, as well as young editors and novelists and journalists, exquisitely sensitive to the mechanics of literary celebrity, flocked in.

"I was taken there for the first time by my friend Helen Bransford, who I knew from Nashville," says publisher Morgan Entrekin, with Fitzgeraldian awe. "Helen was beautiful and sophisticated and knew everybody, and the other people at our table were Nora Ephron and Carl Bernstein, when they were still married, or at least still sitting at the same table, and Warren Hoge. The room was full of editors and writers, and I thought this was *it*."(The beautiful and sophisticated Bransford has since married Entrekin's friend McInerney.)

"A group of us started going in the early eighties," says screenwriter Bruce Feirstein, who back then had just written the bestseller *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche*. "We were all these fledgling writers, and we thought, Wouldn't it be funny, let's go to Elaine's. It was on the literary tour of New York. It was like, 'Hi, we're here.' Those were the days when Elaine had this reputation of being the dragon lady of East 88th Street; the anticipation was that we were going to be treated badly. And it was exactly the opposite—they were nice to us. So we went and went.

"I think journalists and writers and Broadway people and cops all have this New York of the mind," Feirstein says. "It comes from O'Hara and Fitzgerald short stories, and you kind of want to hang on to the idea, even if you don't want to admit it. You have this vision that it's always 1930, and there's a saloon, and somebody's yelling, 'Stop the presses!' "

AND THE THING ABOUT SALOONS (AS OPPOSED TO SALONS) IS that people drink there. In this regard, Elaine's satisfies both the nostalgia-theme-park quotient—1930, after all, was a time when Manhattanites routinely and unapologetically got bombed—and the current anti-p.c. backlash (a backlash that, among certain Elaine's patrons, reportedly includes a return to cocaine). It's a place where the smoking tables seem to outnumber the non-, and where you can enjoy a cigar in the large zone between the wooden Indian that former City Hall employee John Miller has nicknamed Chief Rudy and the front of the house.

"You can have a good time there—get incredibly drunk, get out of hand, and nobody bothers you," says columnist Candace Bushnell. "What makes a saloon a great place is that you feel safe," agrees TV writer-producer David Black. "You fool yourself you'll be forgiven; it's like family." These days, Black, who "used to go there and knock down five or six Jack Daniel'ses very quickly," drinks ginger ale with lemon. You can order branded fizzy water at Elaine's, but you get the feeling that the only way your tablemates and the notoriously attitudinous waiters will respect you for it is if you're clearly twelve-stepping.

Alcohol drives Elaine's, which, on a busy night, gets its jump start from the five or six or twelve reasonably recognizable faces around the room—it doesn't much matter who they are, these days; just about anyone will do—then proceeds from the fact that nearly everyone in the place is (a) old enough to have some character in their features and (b) animated and voluble. Does that mean, of necessity, smashed? Not necessarily, according to David Black. "I wondered if I'd go there without wanting to drink, and if it'd be as much fun," he says. "But it was okay because the appeal of Elaine's is also conversation—the play of minds."

Well, all right, but given the ever-present boom of retro tunes on the jukebox, combined with the competitive raillery of unteetotaling patrons, the play of minds at Elaine's tends to be *loud* play.

NATURALLY, FORMS OF PLAY OTHER THAN THE PLAY OF MINDS ARE IMportant at Elaine's. "One of the things about the guys who go there," says Nora Ephron, "is that a huge number, even when they were married, were single. I don't mean they didn't love their wives, but they had the temperament of single guys. That is very much the feeling of the place—it's a men's club."

"It's where I went when I was depressed; it's where I went when I wanted to celebrate; it's where I went when my kids were born; it's where I went when my wife kicked me out; I survived my divorce there. And Elaine was there to take care of you," David Black says.

This has been the place's image since year one, an image bolstered by Kaufman's admitted preference for her male customers. "I don't know," she says, when quizzed on the subject. "The men sit down—a whole bunch of them sit down at a table—and they all have their own checks, and they're independent, and they like to exchange stories. Where a lot of groups of women become competitive. They're not there to relax and have dinner and talk about what they're doing. They're there to clock somebody. I don't care. Do it. But [men are] cooler about it. It's a different attitude. I mean, I like women; I have a lot of friends, you know, I go out to dinner with them and all that kind of thing. But amongst the men it's different. They don't kill each other!"

"When I was still married, I used to go try to pick up girls at the bar at Elaine's," a middle-aged writer says. "I'd have one interested, and I'd be just about ready to ask if we could go to a hotel or I could go home with her, and suddenly Elaine would appear by my side. 'Isn't he a great guy?' she'd ask the girl. 'He has such a lovely wife, too, and terrific kids.' And I'm grinning like an idiot, nodding, 'Yeah, yeah,' and the girl, needless to say, vanishes at the first opportunity. And Elaine would smack me on the back of the head and say, 'You stupid fuck. You got a terrific thing—whaddya wanna fuck it up for?'

"Of course, the night my divorce went through, I went to Elaine's with a long face, and she came over and asked me what was wrong. And when I told her, she said, '*Now* you can have some fun.' "

"You don't want to stand by the bar alone," an attractive young woman says. "Because people who are doing that are looking to meet a rich man—or that's what everyone thinks. Or else they want to be involved with one of the tables. It's a definitely political scene—more so than at other restaurants. Where you sit, and who you sit with."

CONVENIENTLY LOCATED JUST A COUPLE OF BLOCKS FROM GRACIE Mansion, Elaine's exerted, early on, an almost tidal pull on the parvenu glitzophiles of the Giuliani administration—not including the mayor himself, who, even as a U.S. attorney, preferred to eat his steaks at the more-Republican-seeming Jim McMullen's, down the road. Jim McMullen's, where, in the early and mid-1980s, the staff used to joke about how commonplace cocaine use was in the men's room. "But that was seen as a more wholesome place than Elaine's," says a former administration official.

Bratton, Jack Maple, John Miller, and others preferred Elaine's, whose clientele, even if winnowed of literati, still exuded a certain sexy classiness. "You still see the great ones," Miller sighs, starry-eyed. "When you have Gay Talese, Peter Maas, A. E. Hotchner—hell, I feel lucky just to breathe their cigar smoke. Hell, I'd be lucky to have the cover of a book I'd *read* up on the wall there."

But the saloon soon proved emblematic of the growing tensions within the Giuliani camp: Incredibly, the mayor banned members of his administration from going there. "We were told that this administration was elected by working people in Brooklyn and Staten Island, and that after tennis-playing, tuxedo-wearing Dave Dinkins, we didn't want to look like café society," Miller says. "We were told not to come. But that didn't mean we stopped coming."

AND THUS THE FUNKY LITTLE THEME PARK GRINDS ON IN ITS FOURTH decade, its strange latter-day mélange of flare-nostriled strivers, like carousel horses, going up and down, round and round, night after night. The real show has moved on. What is the real show? Not much. You'll find it at the Odeon and Cafe Luxembourg, still, and at Pravda, as long as it stays hot. Heat itself is the show, while the intensity and self-importance of literature and literary journalism, which once blazed away at Elaine's like one of those long-burning coal-mine fires, have simmered down into a flicker. Has Elaine's somehow transcended heat? "Elaine's is not a fashion place," a sleek young uptown-downtown woman says. "It's just a smarter crowd. I mean, occasionally one sees a model in there, but chances are everyone's gonna be ignoring her. It's a little bit of a relief from that ever-present fabulousness."

Elaine's 1967: PAT O'NEILL, IRWIN SHAW, and GEORGE PLIMPTON, when the nightspot was young.

Translation: Elaine's is a pleasant sideshow, a stop for the nostalgic young before they repair to Pravda or Wax. "People are trying to find Max's Kansas City, but it isn't there anymore," says another young woman. "A lot of people, especially downtown people, think Elaine's is a joke, full of old folks."

Or old young folks. For if—in rhyme with the rise of cigar bars—some of the young at Elaine's are harking back to the hairy-chested glory days of books and bourbon and fisticuffs, where's the harm? As rodomontade-intensive as those days were, there was a lot of good in them, and importance, an importance that even the simultaneous appearance at Pravda of Jim Carrey, Snoop Doggy Dogg, Michael Jordan, and Shalom Harlow wouldn't quite match.

And only Elaine's is Elaine's, only Elaine's has Elaine, sitting and smoking, or moving to the next interesting table. But how much longer can the carousel run?

On a recent Wednesday evening—the place is jumping at 1 A.M.—Jack Maple is there, and Geraldo, and WCBS's John Johnson, and Chuck Pfeifer, as well as a number of women in leather skirts and any number of well-fed-looking men, each of them appearing to have at least two cellular phones about his person.

John Miller is sitting at Table 3—the very table where, twenty years ago, Bruce Jay Friedman and Lewis Lapham and Paul Desmond and Dan Greenburg might have been found—not far from the large wooden Indian. Friedman himself is at Table 1, a white-haired eminence, looking not unlike an Indian chief himself, sitting among others similarly grizzled. "Is Elaine's back?" he ruminates, later. "I don't think so. I think what's happened is that you just keep getting a different cast of characters. The founding fathers have mostly moved on; these days, you see a lot of homicide detectives and TV reporters. You'll be sitting next to someone from the Bomb Squad and someone from the Anti-Terrorism Squad. It's a lot more interesting than failed poets."

Sometimes, maybe. "It used to be a writers' rialto; now it's like a watered-down version of Le Cirque," laments George Plimpton. And draws the appropriate tourists. Who are immediately shown their place—an important part of the theme-park experience. The legend among the True Believers is that anyone can walk right in and feel at home, but that's them. The infinitely jaded face of Jack, the maître d', standing politely but firmly in your way at the door and asking if you have reservations, corrects all others. Like the two sweet-faced women of a certain age, patently midwestern, patently on the town, who are immediately marched to Siberia, back along the left wall, a line of tables containing nobody overtly attractive or interesting-looking. The women crane their necks: not much to see back here. There's Woody's table. There are some old guys with young babes.

Things perk up, slightly. Mike McAlary and Dennis Hamill, and their wives, sit down at Table 7, by the turnoff to the kitchen. Peter Maas arrives. And there's what seems like the quintessential Elaine's Guy—a handsome, white-haired, crazily self-absorbed-looking popular novelist in immaculately faded jeans and white sneakers and an absurd leather Aussie cowboy hat. Carrying what appear to be galleys of his latest book, he's seated alone—with apologies, no doubt, for the busyness of the house—at a middling table in perilous proximity to the three midwestern ladies. He pretends to scrutinize the galleys; he fidgets. Much later, having waited out a miserable exile, he reappears at Table 2, reading his galleys contentedly as he finishes his supper.

Later still. The crowd has picked up, but the play of minds appears to have produced only loud laughter. Elaine is sitting, smoking, with some guys with comb-overs and women wearing leather skirts. Bill Bratton is nowhere in sight. It seems reasonably certain Howard Safir won't be showing up any time soon. A drunk staggers by, on his way to the door: "I almost said hi to the Indian," he says, indicating Chief Rudy. He leaves.

Outside, by the front door, a mobbed-up-looking guy with Ron Leibman features and a head of big fake hair says to the very young woman he's with: "We got two choices. We could go to a club, or I got a suite at the Sherry Netherland." But then, after a whispered conference, he gives her a kiss and deposits her in the back of a block-long stretch double-parked on Second Avenue. He raps the limo's trunk twice, and the car moves off.

The two midwestern theatergoing ladies in raincoats exit, glancing around the crowd by the door with excited regret. "If we'd sat up front, we could've flirted the whole *night*," one says.

Back inside, Robert Altman is holding forth at Table 4. Two tables away, Carl Bernstein sits all alone and stares into space. Up front, Tommy Carney, the bartender, takes a glance at his withered-pretty face in the mirror and bites a Clark Bar. Time is a killer. The night is old. ■

Photograph by Jill Krementz.

FUNNY GIRL

First novelist [illegible] dropped out of Bronx Science at 15, but that doesn't mean she didn't get an education.

BY RICH COHEN

JENNIFER BELLE LIVES IN THAT PART OF THE VILLAGE which, on summer evenings, gives itself over to high-school kids who wash up here from Jersey, ravage the place, then shove off again. Not long ago, she stepped out onto MacDougal Street and picked her way through broken beer bottles and exploded condoms past Eighth Avenue, past Ninth, clear to the Hudson River. She bought a ticket on the Circle Line and leaned on the rail among the Germans and Hoosiers. "As the boat cruised Harlem, a group of men mooned us," she says. "Though there were maybe a hundred people onboard, I like to think they were mooning just me."

Belle, 28, is a tourist in her own city. While her contemporaries were dozing in classrooms, she was dropping out of high school, steering clear of college, chasing down everything that caught her eye. A few years ago, she began setting these adventures on paper, building them around Bennington Bloom, a fictional alter ego who decides to pay her way through NYU acting classes by working for an escort service.

Belle's first novel, *Going Down* (Riverhead Books), which has just been published, maps a year in the life of a girl who has come unstuck from the everyday, who is wide awake in the city when everyone else is asleep or at work. It's a fish-out-of-water story—a 19-year-old girl's descent from middle-class life to the $1,000-a-night world of high-class prostitution, a transition she prepared for as a kid, Bennington tells us, by turning her Barbie townhouse into a brothel: "[The Barbies] mostly changed clothes and had sex, once even in the elevator, but then one left and became a stewardess." *Entertainment Weekly*—which gave the book an A—commented, "Imagine Holden Caulfield's sister, Phoebe, growing up and turning tricks to study acting, and you have Bloom." And *Going Down* is funny, especially when things get embarrassing. "I don't recommend going to a lecture on sperm whales on a first date," Bennington says during a whale-watching cruise. "The word 'sperm' was said more than twenty-five times."

The collection of eccentrics and coeds who gather around Bennington is drawn with such assurance you can't help wondering how Jennifer Belle really does spend her spare time. She lives in a narrow railroad apartment that belongs to her father, who left the city to teach philosophy upstate. There is a transient feel about the place, like somewhere you lived when you first left college and had yet to see the logic of bed frames. The shower is in the kitchen; the fridge is empty; a pair of red velvet shoes sits atop the TV.

Seated on a futon in the front room, Belle looks like a handsome throw pillow. She is a billowy girl, with soft, beautiful features. But that's not what you notice first; what you notice first are her eyes, which are dark and somehow pin you to the wall. "What should we do today?" she says, crossing her legs. "Should we go to the Guggenheim? There's a painting of my mom there done by Frank Stella. They were together. But I hate museums." (Stella's likeness of Jennifer's mom—Jill Hoffman—is a series of black diamonds.)

Hoffman, who wrote a *roman à clef* about Manhattan bohemia a few years ago called *Jilted,* dated Stella for years. For Belle, growing up was like some Robert Altman movie where a minor celebrity—John Ashbery, Howard Nemerov, Richard Price—comes onscreen, delivers a few terse lines, then disappears. When she was 14, soon after her parents divorced, she decided to walk out of the movie and crashed instead with her father and his girlfriend in the tiny Village apartment. But she doesn't feel like talking about all that. Instead she tells me how, every day, she would get dressed and head for school, but when the D train reached the stop for Bronx Science an hour later, no matter how hard she tried, she could not make herself leave the train. "I was frozen," she says. So she would ride to the end of the line and come clear back to West Fourth Street. One time, she collected some vagrants from Washington Square and brought them home, where they sat around eating cereal, reading the back of the box.

It didn't help when she got a job at Margie D's Tavern, a Bleecker Street bar that has since closed. (Like the vagrants, it appears in her book, as Millie's Tavern.) To get the job, she had to lie about her age, and the fake life she made up to go with the fake age was maybe her first fiction. "But the hours didn't work out," she adds, folding her arms. "I was at the bar until 4 A.M., then had to wake up for school. And I didn't want to be in school anyway. Life was too exciting. So I dropped out." Though she got her GED and enrolled, for a time, at both NYU and City College, she wasn't much of a college student either. So she spent the next several years pursuing one experience after another. She's acted Off–Off Broadway, playing the troll in *Sleeping Beauty* and the thief in Jean Genet's *The Balcony;* in her early twenties, she had a regular gig with the performance artist Penny Arcade at La MaMa theater, playing the young Penny Arcade. She also took several jobs, once training to give double-decker-bus tours. "When I saw the T-shirt they wanted me to wear, I couldn't go through with it," she says. Lately, she has been selling luxury apartments for the Corcoran Group—"I needed something where I could make money without a degree."

Belle began her writing career five years ago, when her mother started a writers' workshop in her apartment. "I did the majority of the writing just before each workshop," she says. "People were coming, and I had to have something to read." This sounds like a pose, but it's probably true. Her writing has the rough, be-there-in-a-minute feel of something real; the voice hasn't been polished away. When I point this out, asking just how closely her depictions of barfly aimlessness and coed prostitution parallel her own life, she looks hurt, like I've accused her of something. "No, I was never involved in anything like that," she says. "I've known people who've done it, and there's information out there if you want to get it." End of story.

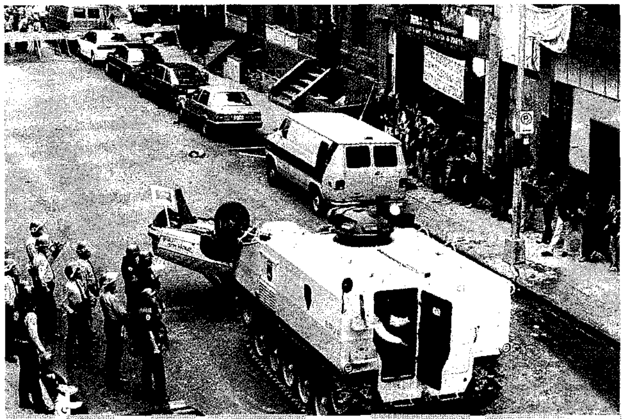
When Belle finished her novel, she dropped it blind at the Janklow & Nesbit agency, and suddenly she had an agent and, in short order, a publisher. "I'm working on my second book," says Belle. "It's about the real-estate business."

She stands and walks over to a mirror and looks at herself through half-closed eyes. She yawns, and her reflection yawns back. She does something to her hair, something only she can know the meaning of, then says, "Let's get out of here." ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS BUCK
FOR NEW YORK

Domino
SUGAR

Troubled by their own bourgeois longings, glamorized by Broadway in *Rent,* demonized by the city, which wants to take away the homes they carved out of an urban wasteland, the squatters of the East Village struggle to stay true to their utopian experiment while living in Manhattan on $0 a day. BY CHRIS SMITH



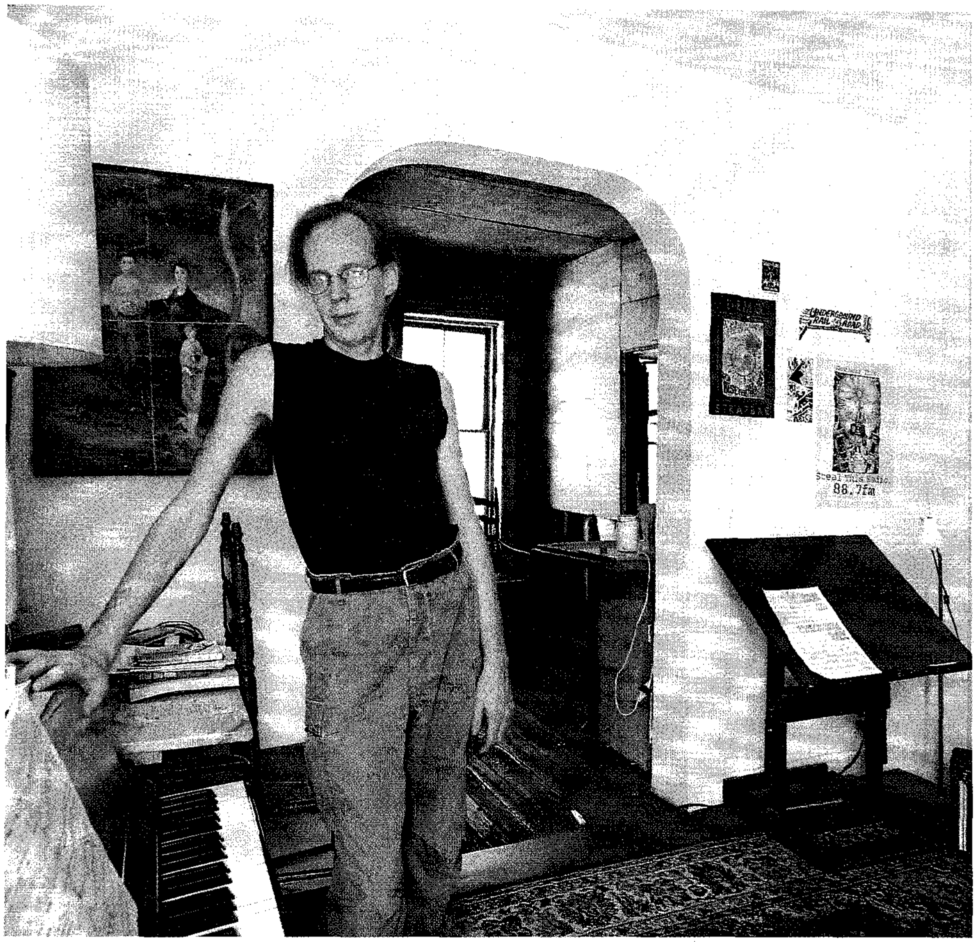
LIVE FREE OR DIE

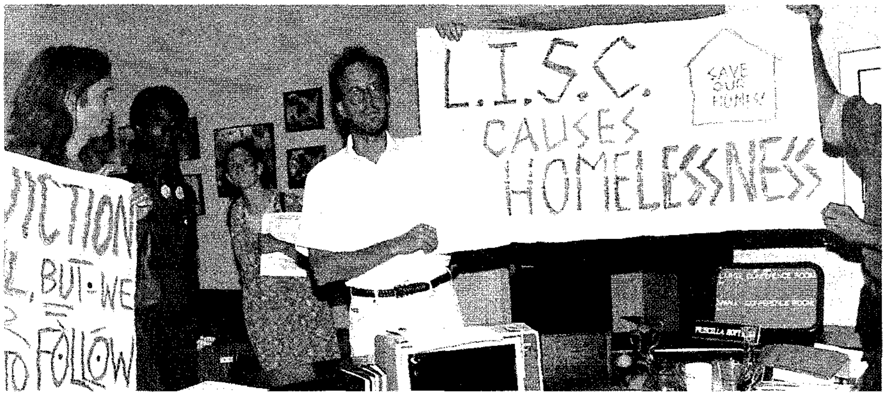
SERENITY HOUSE, on East 9th Street (left), where Laura McArdle lives: "The most beautiful form of personal initiative." In 1995, police used a tank while storming some 13th Street squats (above).

JOHN THE COMMUNIST IS HAVING A PROPAGANDA crisis. Which banner should he hang in the place of greatest honor—to the left of the stage in Tompkins Square Park—for this momentous occasion, the Tenth Annual Squatters May Day? Perhaps one of his personal favorites, GENTRIFICATION IS CLASS WAR. Or maybe a newer yet equally powerful slogan, DOWN WITH RENT SLAVERY: SQUATTERS RIGHTS FOR ALL!

John the Communist—a.k.a. John Squat, a.k.a. John Potak, 38, originally of Allentown, Pennsylvania—squints into the late-afternoon sun, hitches up his camouflage pants. Perhaps he should have painted a bedsheet with the words emblazoned on his sleeveless T-shirt: BUILD AN ARMY OF

PHOTOGRAPH BY ADDISON THOMPSON





ART AND ACTIVISM are the two defining squatter pursuits: Michael Shenker defends his 7th Street music room (top) partly by confronting executives and city officials over neighborhood conditions (above).

THE POOR. That's the true path to revolution, "since I'm a Maoist, not a Stalinist."

May Day in Tompkins Square has long been a literally riotous affair. Back in 1967, cops clubbed hippies for not keeping off the grass. In 1990, things were far bloodier: Hundreds of squatters, punks, and homeless people hurled bottles and bricks when police dared to enforce a 9 P.M. music curfew. The 1991 mêlée prompted Mayor David Dinkins to close the park for nearly two years.

Renovations demolished the park's concrete band shell, the prime soapbox for neighborhood radicals. So today Eric Drooker, a poet, illustrator, and singer, mounts a mobile concert stage that was wheeled into place by the Parks Department only after the squatters coughed up a $1,000 damage deposit.

"It's kind of a drag we have to depend on The Man's electricity," Drooker says. "We should be able to do this by ourselves."

The crowd, about 75 people, isn't paying much attention. Several dozen people ignore Drooker and shuffle toward a man in a saffron robe, a Hare Krishna who is ladling out free food.

Two hours later, the food line has migrated to a grassy rise near Avenue B. Three barbecued pigs are being carved and dished out, heads and all, to young people whose nostrils, eyelids, tongues, cheeks, and navels glint with jewelry. "Dead pigs mean dead cops," says a potbellied man with an enormous, shrubbery-dense gray beard. He is Jerry the Peddler, the longtime squatter who provided the pork. "It's the same old sixties symbolism, but it's very effective."

Onstage, a squatter band, named Sin Rostro ("Faceless") in homage to the Mexican Zapatista guerrillas, flails through a sort of speed-metal/reggae rant. The band's amplified screeching bombards every corner of the park relentlessly, until suddenly there's . . . silence. Dead quiet.

John the Communist's thoughts race darkly: *It's the police, pulling the plug to incite a riot and make the squatters look bad!* His eyes dart nervously: *Don't fall for the trap, comrades!*

But the sound engineer swears the problem is merely a blown fuse. The punks and the anarchists and the squatters mill harmlessly, clutching their Chinet plates, a few booing halfheartedly. The sound system can't be fixed. A group of Dominicans begins a soccer game between booths offering FREE MUMIA ABU-JAMAL pamphlets.

John the Communist folds his banners. "Gotta clean up so we can get our deposit back," he says.

THE EAST VILLAGE SQUATTERS ARE NEW York's last true bohemians. And they're in serious danger of extinction.

At the exact moment that the ragtag subculture is becoming a tourist attraction, courtesy of that Broadway smash hit *Rent,* the real-life renegades are in disarray. There's a deep divide between strenuously disaffected punk squatters, whose primary political statement is an extended middle finger, and the aging-hippie-squatter faction, which clings to grandiloquent reformist schemes.

Squeezing all the squatters is the booming popularity of the East Village as a hipster playground, and the worsening shortage of sites for officially subsidized housing. Five buildings on East 13th Street, scheduled for a $3 million rehabilitation as subsidized housing, are the prize in a legal showdown with the city that will determine whether there's any merit to the squatters' argument that a decade of possession equals ownership. Win or lose, the case has further atomized the already fractious squatting community, through a byzantine dispute over tactics.

Yet the greatest threat to one of New York's longest-running, scrappiest social experiments may be creeping normalcy. These days in the squats, child care is as important as overthrowing the government-military-corporate oppressors. No one's ever going to call these people mainstream, but the revolutionaries are looking shockingly . . . settled. In May, the one-year anniversary of the tumultuous 13th Street

Photographs: previous page, John R. Penley; this page top, Addison Thompson; bottom, John R. Penley.

SQUATTING

Says a weary Peter Spagnuolo, who became a martyr when he fought police over his 13th Street squat apartment: "Is it really a movement? Or just a lot of motion? I'm not sure."

evictions passed without so much as a fist raised in anger.

The bad old days of busted skulls and bonfires in Tompkins Square Park aren't worth romanticizing. The revitalized park, where tykes and punks play side by side, is a small, shining triumph of urban planning. Still, the great motley hurlyburly that is New York loses something without its most annoying dissenters.

When the East Village was a bombed-out wasteland, squatters planted gardens, started recycling projects, and shored up crumbling bearing walls. True, some squatter rehab work is frighteningly short of meeting building codes. Certainly most squatters are obnoxious. When threatened with eviction, squatters have never hesitated to dump buckets of urine on cops. Yes, their time-warped politics are frequently dopey. And there's the not-so-small issue of the squatters' illegal seizure of buildings that would otherwise be housing the law-abiding poor.

But whether drawn by selfishness or ideology, the squatters stepped into a void and took action. Though squatters have never been "unified" in any meaningful sense, now they've grown defensive.

"Here we are at an embattled moment, and people call it a movement," says a weary Peter Spagnuolo, who became a martyr when he fought police over his 13th Street squat apartment. "Is it really a movement? Or is it just a lot of motion? I'm not sure."

ARROW SETTLES INTO A CHAIR AT A vegetarian coffeehouse on Avenue B and shakes a cascade of blond dreadlocks off his face. "John Potak is an asshole," Arrow says evenly. "John Potak is scum. That just needs to be said. He's this totally self-deluded, glory-seeking activist who throws himself in front of any media trying to represent the movement, when actually the squatter movement has totally disassociated itself from him."

At 26, Arrow has two silver loops through his left nostril, three plastic hoops through his right ear, and a charisma that, in the mainstream world, could sell millions of sneakers.

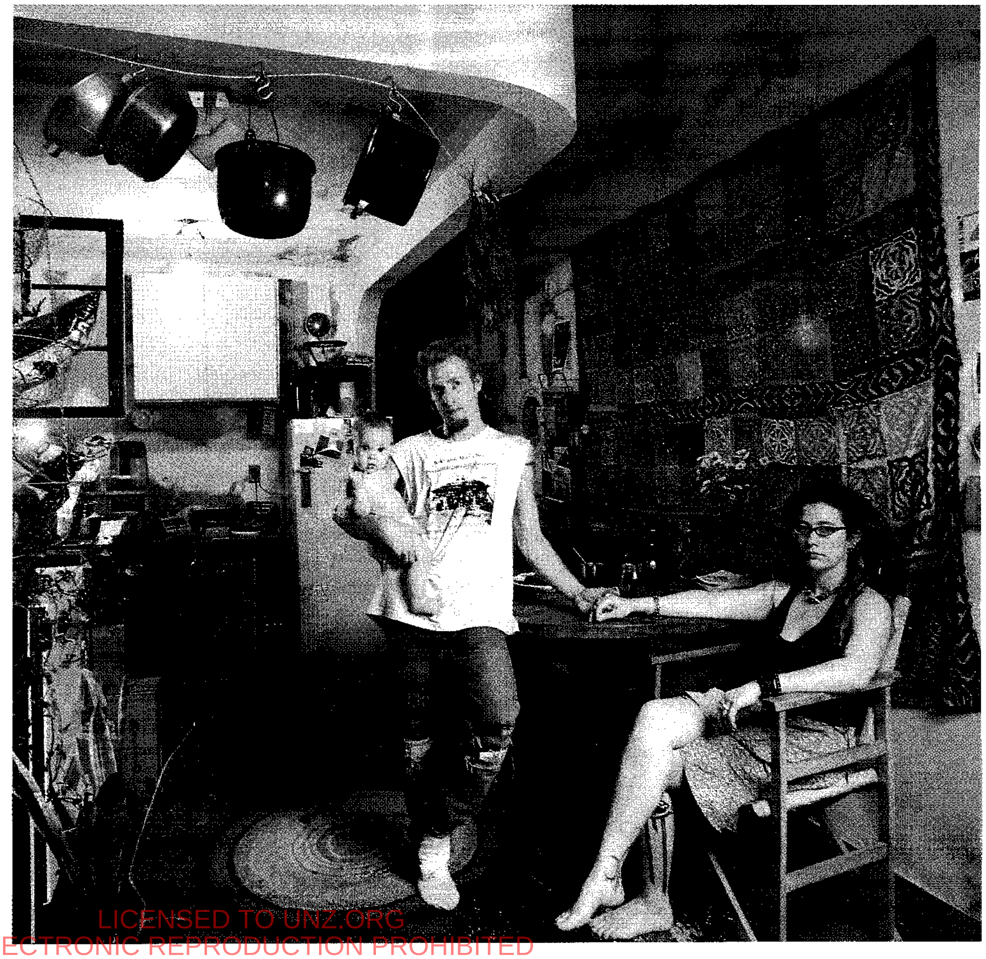
His parents named him Brent, but he hated his parents. So as a teenager in Santa Fe he took the name Straight Arrow, or Arrow for short, from a punk-rock song he refuses to identify. Kicked out of school at 16, he began living on the street, eating out of Dumpsters, and traveling the country. "I was a street punk, man," he says, his prickly tone an odd contrast with the Valley Guy accent that lifts the end of each sentence into a question. "I was so cynical and frustrated with America that I didn't want to be a part of this country anymore. I was pissed off at the lack of tolerance, the general feeling of fat, unhealthy, chemically induced racist people running around waving flags talking about God and bombing every fucking country in the world."

Outside of society is where Arrow chose to be. But he still needed to belong to something larger than himself. He kept hearing about a haven for the alienated in lower Manhattan. "This neighborhood is very well connected in the nationwide traveling-punk community," Arrow says. "Seth Tobocman [a squatter artist] was someone who spoke to me through his cartoons at a bookstore in Albuquerque, you know? We used to make stencils of Seth's cartoons and spray-paint 'em on walls. There's a couple of bands from the area I was familiar with—Public Nuisance, Reagan Youth, Nausea. They were great influences, too, very political and very Lower East Side squatter-oriented bands."

At first Arrow lived in a raucous commune on Avenue C called Fetus House. A fire destroyed the building in 1992. The squatters, as always, were quick to see a conspiracy. "We have certain evidence the police were involved," Arrow says vaguely.

He was outgrowing Fetus House's free-form style anyway. These days, Arrow is practically a poster boy for family values.

JERRY THE PEDDLER'S real and metaphorical pig roast (above). Arrow, Stephanie, and baby Felix in their 7th Street kitchen (below).



Photographs: top, John R. Penley; bottom, Addison Thompson.

'THE HARDEST thing for me about squatting is the boredom," says Sam, 20. "I'd like to be doing some kind of work. But that would mean changing the way I am. And I like the way I am."

Like many squatters, he works freelance construction jobs; Arrow figures he made $8,000 last year. Money has become particularly important the past six months, since Stephanie, Arrow's partner, gave birth to their daughter, Felix. A midwife delivered the littlest squatter in Arrow's sixth-floor apartment on East 7th Street.

Arrow doesn't see any humor in the possibility that the teenage Felix might rebel against her bohemian parents and crave a BMW and credit cards. "Maybe my kid won't want to have the same haircut as me," he says earnestly, "but ideas like compassion are passed on."

OF THE ROUGHLY 200 SQUATTERS living in sixteen city-owned buildings, the majority are simply broke, jobless, and trying to survive in a city of crazy rental prices. More than a few are self-indulgent burnouts.

However, at the the heart of the scene are people like Arrow who think modern society is a con. Unlike their nuttier right-wing western cousins, the Freemen, the politically motivated East Village squatters aren't trying to live off the grid. They've burrowed into Manhattan, the densest concentration of steel, concrete, and capitalism in the country, with quixotic notions of welding an entirely new grid.

"Giuliani is all about this personal-initiative crap. Well, this is personal initiative in its most beautiful form," says Laura McArdle. "He should be applauding us, but he looks down on us as thieves. No, we're giving. You left this whole neighborhood for dead, and we've done a lot more for this community than any government program has ever done or ever could do."

McArdle, a 28-year-old massage therapist from upstate, lives on East 9th Street near Avenue D, in a building christened Serenity House. Its stairs are a treacherous hodgepodge of wood and tile fragments, though McArdle's apartment is clean and airy. "I'm so scared of sounding like a hippie," she says. "But squatting is not just about finding a place to live; it's about wanting a community around you."

One of her neighbors, Jeannette, cites the network of children's activities the squats provide for Emma, her 4-year-old daughter. Jeannette, 34, is lacing her high-top black work boots. "I don't like the bullshit of people who discuss things for hours and hours when they could have just *done* it," Jeannette says, brushing back her magenta-tinged hair. "The politics in this building are the daily life of survival."

A fresh scar, a crescent of pinkish-purple skin, flashes on Jeannette's right knee. She is sheepish telling the story: Apparently, some insulation at a construction site wasn't quite as "surplus" as advertised, and she jumped off a ledge to escape guard dogs. Surgery meant a trip back home to Omaha.

"SQUATTING IS BULLSHIT," SAYS DARCY, A 17-year-old street punk drinking beer in the rain one afternoon on East 6th Street. "Keeping your friends warm and dry, that doesn't happen here. If you want to spend a night in a squat, it's all political to get in." Lately, as buildings have filled and become stringent about new admissions, much of the squatters' "My house is your house" rhetoric has become hollow. This is, after all, New York City; the co-op board ethos may be contagious.

Squabbling has roiled the squatters since the beginning. The turmoil goes back to the seventies, when the East Village was burning and crumbling, the victim of poverty, political neglect, and rogue landlords trying to collect insurance dollars through arson.

Groups like the Young Lords, a Puerto Rican street gang, claimed vacant buildings; other abandoned tenements devolved into shooting galleries for the thriving heroin trade. Hundreds of dwellings became city property as landlords walked away from tax bills. Public policy consisted primarily of plugging doorways and windows with cinder blocks and waiting for the economy to improve.

This first group of East Village squatters mixed Latinos, blacks, and hippieish whites dreaming of their own Great Society. Will Sales, a street vendor and a poet, moved to the neighborhood with his wife and child. Sales, 50, is a regal toothpick of a man, with an elongated mahogany face direct from Modigliani. He bursts into rhyming verse in the middle of sentences. "This movement had what we had in the sixties—rich kids, Panthers, the slums bonding together," he says.

Sales joined a six-story tenement on 7th Street between Avenues C and D. "What is the 'right' way to survive?" he says. "I tried doing it the 'right' way. I went through the maze, working six days a week to pay $800 a month for an SRO! All that is, is being defensive about life. I don't like being called a squatter. Squatters are looked at as losers who crawled in the nearest hole they could find. We're homesteaders."

Down on East 4th Street, Mario Bustamante glances around his jumbled one-bedroom floor-through. Bustamante quit his job as a tool-and-die-maker to become a sculptor, and he saw squatting as a way to live cheap. A grave 44-year-old from Colombia, Bustamante tells of clearing four feet of rubble from his apartment—which was easy compared with clearing a coven of junkies from the basement.

"The city wasn't interested in this neighborhood before we helped clean it up," he says. "But once people learn to think for themselves, as squatting teaches, then that's dangerous to politicians. The system wants everybody to depend on the system."

JOHNNY FROM KENTUCKY STRADDLES A BIKE outside See Squat on a muggy night. A gangly kid on the verge of handsomeness, Johnny is adorned with a lower-lip stud and a tattoo resembling barbed wire that squiggles, blue-green, across his wide forehead. He smells bad and he's proud of it.

Johnny is part of the second big wave of squatters. Younger, whiter, and noisier, this group dominates the public image of squatting. They began breaking open buildings in the late eighties. They crouch on the sidewalk along Avenue A, whining at passersby for spare change and chugging 40-ounce bottles of beer. Many are "nomads," a sub-subculture of traveling-youth that swells the squat population each summer. Some stay in buildings like Dos Blocos, on East 9th Street, and See Squat, on Avenue C, where the forbidding black door is decorated with decals reading THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH EVERYONE IN THIS BUILDING. VERY WRONG . . .

See Squat is a baby step above a flophouse. Water comes from a nearby fire hydrant. Big plastic buckets serve as toilets.

Johnny admits to being in his "late teens." He tries to work up some anger about the plight of the oppressed, but mostly he seems sad and a little lost. "Do you have cable TV?" he asks gently. "Did you watch the Olympic trials? I love track." He spins his bike in a circle, quietly adding, "Never been on a real track."

His buddy Sam, 20, arrived from a squat in Philadelphia in March. "I've been squatting ever since I left home," he says. Why'd he leave? "Aren't you supposed to leave home when you're 18?" Sam says with a sardonic grin. "I love my mother to death, but I just can't live with her."

Sam's long-jawed face is sliced into odd planes by a series of diamond-shaped tattoos. "The hardest thing, for me, about squatting, is the boredom," he says, stroking Eggplant, Johnny's dog. "I'd like to be doing some kind of work. But that would mean changing the way I am—my tattoos, my hair, take a shower. And I like the way I am."

Body odor aside, these guys are healthy, white, and male—so what's the problem? Johnny's silent. "Nobody comes offering me a job," he says finally. "And besides, nobody gets rich in this lifetime. Steve Forbes wasn't born poor!"

Sam shrugs. There's a charity food line forming on the next block. "It's just stuff from supermarkets that's about to expire." He brightens. "There *is* orange juice—that's a nice treat."

ONE OUNCE MORE OF SALIVA AND Antonio Pagán will be foaming at the mouth. The splenetic city councilman, whose district includes the East Village, screams at the mere mention of the word *squatter*.

"They're brats!" Pagán yells. "Very well educated, very well funded, and when they get arrested, Mommy's chauffeur comes and picks them up. So they should go live above the garage in Scarsdale or wherever it is they come from. Or stand in line and pay rent, like working-class people do in the city. They're stealing, and there's no other word for that. What they want is free real estate."

Yeah, but many squatters seem sincere, if naïve, in their desire to remake society into a kinder—

"How do you do that? By burning wheels around effigies of people? By threatening merchants? By coming to community boards and disrupting and threatening to kill everyone there?" Pagán is leaning across his desk, his neck veins bulging, his light-brown face reddening. "They are hiding behind labels of gentrification—behind the poor—just to hide the fact that they are doing nothing but a land grab. They're nothing but a bunch of Eurotrash or yuppies from the suburbs and beyond who are living out their little revolutionary fantasies at our expense in our community. Bullshit!"

Pagán is the squatters' archenemy. Not only was he elected in 1991 largely on the promise that he'd rid Tompkins Square Park of the festering homeless encampment that provided the squatters with their greatest rhetorical and physical weapon, but Pagán is a driving force behind the subsidized-housing development planned for five squatter-occupied buildings on East 13th Street. It was an effigy of Pagán with a tire around its neck that was burned by squatters, in imitation of a Haitian torture called "necklacing."

"I'm a better spokesperson for what should happen in those buildings than the squatters can ever be," Pagán says. "Because they don't look like me. They don't look like the people in that neighborhood."

COMMUNIST CREATURE COMFORTS: John Potak (a.k.a. John the Communist) in his 13th Street aerie (above). Peter Spagnuolo, squatter press spokesperson, was bloodied and arrested in the police action on 13th Street.

Pagán is persuasive. Yet one reason he's pushing so hard for the 13th Street housing project is that it will be run by the Lower East Side Coalition for Housing Development; Pagán was LESCHD's president before his election to the City Council. And while Pagán thunders about the deserving poor, for years he paid less than $100 a month for a city-owned apartment. Pagán's pugnacity was necessary to clean up Tompkins Square Park, but now his venom seems a bit excessive.

The East Village remains a bastion of liberalism, and the squatters still command some sympathy. But they've worn out their welcome with many moderates. Herman Hewitt came to the East Village from Jamaica 30 years ago. "I'm no ultraconservative," he says. "I've demonstrated at the HPD, when the city wanted to knock down this whole neighborhood."

As housing chairman for the local community board and as development coordinator of Interfaith Adopt-a-Building, a developer of low- and moderate-income apartments, Hewitt battles the current radicals. "These people are usurpers. 'Public property' doesn't mean 'it's mine.' The families I'm worried about are the ones with kids sleeping in bathtubs in public

Photographs: top, Addison Thompson; bottom, John R. Penley.

RADIO FREE EAST VILLAGE: Squatters do a pirate broadcast four nights a week, at 88.7 FM (above). Jeannette and friend in Serenity House: "The politics in this building are the daily life of survival" (top).

housing. They'd have moved into these buildings eight years ago if it weren't for the squatters."

If the city wins the court battle with the 13th Street squatters, the other squatters would be more legally vulnerable. Actually ejecting them would provoke bloody, house-to-house skirmishes with police. Antonio Pagán shrugs. "If it takes bringing them out limb by limb," he says matter-of-factly, "I think it's time to do it."

TERRY LEWIS SHAKES HIS HEAD AS HE RINGS up a sale. "An anarchist bookstore—and we're collecting sales tax!"

Lewis is working the register at Blackout Books, the anarcho-syndicalist bookstore on Avenue B that's a nerve center of the squatter community. He calls himself Kid Lucky. A merry-eyed 23-year-old African-American poet originally from Ohio, Lewis exhausted his welfare benefits, then moved into an East 5th Street squat with no running water, electricity, or phone service. "I figured if I could stay someplace without paying rent, why wouldn't I?"

Dave Lawrence, standing in front of a display featuring *One Hundred Years of Lynchings*, shoots a panicked glance at Lewis. "The movement is about the meaning of property in this society," says Lawrence, an East 7th Street squatter. "Even 600 years ago in England, the serfs had some right to their land. Now people are so brainwashed, they've become wage slaves who aren't taking responsibility for their own lives. And they don't have to live the struggle—they can just buy the *Rent* clothes at Bloomingdale's. The revolution is now a fashion statement manufactured by some 15-year-old Guatemalan woman making $1.25 a day!"

Lawrence, a skinny white guy from "working class" Queens, is tiresomely self-righteous. Like many squatters, he's determined to set a moral example by living a spartan existence. "Look at the promise of technology," he says. "Computers—no more paperwork! We'll all be able to work less and the same amount of stuff will get done! It's the exact opposite. For the working-class and middle-class members of this society, there's now two incomes to maintain the standard of living. We've been lied to. We've been ripped off. Living in the mainstream system means being cheated out of any opportunity to have any space and growth in your life."

Lewis nods in agreement. Squatting is the pure road in a corrupt world. Yet some things about the life bug him. "Showers are good," he says. "When you take a shower, you realize how good they are, and how you can't get them in the squat."

THE THICK STEEL DOOR ON EAST 7TH Street creaks open to reveal a hallway as long and narrow as a coal miner's tunnel. Ten years ago, when squatters seized this building, the central stairway was gone; ahead, they've rebuilt it at a steep rake. There's a stiff blast of wind at each landing—windows without frames or glass gape like missing teeth.

Two flights up, there's an oasis. The room is immaculate: stark-white walls, delicate molding, crystal doorknobs scavenged from a Dumpster, a warm-brown pine floor over a layer of insulation more than thick enough to muffle Michael Shenker's piano lessons so as not to bother the folks downstairs. Surrounding this comfortable island are four rooms of construction mess: busted floorboards; exposed light bulbs; rusty, sweating pipes bisecting a bathroom-in-progress. Shenker is carving himself a home. Slowly.

He's been living in various states of disrepair for twelve years. His first squat apartment was on 8th Street between Avenues B and C, in a strip of nine squatter buildings that formed the capital of the radical housing scene in the mid-eighties, the "golden days" of squatting.

Shenker had run away from a "difficult" childhood on Long Island when he was 14, in 1970, living on the streets of Manhattan for four years. "I was a hippie; I explored the drug culture, the rock culture, and

Photographs: top, Addison Thompson; bottom, John R. Penley.

'THEY'RE NOTHING but a bunch of Eurotrash or yuppies from the suburbs who are living out their little revolutionary fantasies at the expense of our community."

came to the East Village."

Twelve years ago, he helped bust down the door of the 8th Street building. "Here was something I could do with my hands, and be able to reap the immediate rewards. I threw myself into this thing. This was a soul quest."

Now Shenker, at 40, is an elder statesman of squatting. His red hair is receding, though a ponytail still dangles down his neck. "I believe in the Jungian collective unconscious, and I believe what we're doing is an archetypal human function. It's embodied in the pioneer ethic, the American spirit. The idea of independence, self-determination, dealing with the elements, reclaiming the wasteland—I think that's archetypical. People in modern society are detached from that, because you're not growing your own food and you're lucky if you know how the ball in your toilet works."

Shenker's current building, on East 7th Street, is a model for the self-help ethic. Reconstructed after a devastating drug-related fire six years ago, it now has 25 residents ranging from a French civil-service retiree to an Iranian jeweler to Straight Arrow and family. One day a week is set aside for group manual labor; each apartment contributes $75 a month toward expenses like the Con Ed bill and roofing materials. Potential residents must participate in six workdays before being seriously considered for admittance. All decisions are reached after group discussions—tangled debates that can drag on for six hours. "We struggle toward consensus," Shenker says.

Though he empathizes with the younger squatters, Shenker is disturbed by their homogeneity. "I'm not saying it's racism, but the conscious effort, the necessity, to create a balance isn't there," he says. "I don't want to sound like a member of the old generation; I respect your right to be with who you feel comfortable with. But we've struggled for social, economic, and racial integration, because it creates an enriching spiritual experience. It's also politically smart, in terms of our image."

Environmental purity, racial harmony, the abolition of private property, legalized marijuana—there are nearly as many goals as people in the squatter community. Stanley Cohen, the wily leftist lawyer who represents the 13th Street squatters in their lawsuit against the city, wants the East Village turned into a "zone of resistance" to gentrification. He actually proposes that checkpoints be set up at the borders. Cohen would banish such proletariat-offending spots as Pisces, an Avenue A restaurant with pleasant sidewalk tables and $14 grilled swordfish. "I've seen *judges* eating there!" Cohen shouts.

John the Communist foresees a day when the revolution hands Manhattan back to the Native Americans. Michael Shenker would just like to be left alone, save for some advice from a city housing engineer.

"We're in the 1990s; the extravagant economic solutions of the sixties do not apply anymore," he says. "So tap human potential instead of cash potential. I work in a homeless shelter, and many of these men are carpenters, plumbers, masons, electricians. They have everything it takes to reclaim East New York, Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant. That's why squatters should be studied instead of destroyed. We shouldn't be erased for the sake of developing a housing project that's a fossil of a past era."

IN DECEMBER, SQUATTERS LAUNCHED A pirate radio station, grabbing an open FM frequency to try to increase community support. Friday night at 88.7, there's a mix of classical music, weatherization tips, and anti-Establishment comedy skits. The station, audible within a two-mile radius, is called "Steal This Radio." A squatter Website, online since March, provides a similar forum. Lately there's been talk of storming the Nederlander Theater to bring a taste of real-life squatting to the patrons of *Rent,* the musical that's set in a squat but populated with characters so tamely countercultural that they're merely a cowboy hat away from becoming the East Village People.

The Fourth of July brings the anniversary of the squatters' most recent symbolic triumph: Last year, while most of the NYPD was patrolling the East River fireworks, a squad of masked squatters sneaked into a barricaded building on East 13th Street and unfurled banners, scurrying away before they could be arrested.

This week, a Fourth of July "tank parade" is planned, to parody the military vehicle used in the 13th Street evictions. Jerry the Peddler has been hunting for a grappling hook to scale a building, though he's built more like Santa Claus than Spiderman. "If there's any action," he says, "I'll be on the front lines." Then Jerry is called away. The weed has arrived, and it's Jerry's turn to roll the blunt.

Ambitions have been scaled down drastically since the days when squatters promoted "liberating" buildings as the solution to homelessness. "Around '89, we used to go into Tompkins Square Park with these wonderful brochures we'd made, that had photos and diagrams of how to get in a building and how to fix it up," Peter Spagnuolo says. "We'd go around to these guys sleeping under cardboard and say, 'Here's a map! What you need is a sledgehammer or a crowbar and a crew of your buddies. Within two blocks of here, there's 100 vacant buildings. What are you sleeping in the park for?' We felt evangelistic about it." He sighs. "Not many people took us up on it."

Spagnuolo stares out the window at a construction site that mocks him. Rising on a long-empty city-owned lot is a seven-story government-subsidized housing project for senior citizens. It will be called Casa Victoria, and it is a pet project of Antonio Pagán's.

"This was where Tent City was, after the homeless were kicked out of Tompkins Square Park. Then, when they got evicted from here, they set their little shacks on fire," Spagnuolo says, an admiring tone in his voice and a glint in his pale-blue eyes. "It was quite a powerful thing to see." Never mind that an adjacent apartment house nearly went up in flames.

Spagnuolo moved to this squat last summer after he was tossed from 13th Street. Born in Vermont, a graduate of Berkeley, he started squatting when his salary as an adjunct professor of poetry wouldn't cover a Manhattan rent. Today his fingers are caked in white from a spackling job in SoHo. When he isn't working construction, Spagnuolo assists Stanley Cohen in the court case to try to reclaim the 13th Street buildings. He's not optimistic.

"Is our movement going to bring down the banking economy? Probably not. But somebody out there will see it 100 years from now and maybe surmise that we weren't all fucking brain-dead rental slaves and wage slaves. Some people had their eyes open and were resisting. I don't know that you can really hope for much more."

Spagnuolo rifles through a stack of papers in his ramshackle living room. He pulls out a crinkled, yellowing page, citizenship papers for his grandfather Federico, a bricklayer from Italy who lived on the Lower East Side nearly a century ago. "Look at this," Spagnuolo says, laughing. "What's the first thing he had to swear to? That he wasn't an anarchist."

Peter Spagnuolo had the dream his grandfather crossed an ocean to build: a full stomach, no fear of war, education at an elite college. And something else too: the freedom, all these years later, to choose to be poor, a laborer, and an anarchist. ■

BEST BETS

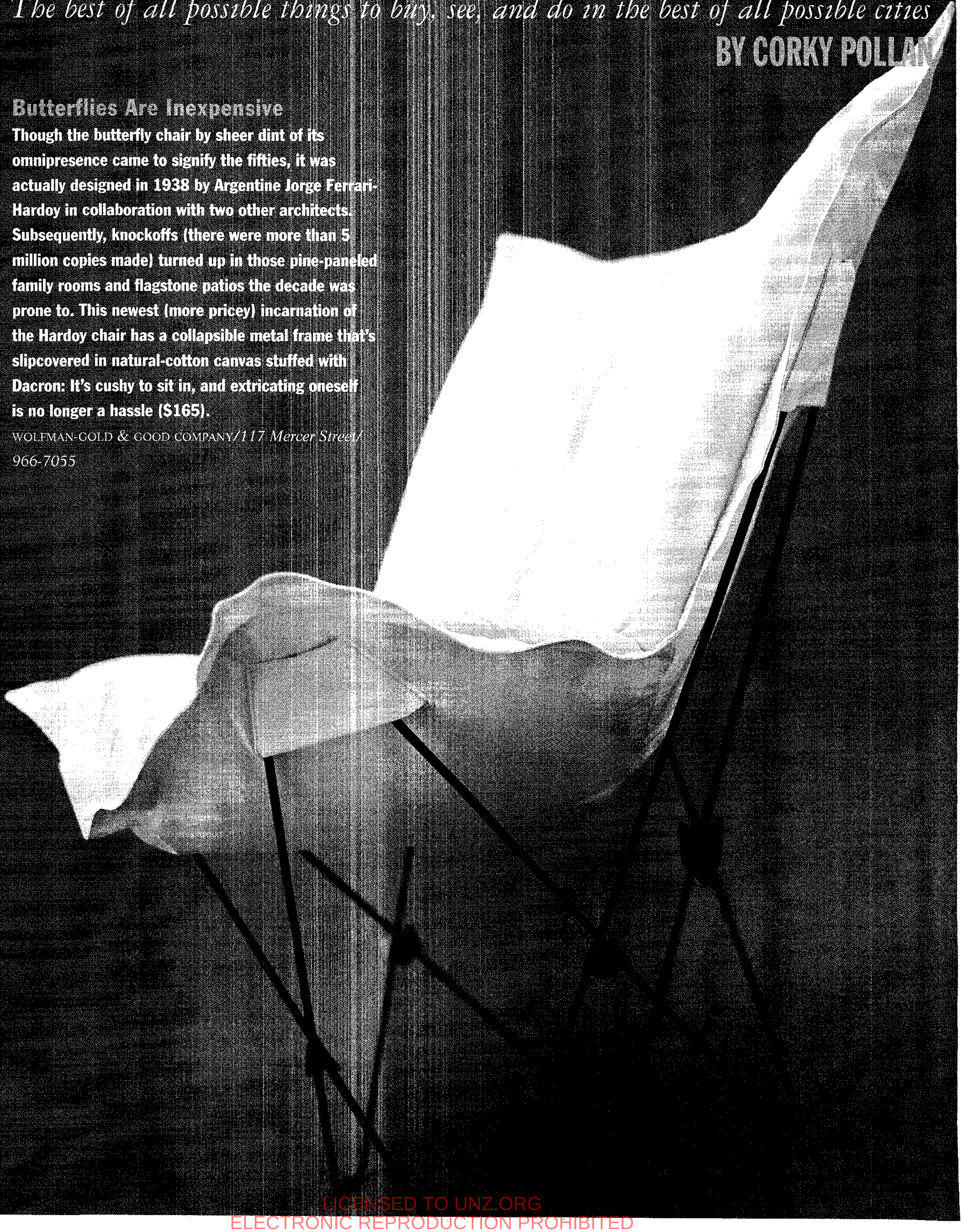
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

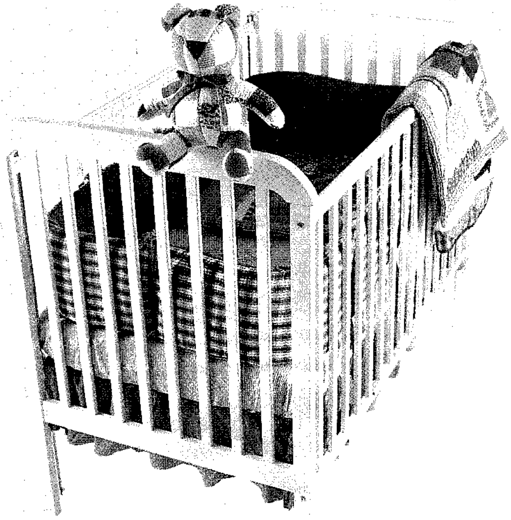
BY CORKY POLLAN

Butterflies Are Inexpensive

Though the butterfly chair by sheer dint of its omnipresence came to signify the fifties, it was actually designed in 1938 by Argentine Jorge Ferrari-Hardoy in collaboration with two other architects. Subsequently, knockoffs (there were more than 5 million copies made) turned up in those pine-paneled family rooms and flagstone patios the decade was prone to. This newest (more pricey) incarnation of the Hardoy chair has a collapsible metal frame that's slipcovered in natural-cotton canvas stuffed with Dacron: It's cushy to sit in, and extricating oneself is no longer a hassle ($165).

WOLFMAN-GOLD & GOOD COMPANY/*117 Mercer Street/ 966-7055*

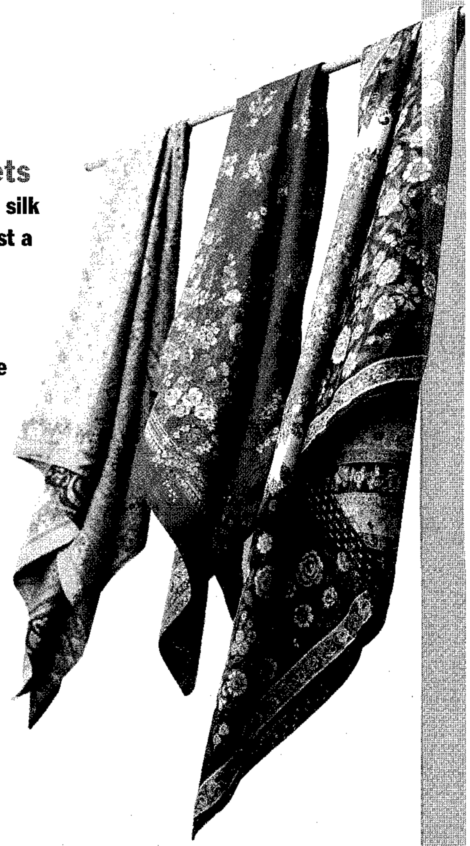




Crib Notes

Not quite content with dressing us from birth to Medicare, Gap is now into dressing cribs. The company's first free-standing babyGap store is chock-full of bed linens, crib skirts, bumpers, pillows, blankets, quilts, even Child Craft cribs (by special order). New, too, are complete layette sets and other infant essentials (from $24 for a fitted cotton crib sheet to $48 for a knit blanket to $150 for an appliquéd quilt).

BABYGAP/*341 Columbus Avenue, at 76th Street/875-9196*



When the Sun Sets

Uncommonly luxe, these silk shawls are more than just a handy antidote to over-zealous air conditioners and breezy summer nights. Though they were handwoven in India in the twenties, their radiant colors and graceful paisley and floral designs attest to a European heritage. Many are double-sided; all are oversize (from $250 to $425).

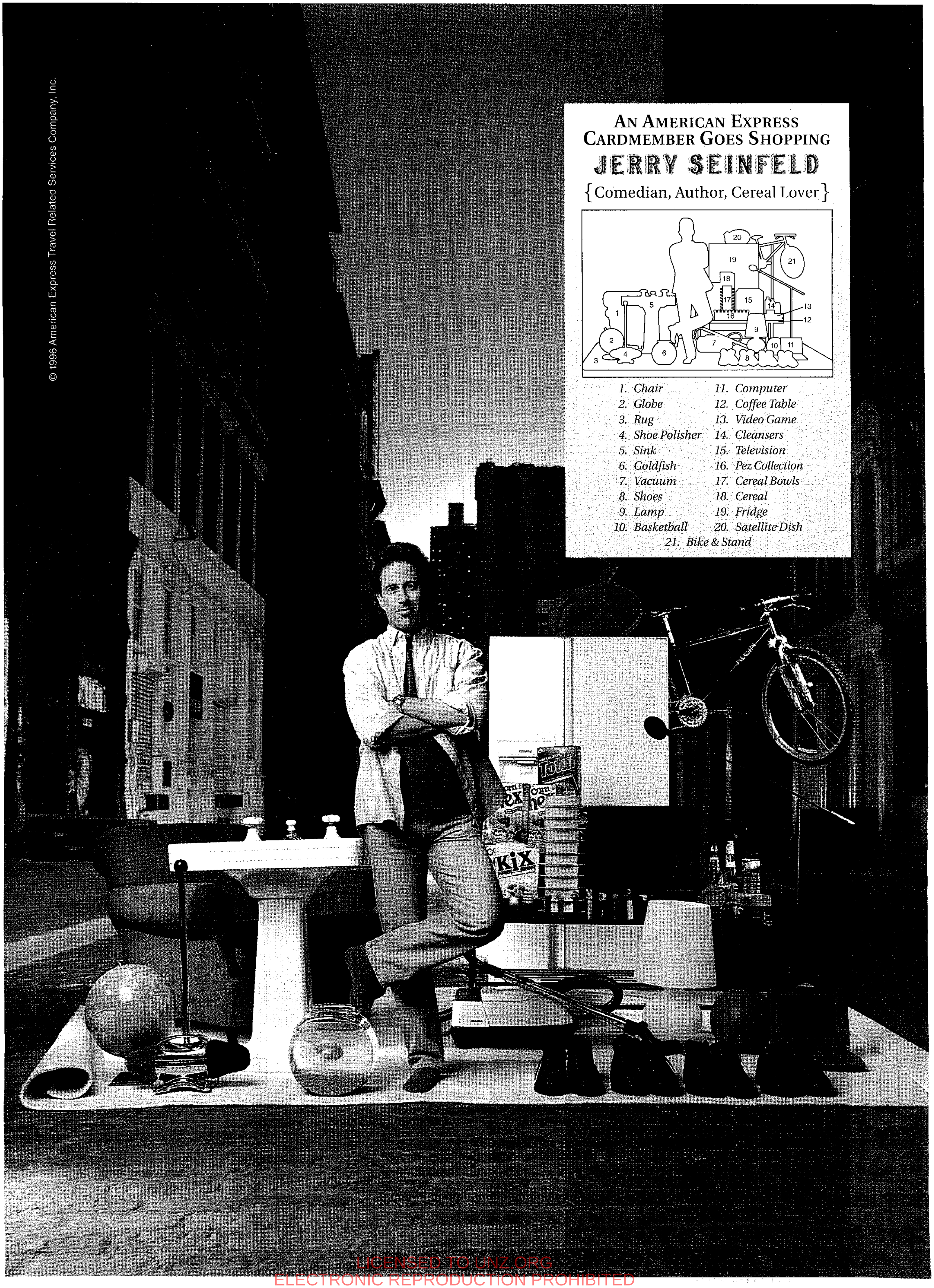
KILIM/*150 Thompson Street/533-1677/By appointment only*

Urban Organic

Michael Dawkins's architectural background is everywhere apparent in his sparkly glass-and stainless-steel shop. The floor is seamless poured polyurethane; the glass vitrines are lit by tiny halogen cable lights. All this modernism is offset by stark African, Indonesian, and Spanish artifacts, along with found objects that Dawkins has collected in the Hudson Valley: blackened ship molds from Louise Nevelson's studio, vintage vases, Arts and Craftsy chairs. But mostly, the shop is filled with Dawkins's striking sterling-silver and 18-karat-gold jewelry, which, like everything else here, is simple and organic (from $7.50 for a silver ball-shaped candle to $90 for sterling-silver pod earrings to $15,000 for a necklace of South Sea pearls).

MICHAEL DAWKINS/*33 East 65th Street/639-9822*

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York* Magazine Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York* Magazine representative. Current CompuServe users, *go* NYMAG.



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INCONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION PAUL LUKAS

Odd Lots

Self-conscious confections, dubious salves, unflinching pet foods, and hypnotic chocolate pinwheels in a jar.

Some products immediately strike me as examples of inconspicuous consumption. But I also encounter lots of oddities that don't quite push all of my buttons yet are still deserving of a closer look. Here are some I've come across lately:

Kasugai Apple Gummy, 23-gram pack: I picked up these Japanese gummy candies at Yaohan Plaza, the New Jersey shopping center devoted to Japanese goods. The product and its packaging are largely unremarkable, except for the following passage, the only bit of English on the foil packet: "Kasugai's gummy tastes of apple juice and comes in an attractive small bag." It says that, of course, *on* the attractive small bag. If only American products could be this self-referentially brilliant. *(Yaohan Plaza, 595 River Road, Edgewater, New Jersey 07020.)*

Nestlé Mirage, 41-gram bar: The only problem with this Canadian candy bar, as with so many oddball products in my possession, is that I have just one sample on hand—if I open the wrapper, I'll ruin my lone specimen. This urge to have my candy and eat it too seems particularly hopeless when I'm assessing a product called Mirage. Fortunately, my Canadian-expatriate pal Margie is familiar with the confection and confirms that it's just what it sounds like—whipped chocolate with so many little air pockets that the bar looks more substantial than it actually is. A curiously admirable case of truth in advertising. *(Nestlé, Box CP7200, Willowdale B, Ontario M2K 2Z2, Canada.)*

Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment, 4-ounce bottle: Despite the lovely bottle and claims of generations of satisfied customers, you've got to wonder about a liniment whose second listed ingredient is turpentine and whose instructions include separate sections for use on humans and animals. I also have problems equating the word *volcanic* with soothing pain relief, but that's why I'm sitting here at a computer keyboard while the McLean clan, according to the package, has been selling this stuff since 1841. *(Dr. J. H. McLean Medicine Co., 3114–20 Franklin Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri 63101.)*

Lang's Horse Meat Dog and Cat Food; Lang's Chicken Parts Pet Food, 14-ounce cans: We all know canned pet food is gross, no matter what sort of fancy flavors they come up with, so let's give Lang credit for using some brutally honest product names. And in a move that goes against current trends in merchandise specificity, each variety is geared toward both dogs *and* cats, so Rover and Mittens can share. *(Lang Feed Company, 17018 Inkster Road, Romulus, Michigan 48174.)*

Häagen-Dazs 55-cent coupon: Coupons are on the wane, but they're still an essential component of consumerism, and this one, which ran in the Sunday papers on May 5, has a new wrinkle: Next to the expiration date, where it usually says "Manufacturer's Coupon," the notation reads "Certificate of Delight." There's a fine line between chutzpa and nonsense, and Häagen-Dazs has now crossed it. *(Häagen-Dazs, Box 600250, El Paso, Texas 88560.)*

Milky Way Chocolate & Hazelnut Spread, 11-ounce jar: There's one very good reason to buy this recent addition to our nation's supermarkets: It looks *really* cool. The chocolate-hazelnut swirl pattern is mesmerizing, and blows away such conceptually similar products as Aqua-Fresh toothpaste and those Goober peanut-butter-and-jelly mixtures. The use of the Milky Way name is puzzling—Milky Way bars have nougat and caramel, not hazelnut—but a product this visually engaging leaves me in no mood to cavil. *(Mars, Inc., High Street, Hackettstown, New Jersey 07840.)* ▬

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SEND PRODUCTS, gadgets, promotional literature, and suggestions to Paul Lukas, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. E-mail address: krazykat@pipeline.com.

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

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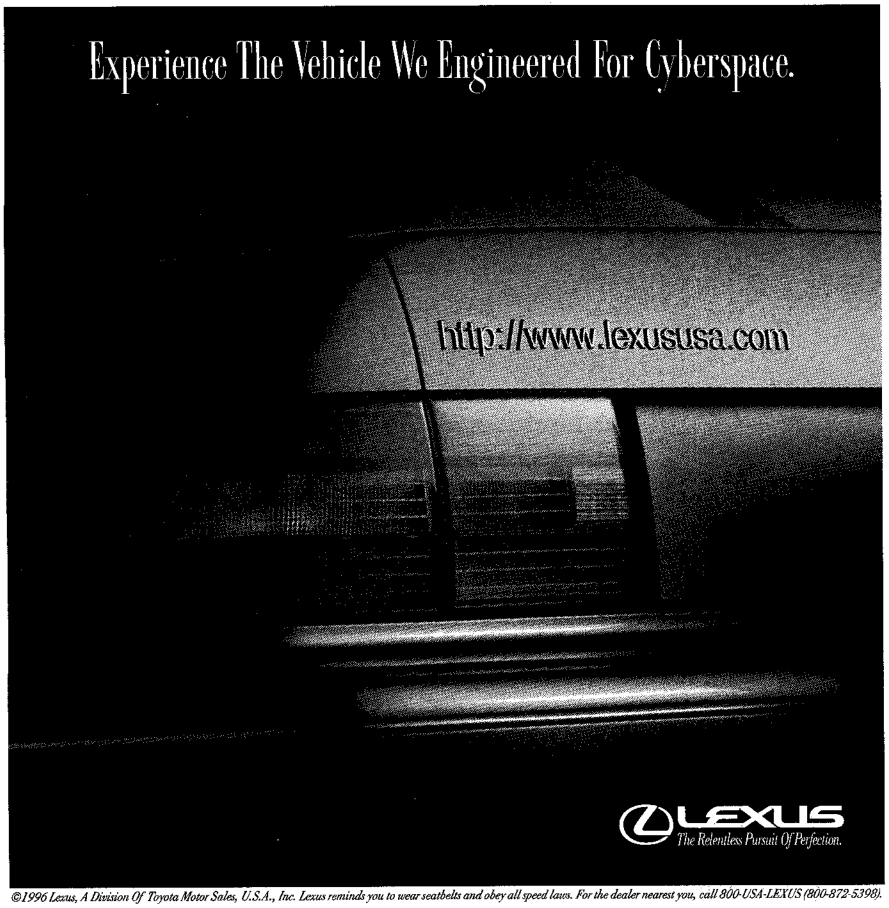

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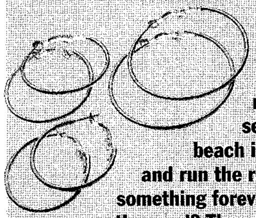
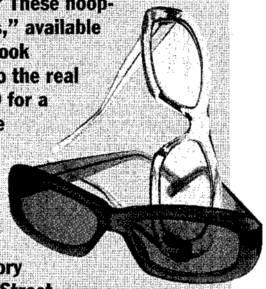
DRESS CODE

BY JADE HOBSON CHARNIN

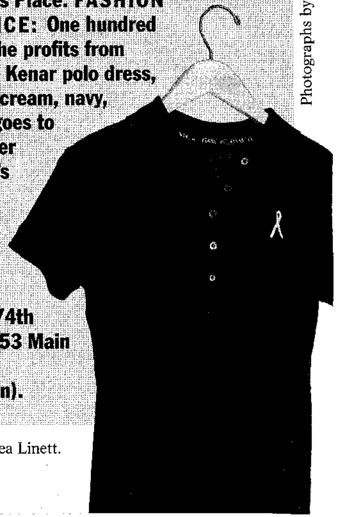
CHEAP THRILLS: The outdoor market at the corner of Spring and Wooster Streets in SoHo is a treasure trove of cheap, voguish clothes—flowery skirts, slinky T-shirts—that won't disappoint as long as one just accepts that they'll be in tatters by Labor Day. They've also got more hair accessories than the entire state of Texas: We love this monster clip, which holds even the straightest, most slippery hair in place all day—and conversely, even those with the thickest manes will be able to fit every last strand in. It costs a mere $3 (comparable versions are available at department stores for $28).



DEAD RINGERS: Who among us really wants to set out for a beach in real jewelry and run the risk of losing something forever in the surf or the sand? These hoop-earring "wardrobes," available in silver and gold, look amazingly similar to the real thing, and at $4.99 for a set of three, they're practically disposable. They're at Claire's Accessories (locations all over the city) or Accessory Place at the South Street Seaport.



CHEAP SUNGLASSES: Another great spot for street shopping—the East Village. These goofy, colorful sunglasses are only $6 at Lucky Gift Shop, 18 St. Marks Place.



FASHION CONSCIENCE: One hundred percent of the profits from sales of this Kenar polo dress, available in cream, navy, and black, goes to breast-cancer research. It's available at the Kenar Stores (303 Columbus Avenue, at 74th Street, and 53 Main Street in Easthampton).

Photographs by Steve Wisbauer.

Contributor: Andrea Linett.

SALES & BARGAINS **DANY LEVY**

Double Indemnity

Marketing device of the week? Twofers: Italian shoes and silver trinkets from the Far East that are cheaper in multiples.

ROSENTHAL PURVEYS ITS WINES to restaurants like Lutèce, Vong, and "44." The retail outpost, Rosenthal Wine Merchant, is the kind of place where you can indulge in an hour-long conversation with the staff on the nuances of a fine Margaux. The summer red-wine sale has selections like Barbaresco 1992 (DeForeville), was $18.95, now $15; Chateau Bovila Cahors 1993, was $8.75, now $7. Discounts on cases range from 5 to 20 percent depending on volume. *Rosenthal Wine Merchant, 318 E. 84th St. (249-6650); M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–7 p.m.; through 9/2.*

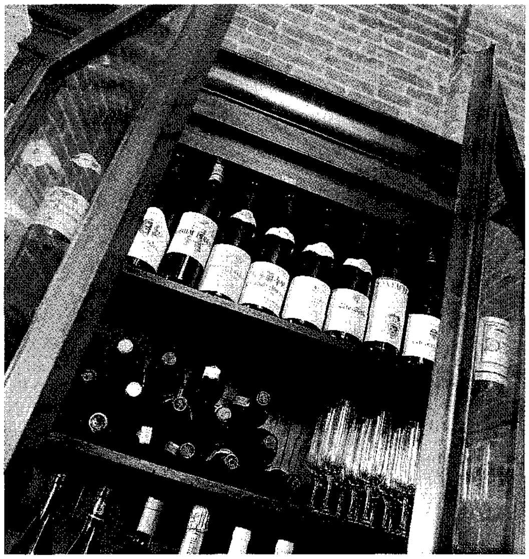
In the Swim

UBIQUITOUS THIS SEASON, MALIA Mills swimwear has found its way into hip shops such as Intermix, Big Drop, and Carol Rollo. Her separates (and we do mean separates—she sells tops and bottoms individually, for those whose top and bottom don't agree) suit both the nubile Lolita and the Palm Beach tigress. Her production sale has prices between $1 and $46. *Malia Mills, 150 W. 28th St., suite 1003 (645-5222); cash only; Mon.–Wed. 11 a.m.–8 p.m; 7/1–7/3.*

Bare in Mind

THERE'S SOMETHING DECIDEDLY UN-GLAM (never mind painful) about electrolysis, but when you ponder the fact that Isabella "does" several of the Victoria's Secret models, well, it somehow makes the thought a bit more bearable (videos in the treatment rooms help, too). Through the end of August, she's offering 20 percent off first-treatment visits. *Isabella Electrolysis, 241 E. 60th St. (355-6404); checks; no credit cards; appointments Tues.–Sat.; through 8/31.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.



Oenophile's stockpile: Rosenthal Wine Merchant.

Red-Hot MoMA

THE MOMA DESIGN STORE SELLS HIGHLY designed renditions of quotidian *objets*. The summer sale offers the perfect excuse to obtain selected items you may once have thought too great an indulgence. For example: Arc Watch, was $695, now $525.95; Andy Warhol dominoes, were $56, now $39.95; two-step ladder, was $185, now $129.95. *MOMA Design Store, 44 W. 53rd St. (767-1050); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Wed. and Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs.–Fri. till 8 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–6 p.m.; while supplies last.*

Dressing for Two

EVEN THE *UN*-PREGNANT STOP TO ADMIRE the stylish outfits that adorn the windows of Veronique Delachaux, a boutique that carries remarkably non-tent-like maternity fashions. The summer sale has dresses that were $255, now $130; cotton pants, were $85, now $56; eveningwear, was $385, now $195. Sizes 4–14, with a greater selection in larger sizes. *Veronique Delachaux, 1321 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (831-7800); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Wed. and Fri.–Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m.; through 8/10.*

Be-Jeweled

THE MADISON AVENUE GALLERY ART of the Past is discontinuing its jewelry collection. To clear the decks, it's offering silver, brass, and ivory Indian bibelots at the age-old buy-one-get-one-free rate (higher price prevails)—earrings, bracelets, cuffs, armlets, necklaces, and more, original prices $8–$400. Selected bronzes, textiles, and paintings are also buy-one-get-one-free. *Art of the Past, 1242 Madison Ave., at 89th St. (860-7070); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. by appointment; through 7/20.*

The Taming of the Shoe

JANDREANI SELLS TRADITIONAL-looking Italian men's shoes. (Tootsie Plohound this ain't.) The summer clearance sale is also of the buy-one-get-one-free variety—they're talking pairs, not single shoes: casual loafers, regularly $138; Italian espadrilles, regularly $76; hand-sewn Italian loafers, regularly $158; and more. Also two for one are belts (regularly $38–$78) and ties (two for $38). *Jandreani, 220 E. 60th St. (753-4666); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10:30 a.m.–8 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–6 p.m.*

Eye Spy

IRONICALLY, VISION FASHION EYEWEAR IS difficult to see. Tucked upstairs, Ellie and Jack's optical shop is one of the precious few places in this town where you walk in and find people who truly want to take care of you. In 1972, they acquired the store from its previous owners with an added bonus: a collection of never-worn frames from the sixties. The vintage frames are now on sale (with your prescription included) for $50. The shop also has all usual-suspect designer frames: Calvin Klein, were $229–$249, now $180–$200; Polo, were $189 and $199, now $139; No-line bifocals, were $179, now $119. *Vision Fashion Eyewear, 34 W. 46th St., third fl. (421-3750); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–6 p.m., Thurs. till 7 p.m.; through 8/31.* ■

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

MOVIE

DAVID DENBY

Apocalypse, Wow!

'Independence Day'—with special effects and hyperbole galore—is huge fun to watch, but there's nothing at its core, and the truly scary moments are too few and far between.

America goes up in flames—then gets saved by pop culture—in *Independence Day.*

THE INNOCENCE OF HOLLYWOOD MOVIES IS ALmost terrifying. In **Independence Day,** the world gets smushed by alien invaders—cities flattened, people annihilated—and the spectacle is turned into a merry pop entertainment. The movie is undeniably fun, but one sits there laughing at the screen and at oneself at the same time. Is this all it takes to satisfy us? Roland Emmerich, the German-born director (he also wrote the screenplay with Dean Devlin), appears not to have an idea in his head. His movie is all gleeful special effects and childishly exuberant cliché. A gigantic spaceship hovers over the Empire State Building, opens its lower doors, and emits powerful rays, and—pow!—the Empire State Building explodes into flames. We've gone back to the fifties and such deliriously square classics (so square that they became hip) as *The War of the Worlds* and *When Worlds Collide.* One building after another explodes, cars fly though the air, and the people panic and scatter, like ants trying to escape a human foot. Will the world be saved? It all depends on a few oddballs—a wimpish young president with a hidden streak of stubbornness (Bill Pullman), a swaggering black Marine pilot (Will Smith), a failed Jewish techno-genius (Jeff Goldblum), and a redneck boozer (Randy Quaid) who may have been kidnapped and "abused" by the aliens on an earlier visit. The battle is joined, and the movie begins to resemble the last few scenes of *Star Wars,* with passages of *Alien* and other recent hits thrown in. The clichés achieve critical mass: Pop culture saves the world.

To love this movie completely you have to go beyond irony; you have to enjoy being had. Did I expect anything else? Not consciously, I suppose, but I seem to have entertained forlorn hopes—hopes for more mystery, more invention, more spiritual and intellectual excitement. What I wanted was the sense of wonder that Spielberg brought to *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.* You might even say that the difference between *Close Encounters* and *Independence Day* is a perfect indication of the coarsening of American popular culture over the past twenty years.

Like the disaster movies of the seventies, *Independence Day* catches a wide variety of characters—selfish, screwed up, and just plain busy—as they go about their little daily tasks. And then they are faced with The Appearance. The invaders' giant craft approaches the earth and splits into pieces, which then move, like God in a biblical spectacular, across the atmosphere in roiling clouds of flame. Shadows pass over Los Angeles, New York, and Washington, and Emmerich gives us a recurring moment, The Look: The camera dollies in rapidly as one person after another, arrested by strangeness, raises his head and sees a huge, hovering craft, and is struck dumb. "If you feel impelled to leave the cities," the president says, "please do so in an orderly fashion"—a line that, in context, is hilarious.

Epics of destruction follow, with flames rolling down

Photograph by Melissa Moseley/20th Century Fox.

streets like water rushing through a tunnel. The aliens—those meanies—are bent on extermination. The size and weight of the special effects is exciting (the White House explodes and the audience goes ape), though the designs have no special distinction. Mostly, the effects are cheesy on a grand scale. When Emmerich works in an intimate way, he does better. In the best scene, one of the aliens, crash-landing in its little craft, is brought back to a lab, where it breaks free and grabs a scientist around the neck with its tentacles. The aliens communicate only by telepathic suggestion, and this slimy thing speaks now through the scientist as it chokes the man to death. "What do you want?" the president shouts at it. The answer is memorably ghoulish and spooky.

This, however, is the only moment of mystery and terror. Emmerich and Dean Devlin (whose last movie, *Stargate,* a surprise hit, was cheesy on a somewhat smaller scale) seem eager to make everything as banal and movieish as possible, and as the destruction goes on, the disproportion between the size of the effects and the size of the people onscreen becomes almost depressing. *Independence Day* badly needed some stars. As the president, Bill Pullman tilts back his head, squints, and rolls his line readings off center. He gives a shrewdly self-deprecating performance. Jeff Goldblum is surprisingly muffled, perhaps because he is accompanied in almost every scene by Judd Hirsch, who plays his allegedly lovable but actually insufferable dad. Just as in a World War II platoon movie, the ethnic representatives—Jews, blacks, Hispanics—compose their differences and pull together. Emmerich and Devlin combine mass destruction and liberal sanctimony. A family-values-zap-the-aliens movie! The elderly Jew finds his lost faith, the black stud marries his woman and takes responsibility for her child, and so on, and the audience is left thinking, *If only the aliens would come! God, let them come!* Then America the multicultural disaster would work again. We might lose Chicago and New York along the way, but all our problems would be solved at once.

A DISPUTE BROKE OUT RECENTLY AFTER A screening of the new Arnold Schwarzenegger movie. In **Eraser,** people are shot, blown up, crushed, burned, thrust out of airplanes, and knocked across rooms by a neat new gun that penetrates walls. The dispute centered on the following question: Did the body count in the movie reach three figures? "It depends whether you include the bodies bitten in half by crocodiles as one or two," said a woman walking by.

The movie is not, I suppose, as unpleasant, redundant, and ugly-looking as *The Rock.* Some of it is entertaining in a preposterous, way-over-the-top style. But there isn't much to say about it. In these summer thrillers, and in Stallone's movies, and Wesley Snipes's, explosions and fights, like rum in a fruit punch, produce a mild kind of high. In order to keep the high going, audiences and movie-makers have made a kind of silent agreement about violence: They have agreed that it shall be as meaningless as possible. None of the characters in these movies, for instance, has anything more than one dimension, so the audience never feels the dread it used to feel when someone it identified with was placed in jeopardy. Despite the unending violence, there is no danger.

The violence in big-budget movies is now entirely fantastic and refers only to images in earlier movies, images that any given new movie must top in some way. In *Eraser,* Schwarzenegger plays a man on the right side of the law—he guarantees the safety of people in the federal witness-protection program—yet whether Arnold is "good" or "bad," whether he's the Terminator, the Eraser, or the Fluoridator, he kills people by the dozen. That's his job: He produces corpses and explosions. The movie keeps the high going, yet it has a strange effect. A few days after seeing *Eraser,* I had trouble remembering it. The explosions melded into all the other explosions I've seen recently. *Eraser* erases itself, and the moviegoer comes away from it sorely wondering if Hollywood has not got itself caught in an endgame with no possible conclusion but declining interest, declining response, declining love.

A Perfect Candidate, THE BRILLIANT AND heartbreaking documentary about the Chuck Robb–Oliver North senatorial campaign of 1994, is concluding its run at Film Forum this Tuesday (July 2) but is immediately moving to the Quad. The producer-director team of R. J. Cutler and David Van Taylor gives us firm portraits of the candidates—the hapless Robb, miserably compromised, inarticulate, a man just barely holding on to the promise that once made people believe in him; and the pious North, fraudulent, vaguely fascist, "charming," a self-serving demagogue who seduces people into the credence that Robb can no longer inspire. The movie is a parable of cynicism and belief, and its soul is devoted not so much to the candidates as to two nearly biblical characters—Washington *Post* political reporter Don Baker, a defeated idealist engaged in a hopeless quest for a man of honor, and North's dirty-trickster strategist Mark Goodin, a kind of tormented Mephistopheles who knows that what he's doing is sleazy and yet is drawn by the nature of politics to ever-lower calculations and strategies. Goodin's self-disgust is the most powerful sight in American movies so far this year. ■

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WALTER KIRN

Women in Groups

The stock heroine of the moment, as exemplified in Louise Erdrich's new novel, is forgiving and understanding and speaks in stilted poetry. New paradigm, please.

Tales of Burning Love

BY LOUISE ERDRICH

HarperCollins; $25; 452 pages

Louise Erdrich has an eye for the North Dakota landscape. But her ear is much like Robert James Waller's.

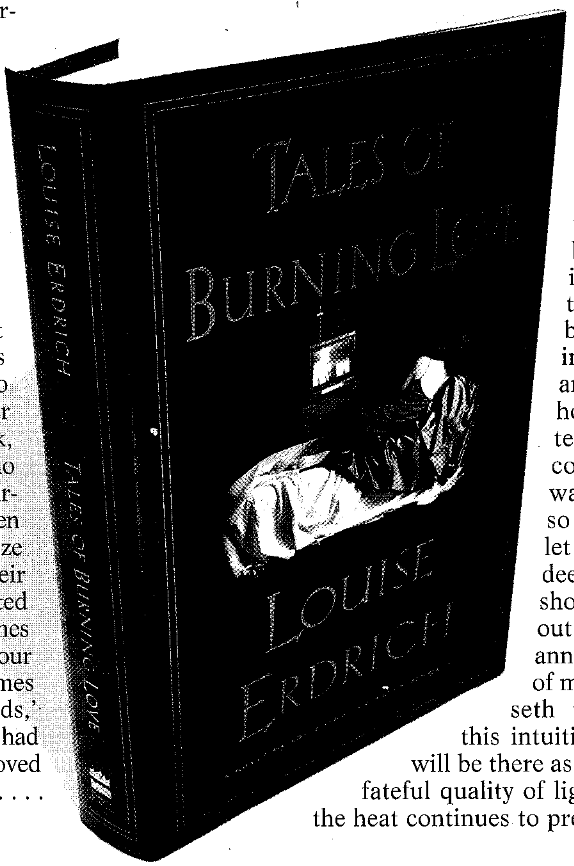
TRUE TO ITS OVERBLOWN ROMANTIC TITLE, Louise Erdrich's *Tales of Burning Love* brims with soapy poetry. Like other ensemble novels of sisterhood, the book is warm emotional gravy thickened with mythic starch. Elemental forces are invoked—blood and darkness, soil and sun and ice—but the earthiness feels pretentious, somehow, the characters' goddessy longings all pumped up. There's such a thing as too much primal lyricism. And even when it's cut with farce, as here, it can build to a sticky richness that's hard to swallow.

Lavishing a tone of lore and legend on ordinary women's lives is Erdrich's specialty. Her North Dakota heroines, often Native Americans and poor, stand tall against the plains. She knows her territory. Strips of fast-food franchises light the night. Gaudy reservation casinos rise up like out-of-place cruise ships. Bars are everywhere. But in Erdrich, these modern improvements on the land are temporary follies. They won't last. What will endure are nature and strong people—particularly strong women. Sorceress-survivors are Erdrich's trademark, hard-living females who've stayed in touch with the witch within.

The new book's four women are connected by one man, whom all of them have been married to at one time or another. Jack Mauser is the kind of guy whom women who love too much love: a bankrupt builder who drinks and spends too much but knows how to treat a lady right in bed. Mauser is your standard rambling wreck, possessed of a passionate macho zest that Erdrich assures us is irresistible. Because of the sudden death of his first wife, who froze in a snowbank hours after their wedding, Mauser has a haunted soul, to boot. All in all, he comes off as a rugged cowboy troubadour straight out of Robert James Waller: " 'He had kind hands,' Eleanor whispered at last. 'He had kind, slow, forgiving hands. I loved him for what his hands knew. . . . Jack had a wise touch."

Such wincingly unreal dialogue fills the novel. Little that issues from Erdrich's women's mouths resembles actual human speech, and that's too bad because the book's half talk. When the women find themselves snowbound in a car after Jack's funeral, each is awarded an extended monologue (the "tales" of the title) about her time with Jack. Eleanor, the scholar-seductress whom Jack loved best, is preposterously florid, as if she'd swallowed a shelf of romance novels: "We made out constantly, to shut each other up, but in the interims between erotic events, we found that as well as loving, we hated one another with an intensity so bewildering it was almost an exhilarating rush." Eleanor's halting, herky-jerky sentences are full of syntactical cul-de-sacs and sudden, headlong slides. You drive in circles, trying to find an exit, then veer right off the page.

The remaining three women are no improvement. Candice, Jack's third wife, a lesbian dentist, suffers, too, from a touch of the poet: "Out from the shadow of the wooded cliffs, the last of the sun flared." (Longfellow? It's close.) Marlis, the white-trash drinker who bore Jack's child, speaks in a phony, incantatory tone, and she's prone to bouts of high philosophizing: "Leaving the room and leaving Jack and all I hoped behind, a washing, tearing, pitiless sadness comes down. Why do we wander? Why do we long so hard? Why do we ever let our hearts fall open?" Indeed. Dot, a folksy, straight-shooting accountant, rounds out the crew. By far the least annoying, she, too, is capable of mystic utterances that passeth understanding: "I have this intuition," writes Erdrich, "he will be there as we near the house, in the fateful quality of light, as in the turn of day the heat continues to press and the blackness, in-



Photographs: top, Michael Dorrin; bottom, Wayne Simpson.

to which the warmth usually lifts, lowers steadily."

Like one of those disaster movies that throw together on a sinking ship the scientist, the con man, and the priest, Erdrich's novel deals in dawning trust among dissimilar people under stress. What the women share, it turns out—besides bad Jack—is appetite and yearning and foolish hope. They've all been played for suckers by men, cheated and led on and lied to. By telling all, they can heal and come together and perhaps move forward, strengthened. This idea's the stale cracker beneath the fancy toppings, but more than once the author lays it bare, as if today's readers needed novels with built-in Cliffs Notes. "Perhaps when all is said and done and we are rescued, this cathartic account will help to lay undone feelings for Jack to rest," writes Erdrich, summing it up. Meaning's not something Erdrich leaves to chance. She puts her outline in her characters' mouths.

To give this dead tennis ball new spin, Erdrich serves up a number of morbid gags, most of which take ages to prepare for and fail to raise a smile when they pay off because we've seen them before on *Monty Python.* An elderly, nearsighted nun keels over dead when a statue of the Virgin (actually, it's a person standing still) shifts its stony limbs. Later on, Jack's cremated remains, stored in a heart-shaped candy box, are blown by a draft across a blackjack table. The slapstick makes a queasy contrast to the supersaturated romance. We're supposed to laugh and cry at the same time, but the impulses cancel each other out instead. The effect is the same whenever the women wisecrack, which they do a lot, cutting up like stoned pajama-partyers between their jags of breathy sentiment.

Tales of Burning Love is flat-out awful, typical of a played-out genre that keeps producing best-sellers nonetheless: the Sorority Fable, the Girls' Night Melodrama. Bad books about men have solitary heroes, square-jawed John Wayne stoics who fight and fuck alone, spouting lines like *Time to die, my friend.* At most, the hero has a single buddy to trade monosyllables with. Bad books about women, on the other hand, tend to focus on groups, on circles of kindred souls. *Kate, I know how you're feeling—we're the same!* These books play up common ground and mutual bonds, and however separate the characters begin, they often end up in a spiritual ball. Instead of building toward a final showdown, they end with forgiveness, an orgy of understanding. There's one more difference, though. The boy books have largely died out as serious literature. The girl books still have some life in them. Just barely. ▬

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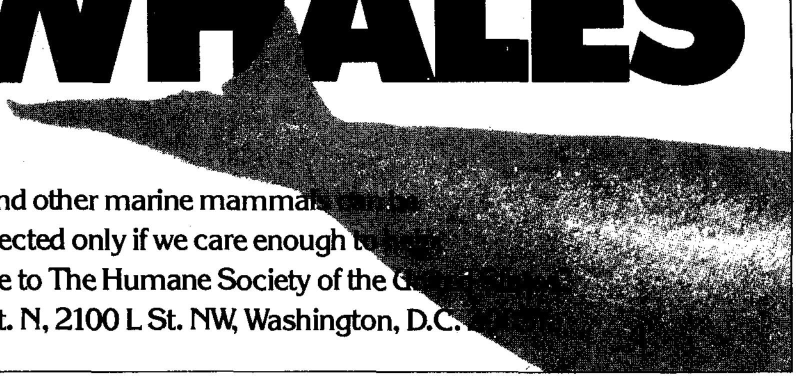

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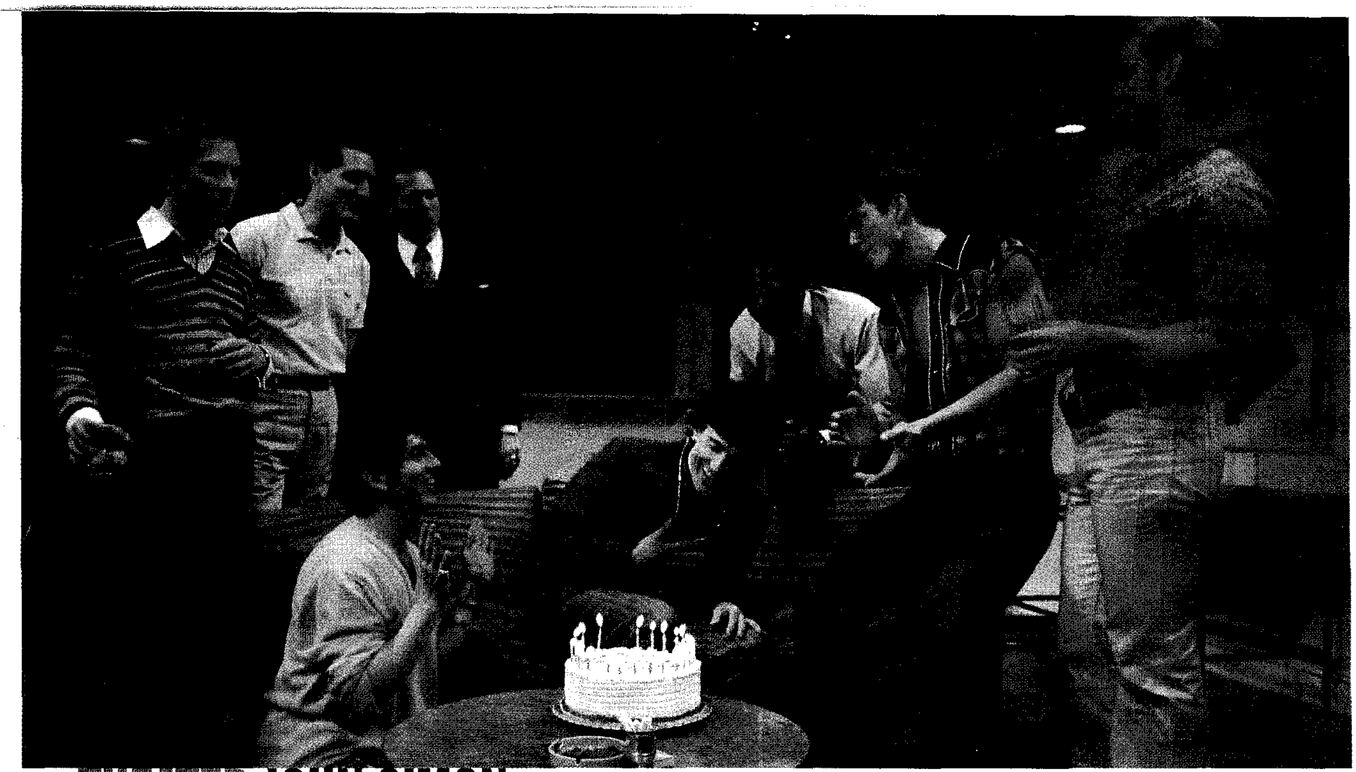


THEATER JOHN SIMON

Worn and Fuzzy

Cynthia Ozick's 'The Shawl' is a muddled meditation on the Holocaust, and 'The Boys in the Band' a dated shadow of the original, but 'Curtains' rises to the occasion.

And the band plays on: *The Boys in the Band* celebrates its 25th birthday at WPA.

Last season, Tim Blake Nelson's *The Grey Zone* proved that it is possible to create an uncompromising play about the Holocaust. Now comes Cynthia Ozick's **The Shawl** to renew one's doubt—but perhaps only about Ozick as a playwright. Based on one of her stories, and much rewritten since it started as *Blue Light,* the lumbering play suffocates in its own longueurs. The work further suffers from a confusion of genres: Does it want to be a philosophical inquiry, sociological-problem play, suspenseful thriller, or tragic character study? Apparently all four, which is too much even for its nearly three hours.

Rosa, an upper-bourgeois Polish Jew and Holocaust survivor, runs a thrift shop in Queens. Her only living relative is her niece, Stella, who was interned with her at Auschwitz. Thirty-five years later, in 1979, Stella is taking psychology courses at the New School and young men to her bed. Aunt and niece do not get along because of something terrible Stella did to Rosa's little daughter, who perished in the camp but whom Rosa keeps seeing and talking to as child, girl, or grown-woman doctor, in whichever form she chooses to appear to her. As the play begins, Rosa and Stella have a fight; Rosa smashes the contents of her store and is sent into retirement in Miami Beach.

Meanwhile, a certain Garner Globalis (!) has improbably read about Rosa's crackup in the papers at his mysterious foundation, located "half in Kansas, half in Nebraska," and has come looking for her. To elicit Rosa's new address, he kisses the numbers tattooed on her niece's arm, which leads to a seduction. This young man is so handsome, well-groomed, soft-spoken, and utterly unbelievable as to seem like a figment of Stella's overheated imagination; but no—merely of Ozick's.

Globalis next appears at the Buckingham Royal Apartments in Miami Beach and promptly proceeds to charm the 14-year-old fatherless Hortense, the Buckingham receptionist, enthroned in the lobby. There are also two elderly Jews around: Mr. Peterfreund, whose friend, the unseen Engelman, dies in an upstairs apartment; and Simon Persky, a retired button manufacturer whose wife is in an insane asylum, and who frequents Laundromats to pick up women, as he now does Rosa. In due time, Stella also pops up.

It emerges that the sole purpose of Globalis's foundation is to disprove the existence of the Holocaust; however, if I told you any more, I would not only give away too much but also have you throw away this review half-read. We get teenager language from Hortense; stuff like "Enough with the blah-blah" from Peterfreund and Persky; and apothegms from Globalis—e.g., "The room of someone who just died is a good place to speak the truth" and "People hate death, don't they? Only God seems to like it." It would be nice if all this formed a figure in the carpet—to quote Ozick's master, Henry James—but all we get is a crazy quilt with enough loose ends to get the quilter committed.

Photograph by Carmen de Jesus.

Dianne Wiest struggles gallantly with the preposterously written part of Rosa. Among other things, she must continually switch between heavily accented English and perfect literary English standing in for her Polish. Wendy Makkena, amazingly, makes something of Stella; Dina Spybey, piping voice aside, is passable as Hortense. Less bearable are Bob Dishy's Catskills-comic Persky and Salem Ludwig's characteristically inept Peterfreund. Except perhaps George C. Scott, no one could make Globalis believable; Boyd Gaines doesn't even begin to. Tony Walton has designed the best scenery pocket money can buy, and Sidney Lumet has staged like someone in a hurry to return to making movies.

BACK BY SOMETHING LESS THAN POPULAR demand is Mart Crowley's **The Boys in the Band** (1968), the first American play to have attempted a conspectus of modern homosexual life. Well acted, decently directed, and novel as it was three decades ago, it clicked. It still retains debatable but challenging insights, even though the changed status of homosexuals makes quite a bit of it seem dated. So the biggest question it raises is, how old does a play not good enough to be a classic have to be for a legitimate period piece?

The play is a cross section, with all of its characters meant to be prototypical. Prototypes, however, are like pieces in a jigsaw puzzle. They are shaped not from within but by the contours of the surrounding pieces, with which they must form a seamless whole. Over such a handicap, only bravura performances can triumph, and the 1968 production had several. Kenneth Nelson, as the writer Michael throwing a birthday party for his friend Harold, was precisely the elegantly profligate man-about-town who just happened to be gay; David Drake now is pure caricature. As the pock-marked Harold, a viciously bitchy, self-hating Jew, Leonard Frye gave a lacerating performance that avoided David Greenspan's Disney version: fluting falsetto, slow-motion sashaying, and enough pregnant pauses for that other Harold, Pinter.

As the sweetly outrageous decorator, Emory, Cliff Gorman had a swishy-teddy-bear charm; James Lecesne, badly costumed to boot, adds no texture to his text. David Bishins succeeds as the butch pseudo-straight; the others—as the compulsive philanderer, the midnight cowboy, the black homosexual, the sympathetic boyfriend, and the putative heterosexual—squeeze by, if that.

It was a mistake to put Kenneth Elliott, Charles Busch's director, in charge; as a result, the campy-repartee-studded first act makes it, but the seriously revelation-laden second implodes. The evening is by no means a total loss, but there are too many times when the stage becomes a chart, and the writing a pointer.

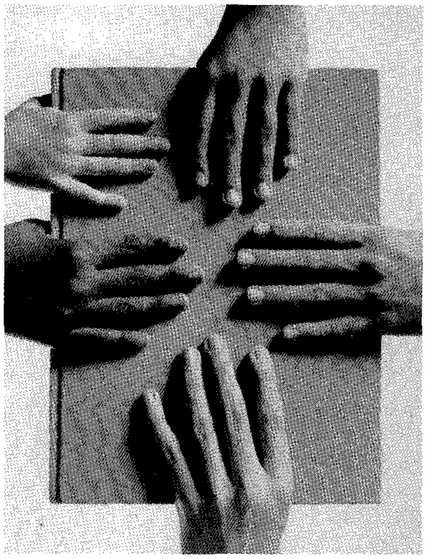
Curtains, BY BRITAIN'S STEPHEN BILL, HAS transferred to a larger theater, its immediacy unimpaired. Ostensibly about the effects of euthanasia on a middle-class Birmingham family, it is really about human incompetence, helplessness, cowardice, and stupidity. Three sisters—including one who returns after a quarter-century's absence—gather for their age-impaired mother's 86th birthday. One has a bumblingly domineering husband and a cheekily cynical son; the other has migraines and a husband uncomfortably forced into farming; the returnee is at loose ends, sponging off her children. (Lisa Emery is too young for the part.) There is also the neighboring landlady, a rather too nosy Samaritan.

The talk staggers ahead—or sideways—across unfinished sentences, nervous non sequiturs, strangulated monologues, and chaotically overlapping babble. Straddling the border between ghastliness and farce, it makes few if any of the characters sympathetic, save insofar as we recognize and laugh at our worst clumsiness. Under the dead-on direction of Scott Elliott, not only the halting dialogue but also the impotently pantomime-riddled silences score. Although David Cale's farmer jars a bit, the others handle the seediness as well as the accents commendably.

CARNEGIE HALL HAS BRIEFLY REVIVED IRving Berlin's delectable 1940 musical **Louisiana Purchase,** with a book by Morrie Ryskind and based on a story by B. G. DeSylva. It is a sly political satire, a genre missing today, when we could use it more than ever.

The story concerns a New Hampshire senator's investigation of a Louisiana boondoggle, and how the combined efforts of a charming swindler and some enticing women—one acting from high motives, the others from low—foiled the senator politically but liberated him humanly. The concert version had Rob Fisher and the Carnegie Hall Theatre Orchestra getting their usual toe-tapping and heart-lifting results.

There were pungent performances from a number of irrepressible participants, notably Michael McGrath and Merwin Goldsmith, with only Taina Elg miscast and miserable. George S. Irving made Senator Loganberry larger then life, balmier than a spring dawn, and funnier than barrelfuls of monkeys. And Judy Blazer, as the ingenue, was hilarious, poignant, and adorable as only she can be. There should be room for these two spectacular singing actors in every Broadway show. ■



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MARK STEVENS

The Way We Were

Winslow Homer's paintings are sometimes diminished by sentimentality, but in the Met's great new exhibition you see the shadows in his sunny American scenes.

Sea changes: *West Point, Prout's Neck,* oil on canvas,1900.

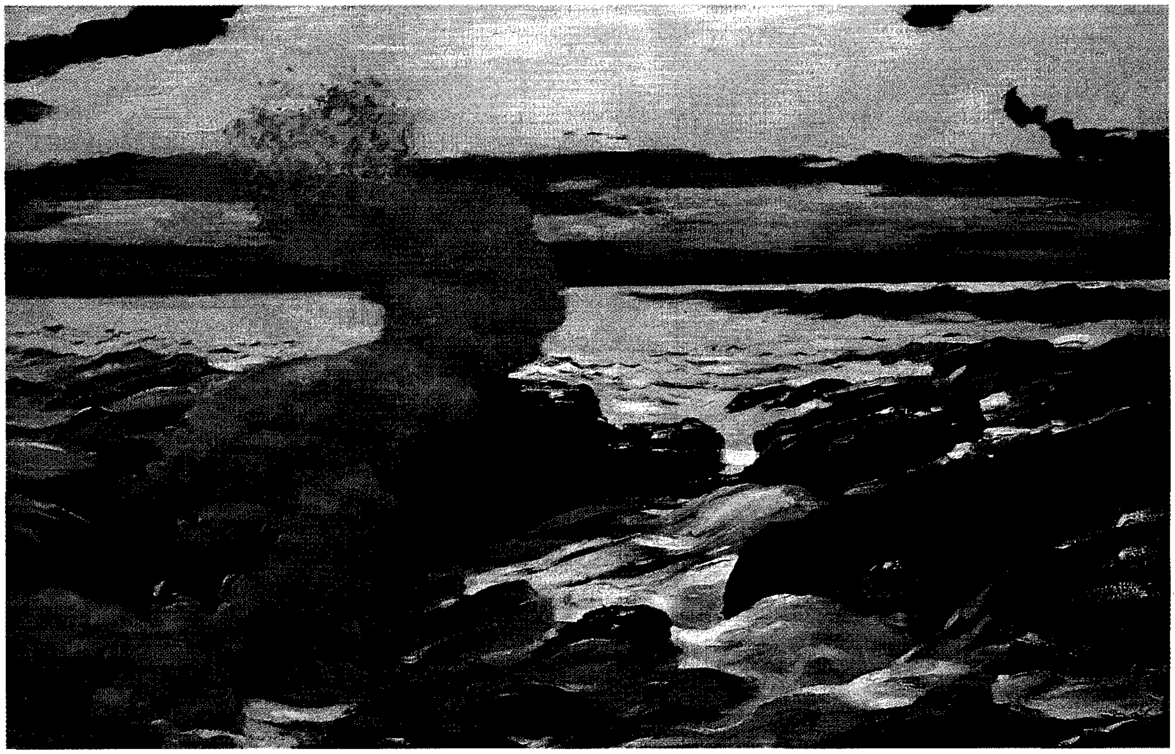
Winslow Homer IS A MASTER OF ONE OF THE great themes of the nineteenth century, the loss of American innocence. Like Melville, Twain, and Whitman, he can render innocence pure and simple—there is no happier picture in American art than his boys playing Snap the Whip outside their schoolhouse—but even his sweetest pictures appear steeped in the melancholy shadows of nostalgia and prefigure that distinctive strain of American loneliness that Edward Hopper, for one, would make his subject. If the classical distance of *Snap the Whip* elevates the scene with an almost mythic import, for example, it also seems to whisper, "We were once this way. . . ."

Yet Homer is an artist who is often regarded with a kind of postcard simplicity, as if he were just the sum of his charms. The large retrospective of his work now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—which was organized by the National Gallery of Art in Washington and includes about 180 paintings, drawings, and watercolors—therefore provides a good opportunity to see the darker, less sentimental aspect of his work, which is often overwhelmed by the iconic power of his famous images.

Homer (1836 to 1910) was a New Englander who grew up in Cambridge and, as a young man, worked as an illustrator for *Harper's Weekly* during the Civil War. He gained much strength as a painter from this experience. His compositions are fresh and dramatic, with a sort of journalistic zip. He respects the informal pose. He admires the ordinary American. He knows in his Puritan bones that there is a special American character and destiny. His weakness, in turn, comes from his relative lack of training in oils, which can lead to something dead, uneasy, and even ham-handed in the way he applies oil paint. (The paint often seems too heavy for his light, too stale for the freshness of his scene.) This is not true of his watercolors, in which he relaxes into delightful play with the medium itself. This painter of the sea was best when there was water in his paint.

But even the homespun quality of Homer's oils—critics used to call it provincial—is expressive. It evokes something mute, inchoate, and half-formed in the American character; it keeps any condescension out of his brush. Three poignant forms of American innocence, in particular, attracted Homer. He idealized the boyish after the ghastly coming of age represented by the Civil War: It is usually summer for Homer's barefoot Hucks. (Henry James once called *summer afternoon* the most beautiful phrase in the English language.) He celebrated the salty courage of New England fishermen in an era when America was rapidly industrializing.

(continued on page 86)

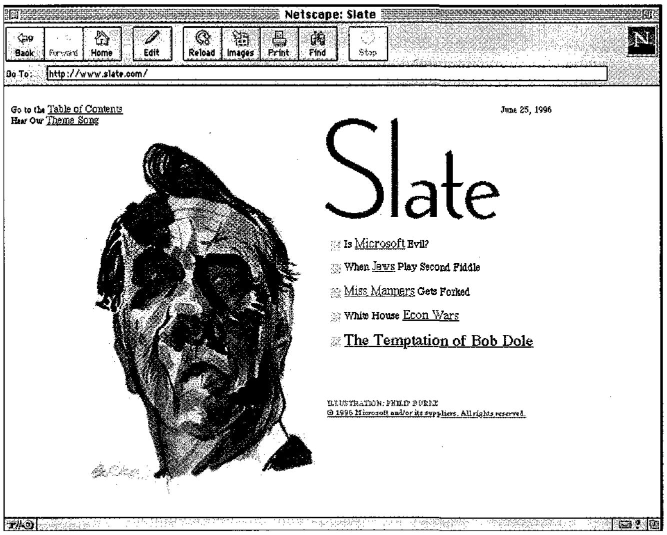


Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

WALTER KIRN

Ah, Wilderness

Launching 'Slate' into the badlands of the Internet, Michael Kinsley is like a colonial governor come to civilize the natives. Good luck.



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June 25, 1996

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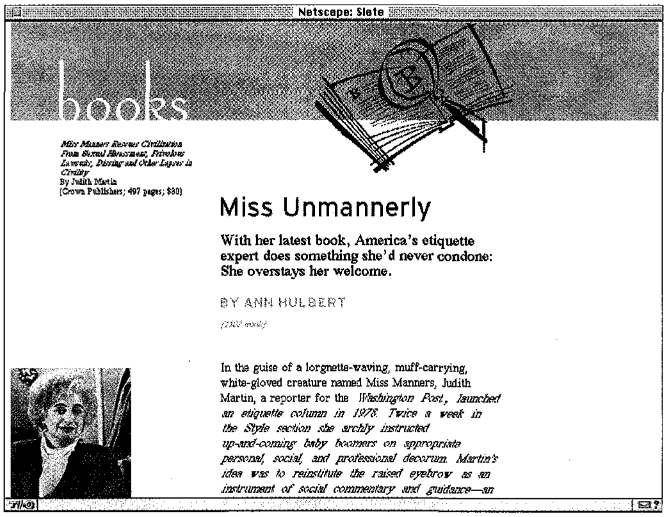


Miss Manners Rescues Civilization From Sexual Harassment, Frivolous Lawsuits, Dissing and Other Lapses in Civility
By Judith Martin
(Crown Publishers; 497 pages; $30)

Miss Unmannerly

With her latest book, America's etiquette expert does something she'd never condone: She overstays her welcome.

BY ANN HULBERT

In the guise of a lorgnette-waving, muff-carrying, white-gloved creature named Miss Manners, Judith Martin, a reporter for the *Washington Post*, *launched an etiquette column in 1978. Twice a week in the Style section she archly instructed up-and-coming baby boomers on appropriate personal, social, and professional decorum. Martin's idea was to reinstitute the raised eyebrow as an instrument of social commentary and guidance—an*

Making cyberspace safe for the kinfolk: Clean-cut, supersubtle smarts.

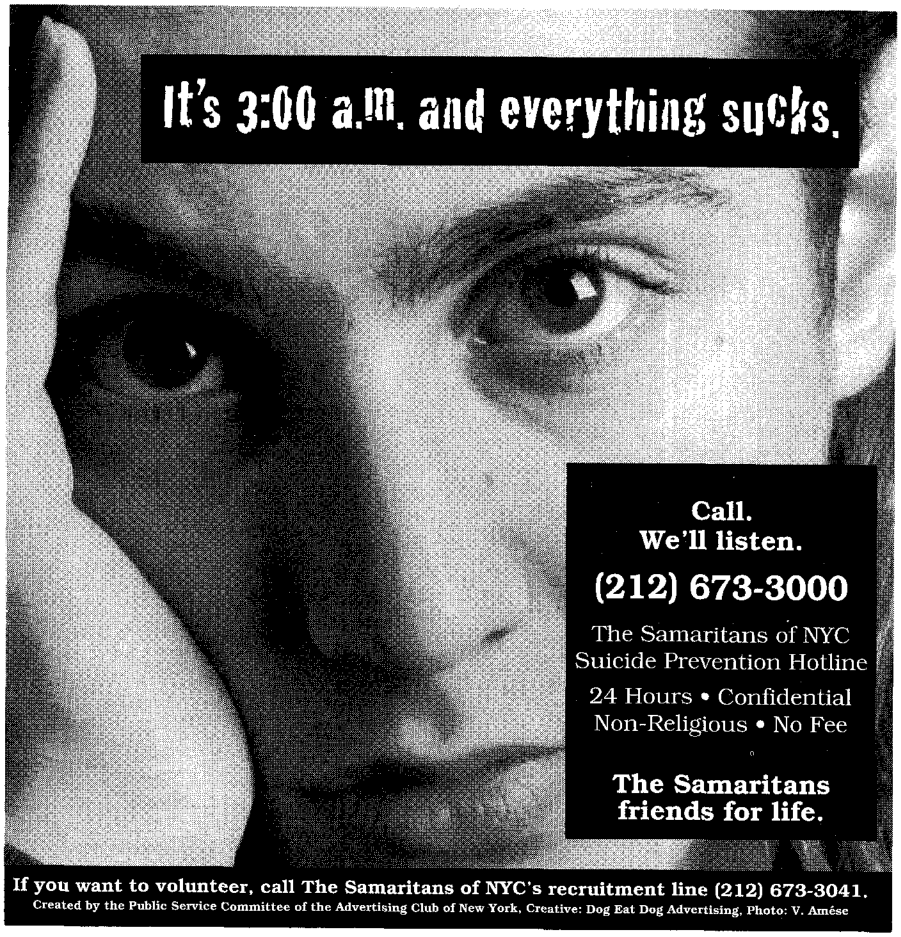
PUTTING A JOURNAL OF POLITICS AND culture on the Internet is not unlike broadcasting rounded, professional speeches on talk radio. The medium grew up on chat, on provisional, shifting, fragmentary outbursts, but now that Establishment sorts have gotten interested, it's being asked to carry weighty loads. From improvisation to premeditation. From amateur hour to slick variety show. The moment when a grass-roots movement lurches from cult to institution, from mere popularity to high respectability, is often an uneasy one. The hobbyist pioneers feel betrayed, the gentrifying newcomers defensive.

It's just such a moment for Michael Kinsley's *Slate,* the ambitious new online magazine from Microsoft. The white men have sailed into cyberspace in force and are ready to clear the way for timid kinfolk. They've built a colony deep in uncharted territory. Naturally, as is the way with colonies, *Slate* looks more like the homeland left behind—*The New Republic, Harper's, The Atlantic*—than it does the new land. Kinsley, in a politic editor's note, brings a message of conciliation. "Everyone in this nascent business is still struggling with some pretty basic issues." He confesses outright to a feeling of awkwardness—particularly about charging for a product (as he will start to do in November) that World Wide Websters are used to getting free—and positions himself, like a smart colonial governor, as the natives' humble servant. This doesn't mean he is corruptible or soft, though. The "romance" and "vanity" of cyberspace hold no allure for him, he assures us. From Washington he brings law. And discipline.

We'll see how it all works out, and who ends up transforming whom. Already there are clues, though. *Slate*'s debut "issue" (something of an anachronism, since older articles will remain accessible in a section called "The Compost") is poised between worlds, neither stodgy nor startling. It's a cultural suspension bridge with traffic moving in both directions and some interesting snarls in the middle.

The inbound lane, headed back east, flows smoothly. The always-thoughtful Nicholas Lemann writes on how Asians have traded places with Jews as the up-by-their-bootstraps achievers of record. Larissa MacFarquhar reviews and inventories the newer, quicker psychotherapies. A linguistics column, "The Good Word," tries to define *Talmudic* and *Jesuitical* in a fashion that seemed to me, well, Jesuitical. When the articles first came up on my screen (I'd never even touched the Net before), they struck me as swarming seas of text—though this was apparently because I was using an insufficiently cutting-edge browser. What *Slate* hoped I would see was pristine columns of text.

What's more, the words seem less authoritative. That every sentence was perfectly spelled and punctuated seemed a bit odd and unnecessary, like flawless English heard inside a barroom. So did the illustrations with the stories. In print, illustrations are fetching devices for proportioning text to page; on a screen, the pictures seem notional, vestigial. The phantasmagoric modalities of cyberspace don't add much to *Slate*'s traditional essays. The whole effect is slightly disposable, and maybe that's good—a healthy reminder that commercial journalism isn't for the ages, inscribed on stone tablets by intellectual gods. *Slate*'s opening section, "The Week/The Spin,"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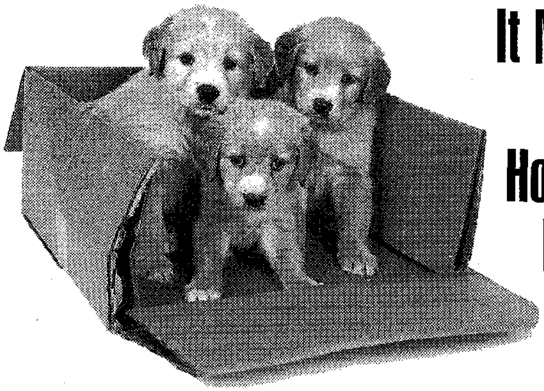

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reaffirms this. Meant to "objectively" analyze news stories for "the spin they're getting, the sub-angles that are emerging, and so on," this feature brings journalistic self-consciousness to whole new levels of funhouse labyrinthianism. The infinite regress of savvy observers observing fellow observers' observations has never seemed so infinite as here. Updatable at a moment's notice, keyed to the slightest tremors of opinion and the ongoing modulations of reader e-mail, "The Spin" seems set to evolve like particle physics: into quarky, unfathomable realms of vibrational supersubtlety. Then, poof!

Slate's outbound impulse, aimed westward toward the future, moves unevenly but intriguingly. The parade is led by "Varnish Remover," a multimedia "deconstruction" of political advertising. You see the ad (after an annoying wait while it downloads), you hear the audio, then you read the breakdown. Anyway, that's the hope. My equipment, sadly, couldn't do all this. Rather than be disappointed, though, I took from this foul-up a crucial lesson about electronic journalism: There will always be bugs. In an industry of ceaseless envelope-pushing, the likelihood of a seamless fit between user, machine, and product is next to nil. If everything works perfectly, that means someone is sitting on his ass.

As for "Varnish Remover" (the portion I saw of it), I think it's a nifty idea. I see potential there. And until I get richer, potential is all I'll see. If *Slate* has any constitutional bias, it's economic: It mandates upward mobility.

"The Gist," a weekly column crammed with charts and numbers (this time relating to Clinton's "Drug War"), wouldn't work in a regular magazine. Raw data is delivered better by computer. But the real clue about *Slate*'s possibilities lies hidden in the television column. From an essay on changing TV plotlines, you can step outside the confines of the magazine to a fan-chat discussion of *Seinfeld.* Full of exclamation marks and short-burst, informal shooting from the hip, the civilians' prose outshines the paid professional stuff.

Like any outlying territory, cyberspace has developed a vernacular, responsive to its own climate and geography. Kinsley's colonizing columnists decline to speak it, by and large, preferring a high style imported from the fatherland. Compared with the native speech, it's stiff, detached, like an Anglican among the Iroquois. Magazines as we have known them are mostly words, hyperlinks and graphics be damned, and until the invaders absorb the local tongue, passing through a messy pidgin stage to a fluent fusion, they're going to sound foreign. Will they adapt? They'll have to. They've landed on a very small rock, surrounded by tribal hordes who all have e-mail. ■

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Body Language

From Bill T. Jones, striking physiques and words both harsh and tender; at Lincoln Center, a ballet competition that offers only intermittent thrills.

Arc of Jones: Odile Reine-Adelaide, Bill T. Jones, and Lelani Barrett in *Sur la Place.*

THE TWO-WEEK SEASON OF THE **Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company** at the Joyce was so crammed with new pieces and renovations of old ones, I lost track of the official must-sees and focused instead on the works that caught my fancy. Opening night, skewed with enormous changes at the last moment, offered only a chunk of the new 45-minute *Ursonate,* a group piece by Jones and Darla Villani that is undistinguished choreographically but noteworthy for its accompaniment. The score (if that's the word for it) is Kurt Schwitters's Dadaist sound poem, a reiterative chant of nonsense syllables arranged to ape words and sentences and punctuated with explosive, slightly vulgar noises. Christopher Butterfield delivered it with enough clarity and gusto to have wiped even more compelling movement off the stage.

Another novelty on the program was a collaborative pièce d'occasion, *Bill and Laurie: About Five Rounds,* in which Jones and the composer-performer Laurie Anderson attempt to achieve a state of symbiosis. In theory, the feat is patently impossible, since they operate in different modes of expression. When they try dancing, for instance, her violin kind of gets in the way. The most striking image in the piece capitalizes on this, with Anderson calmly sawing away as she lies supine on Jones's back, while he, on all fours, supplely descends a few notches with his awkward, precious cargo. As he has done from his first choreographic forays, Jones talks in this piece, his mood—as from the first—sometimes wildly angry. Here, his speech, like Anderson's music in its raucous mode, is miked to blast the world's ears off. But when, instead of haranguing the mean universe at large, Jones addresses his partner directly, his tone is tender; his words reach wistfully across the divide that exists between one human being and another, even as the message confirms the inevitability of the separation: "I wish you were more like me."

Jones's new trio, *Sur la Place,* was billed as a work in progress, since it's to have its official premiere at the Festival d'Avignon in July. Perhaps in homage to the French folks who commissioned it, Jones chose a medley of songs by Jacques Brel. He does a fine job with the music, giving the mid-century middlebrow sentimental melancholy an ironic twist without demeaning it. The choreography is notable for its sensitivity to the myriad ways in which two or three people can relate, physically, in a vast stretch of space (and create the illusion of its expanding and constricting). Even more remarkable is the fact that Jones keeps the same sort of shifting balance going on in terms of atmosphere and emotion. The performers are a show in themselves: Jones, who is all softness, pliancy, sly fleetness, and charisma; Odile Reine-Adelaide, of the willowy figure and the delicately reticent manner; and Lelani Barrett, as muscular and fleshy as a wrestler, with a street-smart air—a fellow, it would seem, who could cause you serious grief if he hadn't happened to take a shine to you.

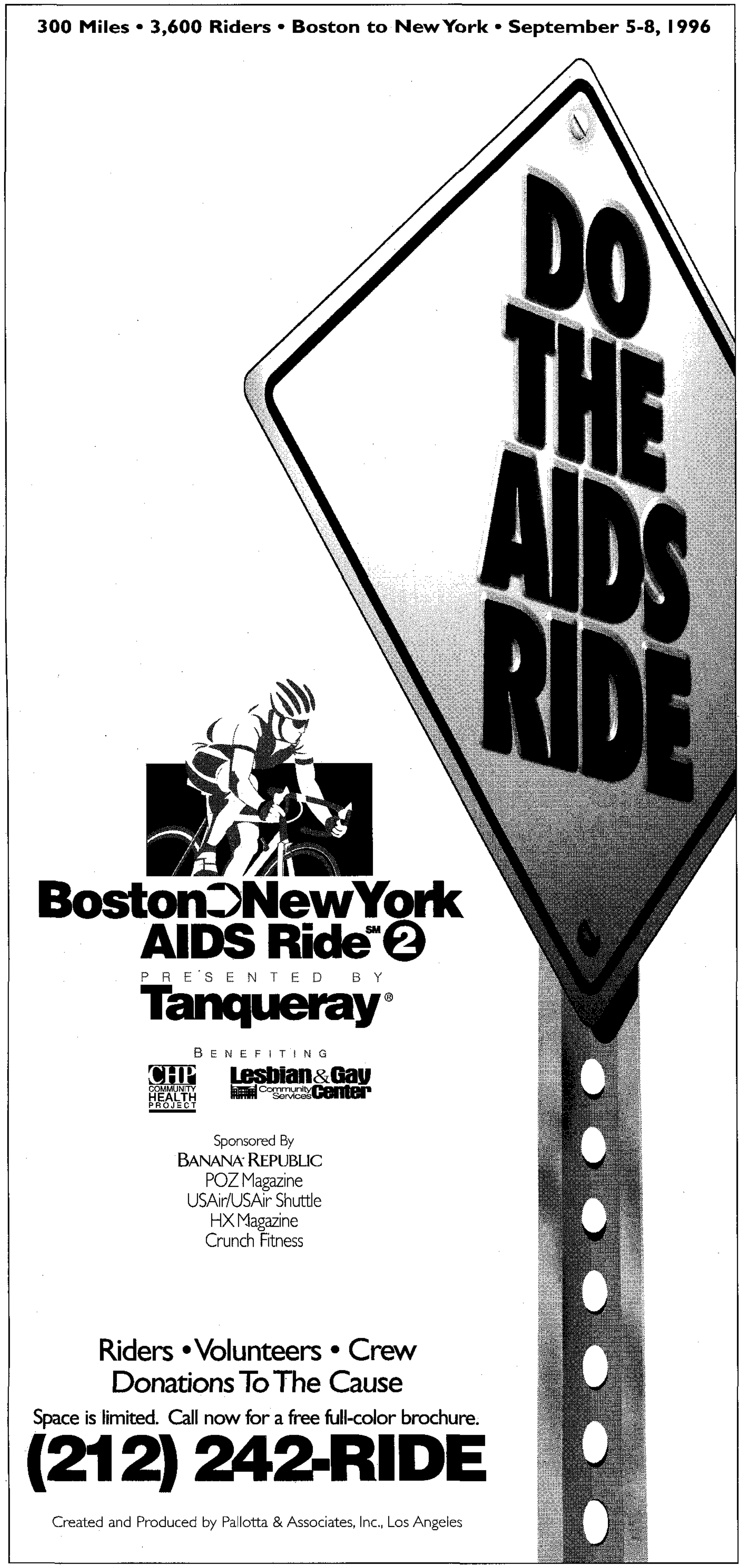
Jones has always been addicted to unusual physical types; everyone in the company looks picked for body as well as for soul and technique. In the new solo *Blue Phrase* (to music by Eric Dolphy), Alexandra Beller comes into her own, showing that modern dance is actually enriched by diverse anatomies. Beller is short and luxuriantly endowed; she's a cross between a voluptuously fleshy Rubens woman and the squat, striking

Photograph by Johan Elbers.

Cubist females of Picasso's *Demoiselles d'Avignon* period. She has a good stage face (open, with well-defined features) framed by a mane of auburn curls and the confident aura of someone convinced she looks just right. Even if you saw her on her way to the supermarket, you'd notice. When she dances, you're bowled over because, while her anatomy leads you to expect an earth goddess—weighty and rooted—she's quick, light, and buoyant, with a mercurial liquidity in her joints. In this piece, she becomes one of the jazz world's night creatures—a sultry, savvy harborer of secrets that hide from the sun.

THE **New York International Ballet Competition,** held every third year at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall, does not attract the consistently high level of talent that swarms to more esteemed affairs like the Prix de Lausanne. Tellingly, ballet meccas like London and Paris, represented on the illustrious panel of judges, failed to contribute to the 1996 pool of contestants. So the NYIBC's penultimate round, comprising the "Embraceable You" duet from Balanchine's *Who Cares?* rendered by fifteen different couples, and 22 free-choice solos ranging from Petipa to a genre I can only call Misconceived Modern, was on the whole a disheartening business.

Now and then, the proceedings were lightened by a dancer who combined technical skill with personal charm and who, moreover, was endowed with the harmonious physical proportions suited to classical dancing. (New York ballet buffs may not realize how rare this constellation is; they're spoiled by its being the norm rather than the exception at New York City Ballet and American Ballet Theatre.) Among the triply blessed at the NYIBC was the wonderful Alisa Sokolova, a product of Russia's most prestigious ballet academy. Sleekly long-limbed, with an exquisite kittenish face, she boasts deft technique and confident stage presence. Her unique quality, though—and the only striking artistry I noted all evening—was an ability to project moods that change subtly from one phrase to the next. Brazil's Gustavo Veiga was outstanding in his own way, executing the Russian Gopak not merely with the gravity-be-damned athleticism this exuberant folk dance requires but also with clean form and, most unusually, engaging wit. After a final round, Sokolova copped a bronze medal, while Veiga went home empty-handed though, one must hope, richer for the experience. Sandra Jennings and Judith Fugate, who taught and coached the Balanchine, deserved a special award. Without relaxing choreographic standards, they allowed each twosome to develop its own, sweetly believable version of Gershwinian romance. ■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Trading Up

NEVER MIND WHICH CAME FIRST—the Ansonia Station post office, the Ansonia Democratic Club, or the glorious Beaux-Arts hulk of the Ansonia, the onetime residential hotel gone condo that looks like a mirage of Paris on the corner of Broadway and 73rd. To Louis Lanza, the name invokes images of Upper West Side grandeur. Seeking to upgrade and expand his feeding fiefdom (Josie's and Josephina's) and convinced the neighborhood's maturing boomsters are primed for seriously fine dining on Columbus Avenue, Lanza decided to bury all vestiges of Memphis, his Cajun hit of the eighties, to launch **Ansonia.**

The soaring duplex dining room has been dressed up with asymmetrical mirrors; quirky angles of wall; subtle, almost aboriginal swirls on the rugs; and globes of light suspended on whimsical brass branches and leaves by sculptor J. J. Veronis. If Lanza's timing is right, soon the thirtysomethings who schmoozed and smooched at Memphis's crowded bar in the eighties will be back as mellowed fortysomethings, ready to spend $100 or more for two on a serious Cabernet and halibut with a leek fondue and baked fingerlings in a chanterelle sauce. Late-night dawdlers will discover the mezzanine lounge with its sensational grilled-chicken sandwich on crusty ciabatta from the special supper menu and its high-tech smokeeaters for the cigar-puffing set.

With former Gotham Bar & Grill sous-chef Bill Telepan at the range and Daniel veteran Ricardo Castiblanco smooth as silk touting $100 Burgundies up front, the house team has all the right pedigrees. And turtle-paced as it was, that first early dinner impressed. I'm ready to line up partisan support in this Zip Code; after all, I live here, too. The tuna tartare in a thrillingly citric lime mayonnaise with a froufrou of perky sprouts tastes as rich as tuna belly. A grandmotherly potato latke makes a sandwich of house-smoked salmon with crème fraîche, dill, and salmon roe. Morels and early fresh peas are scattered about with a fine spring giddiness, tossed with favas in a faintly creamy egg-noodle appetizer and then again on a special of halibut with asparagus in mushroom-perfumed broth. The perfection of blush-pink foie gras makes me think suddenly of L'Ami Louis, I tell my dining pals. "Not for the size of the portion," one sniffs. Our favorite Parisian bistro serves paving blocks of this stuff. Here, the fat is rationed; happily, the elegance is not.

Knowing I always look for the best buy on the low end of the wine list, my guest insists on treating and chooses $130 Hospices de Beaune Corton from a small inventory of affordables and major splurges. Sipping this smolderingly sensuous red from a suitably grand Burgundy glass wrapped us all in a benevolent glow, but I suspect the glazed duck, a first-rate steak, the luscious guinea hen, and the crunch of rösti would have pleased us cold-sober. A week later, Morgan's bold, round Pinot Noir at one third the price seems the perfect choice for the chef's contemporary urban cooking, classic and straightforward like Alfred Portale's at Gotham but respectfully modest—stacked a bit on the plate and not trying to top the master's towering skyscraper constructions. Tonight, we're wild about heads-on herb-crusted shrimp sweet from the grill with white beans and arugula in tomato oil as well as really rare cod in a puddle of minced-olive vinaigrette. The monkfish, with a sauce flecked with morels, favas, ramps, and asparagus, is exquisitely cooked, too.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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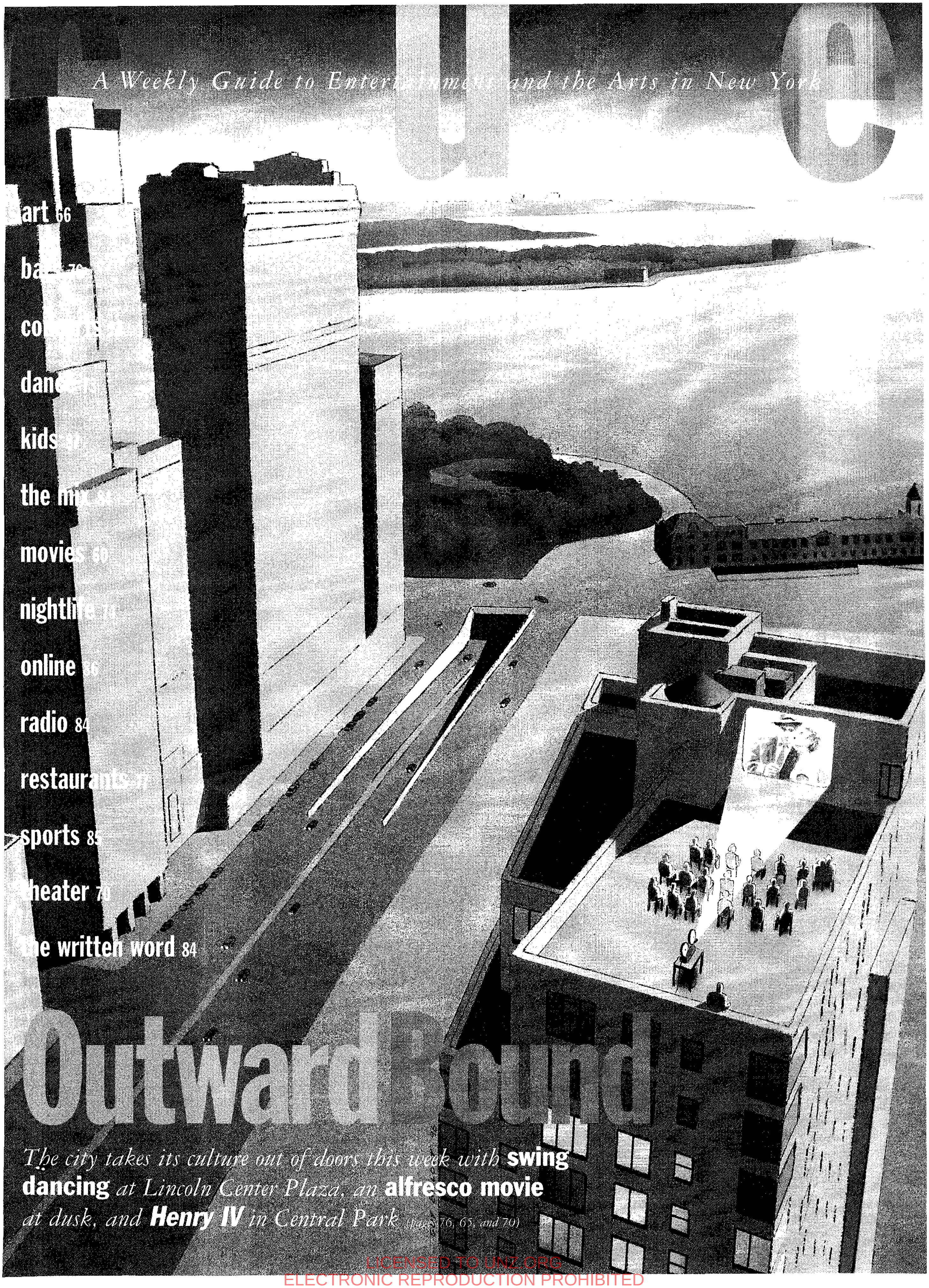
(Now it comes in a lobster-lemon-thyme sauce.) Mushroom-studded barley, crisped shiitakes, and Swiss chard flank moist, flavor-rich chicken.

But it's quite clear that even as the menu evolves every few days, the kitchen crew is still in training. Salt attacks alternate with the occasional blahs. One night, the tuna tartare has lost its lime edge. Expertly cooked and deliciously crusted salmon needs seasoning and should not depend on a clot of roasted tomato for oomph. Every day, there is a new soup or two, and they need tougher editing. Baby-clam-and-chorizo soup lacks spunk. The flavor of cold tomato with eggplant caviar is wimpy. But a mixed-bean minestrone with pesto and one night's chicken broth with lentils, wild spinach, and peas are worth repeating. That the house is willing to settle for these soggy rolls when our town's bread has never been better beats me. And the desserts are still uneven. The crème brûlée may arrive runny, though the dried-fruit-compote garnish is fair comfort. Honey ice cream topped with rhubarb compote on a poppy-seed waffle is not my idea of how to glorify rhubarb's brief season—too much waffle and not enough rhubarb. Ground almonds and candied ginger tend to overwhelm the warm peach tart with its intensely peachy coulis. But the deep espresso brilliance of the bittersweet-chocolate soufflé sauce is seductive, and the caramelized banana tart on a coconut linzer crust is a crackling triumph.

Just ten days ago, with its sign not yet visible from the sidewalk, Ansonia was having an adolescent identity crisis. There were insults and a punch or two from a tipsy stockbroker at the bar, always a moneymaker here in good times and bad. A potential diner checking out the menu cringed in fear. "We have already chopped a third off the bar to show that's not what we're about anymore," says Lanza. "Now, we've moved the maître d' stand up front to say it's the restaurant that counts." It may take a while to telegraph the message and shift the drinking crowd from standing-room-only microbrews at the bar to single-malt scotch and a modish stogie at a table on the balcony. But at midnight not long ago, we stopped by for deep-fried onion rings, Thai ribs, and sandwiches after a movie and watched as a gathering of off-duty chefs and waiters from Daniel across town annexed a series of tables. It looked more like the greening of Columbus than the graying.

Ansonia, 329 Columbus Avenue, near 76th Street (579-0505). Dinner, Monday through Saturday 5:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m. Late-night supper menu till 2 a.m. A.E., D.C., M.C., V.



A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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Outward Bound

The city takes its culture out of doors this week with **swing dancing** *at Lincoln Center Plaza, an* **alfresco movie** *at dusk, and* ***Henry IV*** *in Central Park* (pages 76, 65, and 70)

movies

Sham Marriages...Seventies-mania Continued

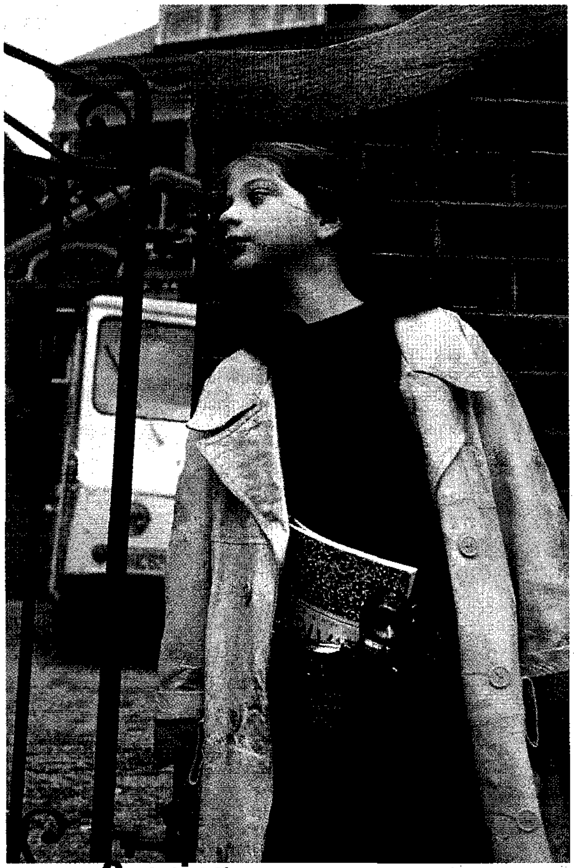
New Films

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. Most of Adamson's specimens have been lost in a shipwreck, and he is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy, aristocratic family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. The ugly gray pile seems haunted—by the withdrawal, perhaps, of divine beneficence from the natural order, or by some dirty secret. Oblivious, Adamson goes on with his work. He marries the eldest daughter, Eugenia (Patsy Kensit), and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. Director Philip Haas, working with his wife, Belinda, has adapted a marvelous 1992 A. S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Cinema 3.*

The Arrival—Charlie Sheen plays an astronomer who discovers extraterrestrial life and becomes entangled in a massive conspiracy. Written and directed by David Twohy. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *86th Street.*

★**The Birdcage**—Director Mike Nichols and writer Elaine May have set this remake of *La Cage aux Folles* in Miami's South Beach. Above the Birdcage club live Armand (Robin Williams) and Albert (Nathan Lane), who have been together through so many versions and productions that they easily qualify as the world's most famous married couple. Armand's son is about to be married to the daughter of an ultraconservative couple (the bride's father, played by Gene Hackman, is a right-wing senator), and Armand and Albert have to put on a respectable show for the parents. Williams gives one of his most restrained and beautiful performances; he's the soul of the movie, a hardworking husband in love with a funny hysteric whom he will take care of till his dying day. Armand and Albert put on a memorable and hilarious dinner party for the senator and his wife, and the loveliest thing about this scene is that caricature turns to benevolent farce. When the senator finds himself charmed by a man dressed as a woman and even becomes jealous of the woman's "husband," he is softened and transfigured by absurdity. (Denby; 3/11/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *62nd and Broadway.*



Opening Girl Trouble

Michelle Trachtenberg (above) is an insatiably curious sixth-grader who extrapolates high drama out of the most mundane suburban happenings in *Harriet the Spy*. The movie, based on Louise Fitzhugh's much-loved 1964 children's book, opens July 10.

The Cable Guy—As directed by actor and comic Ben Stiller, this is obviously an attempt to bring Jim Carrey out of the realm of goose-brained comedy and give him something more sustained and complex to do. As such, it is a disaster. At first, Stiller and Lou Holtz Jr. set up a satirical context: We're in TV land, watching an indiscriminate jumble of court trials, old TV shows, movies—and then the screen fades out, the camera pulls back. Steven (Matthew Broderick), a mild-mannered architect thrown out by his girlfriend, is setting up house in a new apartment, and the screen has turned to snow. The cable guy arrives, and, sensing that Steven is at a low ebb, he insinuates himself into the architect's life, demanding friendship. The movie becomes nightmarish, with a strong, unacknowledged homoerotic streak. How is one supposed to respond to *The Cable Guy*—as serious drama, or farce? Once we see what Carrey is up to, he's not very funny—or rather, he's more threatening and sinister than funny. He punches up and parodies all his emotions, putting quotation marks around everything. Not just poor Steven but his girlfriend (Leslie Mann) and his family, taken in by the cable guy, sit there passively and stupidly, and we realize that Carrey has had the same effect on Ben Stiller and the cast that the cable guy has had on the characters, intimidating them, sucking up all the oxygen, and leaving them half-dead. Doesn't anyone have the courage to tell the star when to quit? (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's latest is a funny but smug little movie based on Stella Gibbons's 1932 novel about an impoverished, well-brought-up girl, Flora (Kate Beckinsale), who goes to live with her dim, depressed relatives on a Sussex farm. Flora won't stand for anything but the best and most rational behavior, and the men and women on the farm are so abashed by her that they go along. The movie presents, without irony, a triumph of tidiness: Its wit is sarcastic, asexual, and finally more convenient and self-regarding than bracing. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG) *19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

The Craft—A coven of teenage witches exercises its powers in suburban L.A. With Fairuza Balk, Robin Tunney, and Skeet Ulrich. Directed by Andrew Fleming. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Dead Man—Jim Jarmusch's new movie is a ghastly put-on Western, a mystical-absurdist opus in which he treats the task of entertaining an audience as some sort of bourgeois error. Johnny Depp is William Blake, a prim little accountant who wants only to claim the job that has been promised him out West. But when he arrives at his destination, the job has disappeared. Through a series of events, Blake finds himself accused of murder, and he escapes, wounded, into the woods. He falls under the care of a large, philosophical Indian, Nobody, who speaks perfect English and persists in treating him as *the* William Blake, the poet. Blake's experiences get stranger and stranger, the conceits pile higher and higher, and the movie just dies. What makes it so uniquely tiresome? The black-and-white cinematography, however handsome, becomes monotonous—perhaps because Jarmusch doesn't move people around much. He attempts to connect Blake's increasingly violent and absurd experience to the visions in William Blake's poetry, but he hasn't the dramatic imagination to make those connections beyond the level of vague pseudo-smart jokiness. Jarmusch has found a new, unamusing way of insulting the audience. (Denby; 5/13/96) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *23rd Street West Triplex.*

Dragonheart—Dennis Quaid plays a medieval knight who teams up with the last existing dragon (the

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

"CUE" COVER ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT
FOR *NEW YORK*

voice of Sean Connery) to overthrow a vicious despot. With Pete Postlethwaite and David Thewlis. Directed by Rob Cohen. (1 hr. 48 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; 23rd Street West Triplex; 34th Street East; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Eddie—A limousine driver called Eddie (Whoopi Goldberg) is hired as the head coach of the New York Knicks by the team's owner (Frank Langella) as a publicity stunt. Directed by Steve Rash. (1 hr. 40 mins.; PG-13) *23rd Street West Triplex; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2–4.*

Eraser—See David Denby, p. 47. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; New York Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Pavilion/Windsor.*

★**Fargo**—In the dead of winter, a car drives toward us through a whiteness so enveloping that we cannot tell where ground and air meet. The brilliant opening shot of *Fargo*—a devastating comedy-thriller from Joel and Ethan Coen—suggests something unspeakably sinister, a void without gradation or limits. The film is about Jerry Lundegaard, a Minneapolis auto salesman who hires two thugs to kidnap his wife. Why? So he can cop part of the ransom money his rich father-in-law will pony up to get his daughter back, of course. He arrives in a roadhouse north of Minneapolis and meets two thugs, one of them a jumpy little creep (Steve Buscemi) and the other a monosyllabic, barely conscious stone killer of indeterminate Scandinavian origin. Buscemi's punk is highly puzzled by Jerry's scheme to have his wife kidnapped and then collect part of the ransom himself. Why doesn't Jerry just *ask* his father-in-law for the money? Buscemi's demand that crime make sense becomes a running joke in this peculiar north-country world, in which the conversational engine turns over and over but never really catches fire. As the Coens see it, people in northern Minnesota are so devoted to surface pleasantness that they don't notice the dark abyss opening at their feet. Joel Coen (who directed) stages the scenes as a deadpan comedy of squareness—but just when the satire is approaching burlesque, Frances McDormand turns up as police chief Marge Gunderson, and we see that blandness may have a hidden meaning. (Denby; 3/18/96) (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; 23rd Street West Triplex; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency.*

Flipper—Elijah Wood plays a 14-year-old city kid who forges an unlikely bond with a dolphin. Written and directed by Alan Shapiro. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Worldwide Cinemas.*

★**Flirting With Disaster**—David O. Russell's new comedy not only flirts with disaster; it waltzes, tangos, and goes to bed with it, yet somehow survives and even flourishes. Russell's hero is Mel (Ben Stiller), an adopted son undergoing an identity crisis—he wants to find his real parents. Who can blame him? He was brought up by a pair of warring Manhattan neurotics (George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore) who would probably make anyone look for new parents. The adoption agency sends out a very aggressive but "understanding" woman (Téa Leoni) to observe, and with this intruder in tow, Mel, his wife (Patricia Arquette), and their baby take off on a quest in which we know everything has to go wrong. The movie is a malicious satire on the current psychobabble about roots, caring, and identity; although it's not always fun watching people undergo one humiliation after another, Russell is persistent. He clings to his idea, and he scores. Everyone Mel meets is a mess (as is he), and the pace never lets up—with five or six people together in a scene, all blabbing about their inner lives, the texture of nutty confessions grows almost symphonic. This is one of the rare comedies that actually get stronger as they go along. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Village East; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Harriet the Spy—An adaptation of Louise Fitzhugh's beloved children's novel about an insatiably curious young girl who spies on everyone. Starring Michelle Trachtenberg and Rosie O'Donnell. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Area theaters.*

Heavy—Set in an isolated town in upstate New York, James Mangold's debut feature tells the story of a painfully shy, overweight cook (Pruitt Taylor Vince) who falls in love with a beautiful new waitress. With Evan Dando, Liv Tyler, and Deborah Harry. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Hunchback of Notre Dame—Disney's animated adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel. With the voices of Tom Hulce, Demi Moore, Jason Alexander, and Kevin Kline. Directed by Gary Trousdale and Kirk Wise. (1 hr. 35 mins.; G) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum.*

★**I Shot Andy Warhol**—Valerie Solanas, who wanted to make a revolution, or at least to write, became a hanger-on at Andy Warhol's Factory. She burst into the news on June 3, 1968. Disappointed by Warhol's indifference to a play she'd written, and by her diminishing status at the Factory, Solanas shot the great man two times in the chest. Yet Solanas did not destroy Warhol; she destroyed herself. Written and directed by Mary Harron, the movie is a pungent but surprisingly buoyant re-creation of Solanas's life up to the point of the shooting. Played by the fast-talking and lively Lili Taylor, Valerie is smart and funny, but also a ferocious pain in the ass. From time to time, Harron halts the narrative and poses Taylor against a white scrim, and the actress recites from the pamphlet Solanas wrote for an imaginary revolutionary group, the Society for Cutting Up Men. In the pamphlet, Solanas combined a lunging attack on male domination with pop anarcho-lesbian visions of a future controlled by all-powerful "groovy" women. The movie addresses Solanas's disintegration without "psychology" or analytic depth; Harron stages the events in Factory pop terms, as one of the sixties scenes that went bad. Fighting all the time, Lili Taylor comes at the role with tremendous verve, and she gives Valerie's wildest remarks a natural comic's timing. She doesn't deepen the character, but depth isn't what's needed—Valerie Solanas was too goofy to weep over. (Denby; 5/6/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Independence Day—See Denby, p. 46. (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Ziegfeld; 86th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza.*

Jane Eyre—Franco Zeffirelli's version of the Charlotte Bronte classic about a young governess who eventually wins the man she loves. Starring Charlotte Gainsbourg, William Hurt, Joan Plowright, and Anna Paquin. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) *Eastside Playhouse.*

Lone Star—John Sayles's latest film beautifully cobbles together both the fractured family histories of several small clans and the fragmented culture of a small town on the Texas-Mexico border. With Matthew McConaughey, Chris Cooper, Kris Kristofferson, Frances McDormand, and Elizabeth Peña. (2 hrs. 18 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Low Life—A recent Yale graduate moves to Los Angeles to pursue a writing career and winds up toiling for a slumlord by day and drinking by night. With Rory Cochrane, Kyra Sedgwick, Sean Astin, Christian Meoli, and James LeGros. Directed by George Hickenlooper. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Maybe . . . Maybe Not—Axel (Til Schweiger) has just been dumped by his girlfriend, so he goes to stay at the apartment of a gay acquaintance, and the usual sexual zaniness ensues. Directed by Sonke Wortmann. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Mission: Impossible—In the most impressive sequence, Tom Cruise, as a rogue intelligence agent, hangs from the air, his body suspended from a harness. Our boy has penetrated the inner sanctum of the CIA—a white-on-white chamber, pristine as a mosque, and so sensitized to intrusion that instruments register the slightest change in temperature or weight. Tom can't even sweat; one droplet, falling to the floor, will give him away. As directed by Brian De Palma, *Mission: Impossible* is a no-sweat movie, a high-tech marvel suspended in the air. There is no stupid or unnecessary violence, nothing that insults your intelligence. But there is also nothing that engages your emotions. The plot is so casually and vaguely developed that you can't be sure why Cruise's superagent is removing American secrets. Jon Voight, as the head of the team, summons the troops, and the movie slips into its nominal plot. Ah, yes, this business of a minor diplomat at the American Embassy who is selling a computer disk with the names of American agents. Of course. Without a word of explanation about who the diplomat is or to whom he's selling secrets or why any of this matters, we get an elaborate plan to entrap the diplomat at the embassy. Now, even

One-Shot
Rock the House

Outmoded by MTV, the rock documentary was a riveting mix of deliberate spectacle and accidental social commentary. AMMI presents two of these time capsules—1968's 'Monterey Pop' and 1970's 'Gimme Shelter'—July 6 and 7. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Photograph by Photofest.

in this early—and beautifully done—scene, one realizes that nothing really is at stake. The movie has lost itself in sheer process. The spies wear glasses equipped with tiny hidden cameras; as they move around with their specs, we watch multiple images on a computer screen. Ingenious, but so what? Relationships between the characters are barely sketched in; new people enter, and we don't know who they are, or why they matter, but everyone talks very allusively, in knowing techno-gibberish, and the poor actors are left trying to make something intense out of virtually nothing. *Mission: Impossible* is an example of technological decadence. Emotion and logic have gone dead, and sensation is all. (Denby; 6/3/96) (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; Orpheum; Tower East; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; Nova; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Moll Flanders—Robin Wright stars in this epic period piece, loosely adapted from Daniel Defoe's novel, about a high-minded young woman forced into a life of prostitution. With Morgan Freeman. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Waverly; Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—A lonely writer takes Nelly, a fragile young divorcée, under his wing, falls deeply in love with her, and begins to wither when he realizes that his publisher is also in love with her. Winner of two César awards (France's equivalent of the Oscar). Directed by Claude Sautet. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**The Nutty Professor**—This remake of the 1963 Jerry Lewis classic is a personal triumph for Eddie Murphy and one of the great turnarounds in the history of movies. It's still a Jekyll-and-Hyde story, but this time the chemist, Sherman Klump, is a huge fatty, 400 pounds or more, with a chin that starts under his mouth and ends near the middle of his chest. The way Murphy plays the role, and Tom Shadyac (the first *Ace Ventura*) directs it, the physical details are cruelly precise and often grotesque, but the spirit is not cruel. Sherman is a genuine character and a figure of some depth. When he falls in love with an appreciative graduate student (Jada Pinkett), he can't bear being fat any longer; he swallows the DNA liquid he has been using in experiments and becomes, as in the old Lewis movie, Buddy Love, a slender, handsome, fast-talking, and violently aggressive man. In brief, he becomes Eddie Murphy as we've always known him. But Murphy does something interesting: He shows us that Eddie Murphy going over the top is destructive and horrifying. By movie's end, we realize that he is telling us what was wrong with his old screen character: He wasn't quite human. The hero of *The Nutty Professor* isn't the fast-talking stud; it's the two-ton intellectual with soul. Eddie Murphy has always had a genius for mimicry and impersonation, but this is the first time he's gone beyond caricature. When Sherman is feeling cranky, he retreats to his family—his hearty big mama and her cranky husband, his voluble grandmother, and his crude brother. They attack one another, yet they are recognizably a family, and the joke deepens when you realize Murphy is playing all of them. They are the aspects of a single personality—they are him, the comic who can do anything. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin; Plaza .*

A Perfect Candidate—See David Denby, p. 47. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Phantom—Billy Zane stars as the comic-book hero who serves as protector of a remote, mythical jungle. Directed by Simon Wincer. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

Phenomenon—John Travolta stars in this fuzzy movie about a simple man who is struck by a bolt of light and becomes a genius overnight. With Kyra Sedgwick, Forest Whitaker, and Robert Duvall. Directed by Jon Turtletaub. (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Village East; Chelsea; Guild 50th Street.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

★**Purple Noon**—Martin Scorsese presents this rerelease of Rene Clement's incredibly stylish, sexy, and intelligent thriller about an amoral young playboy (the stunning Alain Delon) who kills an acquaintance and adopts his identity. Not to be missed. Based on Patricia Highsmith's novel *The Talented Mr. Ripley.* (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

The Rock—A group of mad military types, led by Ed Harris, takes some tourists hostage on Alcatraz Island and points missiles armed with people-melting chemicals at San Francisco. The FBI matches up its young expert in chemical-biological weapons, Nicolas Cage, and a British agent who has been rotting in jail for 30 years, Sean Connery, and sends them to eliminate the renegade military unit and free the hostages. The action sequences are pure fakery, a lot of whirling and thrashing about in semi-darkness. The director, Michael Bay, comes from TV commercials, where spatial logic is no longer important. A commercial conveys an idea or a mood, and the fastest way to do that is to jump from shot to shot. But in action movies, if you merely skip from one violent shot to the next, cutting always on movement, you may keep the audience jazzed but you are robbing it of the basic satisfaction of knowing, say, where two men are in relation to each other as they go at it with guns. Cage and Connery try to give the movie a grounding courage, loyalty, humor, and other humane virtues, but they can't transcend the absurdly violent fascist-adolescent-adventure atmosphere, in which people are chained, melted, crushed, and dropped onto spikes. (Denby; 6/24/96) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2–4; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; Olympia Cinemas; Plaza Twin.*

The Search for One-Eye Jimmy—When a popular Red Hook denizen suddenly disappears, the locals—a near-sighted car thief, a punch-drunk boxer, a dancer obsessed with *Saturday Night Fever,* a psychic, and his mother—join the hunt. With Steve Buscemi, Nick Turturro, John Turturro, Samuel L. Jackson, Anne Meara, and Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini. Written and directed by Sam Henry Kass, former head writer on *Seinfeld.* (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Stealing Beauty—Bernardo Bertolucci's latest film isn't very good, but at least there are some handsome bodies in it, and the shimmering golden heat of Tuscany. At an artist's villa in the hills near Siena, a group of characters found only in mediocre European movies—a sculptor, a dying playwright, an elderly antiques dealer, a declining earth mother or two—gather in various states of semi-nudity and conversational indiscretion and witness an *echt* art-movie spectacle. A beautiful American girl (Liv Tyler) has arrived from the States in order to find her father and also, it seems, to lose her virginity. Neither of these quests is carried out with any great sense of dramatic energy, but the movie is physically pleasing and occasionally very sexy. (Denby; 6/24/96) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Beekman; Lincoln Square.*

Striptease—The highly hyped Demi Moore vehicle wherein she sneeringly portrays a single mom who strips. With Burt Reynolds, Armand Assante, Ving Rhames, and Robert Patrick. Directed by Andrew Bergman, who adapted the screenplay from Carl Hiaasen's novel. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Data

A Comedy of Marriages

A once-wed couple whose mix of mutual loathing and attraction shot off sparks of sexual frisson, who hurled witty and well-shot insults as foreplay, who were so uniquely infuriating that they really entertained the hell out of each other, and us—it was once a whole genre. In screwball comedies like *The Awful Truth, His Girl Friday, My Favorite Wife,* and *The Philadelphia Story* (all of which starred Cary Grant, paired here with Katherine Hepburn in *Story*), divorce, imminent or otherwise, was the most enthralling kind of courtship. Today, however, it's special effects that thrash couples around, rather than the complexities of plain old human emotion.

COUPLE IN TROUBLE	WHAT IT TAKES
Twister's Helen Hunt and Bill Paxton	F-5 tornadoes
Independence Day's Jeff Goldblum and Margaret Colin	Alien invasion and the threat of planetary obliteration.
Mission: Impossible's Jon Voight and Emmanuelle Béart (Béart sleeps with Tom Cruise's spy while husband is playing dead)	Eliminating Cruise when it becomes apparent that he's (improbably) figured out who's spying on whom.
Jurassic Park's Sam Neill and Laura Dern	Genetically reengineered dinosaurs nearly breaking out of a theme park and stampeding North America.
True Lies's Arnold Schwarzenegger and Jamie Lee Curtis	His career as a top-level spy placed in jeopardy when it appears he cannot stop a band of terrorists; her surprising ability to pick up the slack
Die Hard's Bruce Willis and Bonnie Bedelia	Her being held hostage by terrorists who've commandeered a high-rise office complex; his being coincidentally inside.

Photograph by Photofest.

A Thin Line Between Love and Hate—A comedy about a nightclub owner who gets involved with the wrong woman. With Martin Lawrence, who also directed. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

★**The Truth About Cats & Dogs**—When Abby Barnes (Janeane Garofalo), a young veterinarian, is hosting her popular L.A. radio call-in show, she's crisp and authoritative. But for all her genius with animals, she's skittish with men. A handsome young British photographer, Brian (Ben Chaplin), falls in love with her voice and asks for a date, and Abby panics, asking her neighbor, a blonde model (Uma Thurman), to stand in for her. The photographer, easily smitten, falls in love with Abby on the phone and Noelle in the flesh; he thinks they are both the same person, and both women are too involved in the deception to end it. The charm of *The Truth About Cats & Dogs* depends precisely on its slightness and improbability—the sense that the entire concoction might blow away if the photographer actually noticed the most obvious contradictions or asked a single question. Director Michael Lehmann moves along lightly and quickly, but there are no tricks or shortcuts; the movie is carried forward by the performances and by many, many intimate moments. (Denby; 4/29/96) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

★**Twister**—Jo (Helen Hunt) and Bill (Bill Paxton), dauntless scientists of Tornado Alley, drive a truck right into the path of an oncoming tornado, smashing through a field of cornstalks or down a narrow ditch—driving right at the whirling beast while cows, tractors, and tree limbs fly through the air like dragonflies. Behind them follows a ragtag army of university scientists with computers and recording equipment. The supporting crew is waiting for Jo and Bill to send sensor devices up into the tunnel. The sensors, we're told, will transmit information, the computers will sort out the data, and someday meteorologists will understand tornadoes so well they will be able to warn those towns in Oklahoma more than five minutes ahead of time. The movie, of course, is preposterous (the psychological explanation for Jo's fixation—that she watched her father get blown away by a tornado as a child—is particularly movieish and unconvincing), but it is also irresistible. Directed by kinetic whiz Jan De Bont (*Speed*), it is the essence of all the flying-daredevil, test-pilot movies ever made. De Bont creates a sense of the uncanny without relying on monsters or the supernatural. The nature worship is lovely, but there's a bit of melodrama thrown in that weakens it (Bill and Jo lead a bunch of gonzo-hippie graduate students; another storm chaser works for a corporation and is in it for money), and all this disastrously cheapens the man-against-nature theme. Silly as it is, *Twister* joins romance and spectacle, and you may come out of it smiling. (Denby; 5/27/96) (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas.*

Vive L'Amour—The story of three lovelorn urban professionals who separately share an empty apartment in Taipei. Directed by Tsai Ming-Liang. (1 hr. 59 mins; NR) *Quad Cinema; Angelika 57.*

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Todd Solondz's wickedly funny black comedy about one Dawn Weiner, a chubby seventh-grader who makes a series of unfortunate fashion choices and is relentlessly tormented by her classmates, teachers, and parents. Winner of the Grand Jury Prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Manhattan

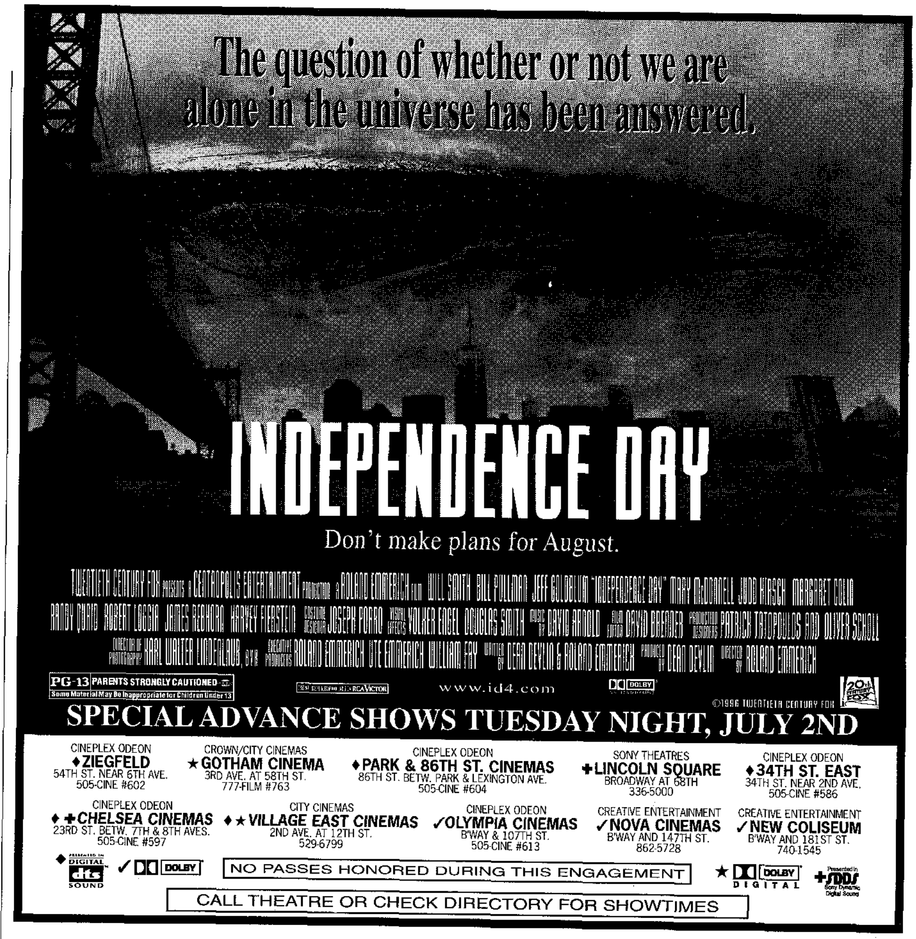
Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *I Shot Andy Warhol; Lone Star; Maybe . . . Maybe Not; Stealing Beauty; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *The Nutty Professor.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *The Search for One-Eye Jimmy.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *A Perfect Candidate; The Umbrellas of Cherbourg.*



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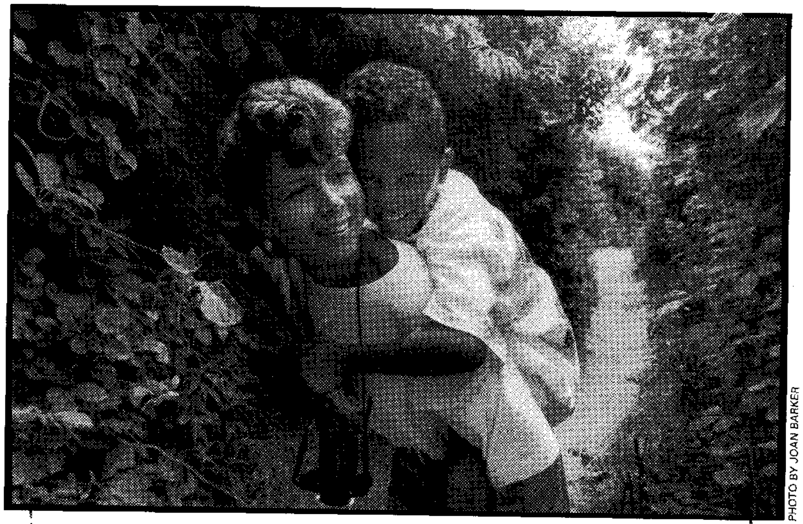

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Through 6/18: *Heavy.*(See also“Museums, Societies, Etc.”)

Lighthouse Cinema—116 Suffolk St. (979-7571) .(See also“Museums, Societies, Etc.”)

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Angels & Insects; Antonia's Line; Fargo; The Postman; The Low Life; Vive L'Amour.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Striptease; The Rock.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day; Phenomenon; Flirting With Disaster; Twister.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Dragonheart; Moll Flanders; The Phantom.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Cold Comfort Farm; Striptease; The Nutty Professor; The Rock; Twister.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Dead Man; Dragonheart; Eddie; Fargo.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Dragonheart.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Mission: Impossible; The Phantom; Twister.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day; Phenomenon.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Eraser; The Rock.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Mighty Aphrodite.*

Opening

Dying to Know

A week before his demise, director and all-around rabble-rouser Pier Paolo Pasolini (above) loudly condemned the Italian government as corrupt, which gave rise to a whole new subset of conspiracy theories. Documentarian Marco Tullio Giordana beats Oliver Stone to the punch with *Who Killed Pasolini?,* which profiles the suspects, including—but not limited to—the mob, the CIA, the cops, and an irate 17-year-old male hustler. Opens July 3 at Film Forum.

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Vive L'Amour.*(See also“Museums, Societies, Etc.”)

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Mission: Impossible.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Nutty Professor.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Postman; Maybe . . . Maybe Not.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Antonia's Line.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Craft; Twister.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Eddie.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Jane Eyre.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Eddie; The Rock.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Hunchback of Notre Dame.* Opening 7/3: *Phenomenon.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Dead Man Walking; Rumble in the Bronx; Toy Story.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *The Nutty Professor.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Purple Noon.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Eraser; The Phantom.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Rock.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *. . . When We Were Colored; City Hall; Executive Decision; Fear; Flipper; The Quest.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Moll Flanders.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Lone Star.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Dragonheart; The Arrival.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *The Rock; Hunchback of Notre Dame.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Stealing Beauty.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Cold Comfort Farm; Dragonheart; Fargo; Moll Flanders; The Phantom; The Truth About Cats & Dogs.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Striptease; The Cable Guy; Twister.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Eraser.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Eraser; Mission: Impossible; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Mission: Impossible.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Flirting With Disaster; The Phantom.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *The Birdcage.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Eraser; Mission: Impossible; The Rock.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Angels & Insects; Flirting With Disaster; Lone Star; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Stealing Beauty; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Phantom; Twister; Welcome to the Dollhouse.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Mission: Impossible; The Phantom.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Nutty Professor.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Mission: Impossible; The Nutty Professor.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Rock; Twister.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Fargo.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Eddie; Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; Striptease; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Interboro—3462 E.Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Hunchback of Notre Dame.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Dragonheart; Eddie; Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Phantom; The Rock.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Dragonheart; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Striptease; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.* Opening 7/3: *Phenomenon.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Dragonheart; Mission: Impossible; Twister.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Striptease; The Rock.* Opening 7/3: *Phenomenon.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Eraser; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy; The Phantom.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Eraser; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Eddie; Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Eraser; Mission: Impossible; Striptease; The Cable Guy.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Eraser; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy; The Rock.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Eraser; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Eraser; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Eraser;*

Photograph courtesy of Milestone Film + Video.

Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Phantom; The Rock; Twister.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; Twister.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Rock; Twister.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Eraser; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.* Opening 7/3: *Phenomenon.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Rock.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Dragonheart; Striptease; The Cable Guy; Twister.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Mission: Impossible; The Nutty Professor; The Phantom; Twister.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Rock.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Eddie; Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Phantom; The Rock.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Moll Flanders; Stealing Beauty.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Dragonheart; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; Moll Flanders; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Phantom.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Eraser; Striptease.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Dragonheart; Eraser; Mission: Impossible; The Nutty Professor; The Phantom; Twister.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *The Nutty Professor; Eraser.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; Stealing Beauty; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Phantom; Twister.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Eddie; Someone Else's America.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *The Nutty Professor.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; The Nutty Professor; The Rock.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Eraser.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Dragonheart; Mission: Impossible; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Phantom.*

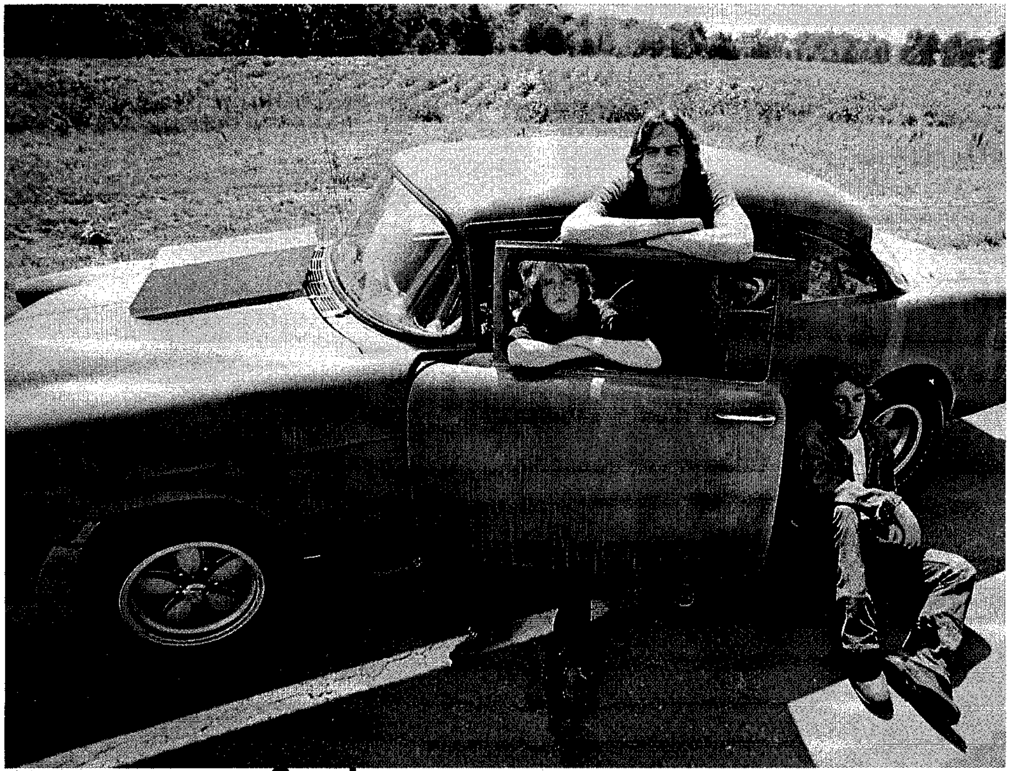
Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Mission: Impossible.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Dragonheart; Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy; The Rock; Twister.* Opening 7/3: *Independence Day; Phenomenon.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; The Cable Guy; The Rock.*



Opening

High Seventies

Monte Hellman's 1971 'Two-Lane Blacktop' (with Laurie Bird, James Taylor, and Dennis Wilson) was intended as a deep exploration of the American psyche, although unlike the kindred 'Easy Rider,' it flopped. It has a one-week run at Cinema Village beginning July 5.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Eraser; Hunchback of Notre Dame; Mission: Impossible; Stealing Beauty; Striptease; The Cable Guy; The Nutty Professor; The Phantom; The Rock; Twister.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—Two IMAX films: *Destiny in Space* and *Titanica.* Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5650); $10 singly; $13 double feature Fri. and Sat. nights.

American Museum of the Moving Image—7/6 and 7/7: "Rock Musicals." *Monterey Pop* (1968) and *Gimme Shelter* (1971). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $7.

Anthology Film Archives—"Italian Summer Film Festival V." 7/5: *Voyage to Italy* (1953). 7/6: *L'Amore* (1948), *Director's Notebook* (1961), and *Europa 51* (1951). 7/7: *The Carriage Trade* (1972) and *The Fiances* (1963). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/1: *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* (1939). 7/8: *The Adventures of Robin Hood* (1938). Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

A Different Light—7/7: *I'm No Angel* (1933). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—Through 7/25: "Out of the Seventies: Hollywood's New Wave, 1969–1975." 7/1: *Klute* (1971) and *The Parallax View* (1974). 7/2: *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia* (1974) and *Electra Glide in Blue* (1973). 7/3 and 7/4: *Medium Cool* (1969) and *The Candidate* (1972). 7/5 and 7/6: *Mean Streets* (1973) and *Superfly* (1972). 7/7: *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* (1971). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film in Void—"Feature Film Wednesdays." 7/3: *Easy Rider.* Drinking and smoking permitted. 16 Mercer St. (941-6492); free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Le Livre, Le Film: French Screen Adaptations." 7/1: *Thérèse Raquin* (1953) and *Boule de Suif* (1945). 7/2: *Gigi* (1948) and *Jules and Jim* (1961). 7/3 and 7/4: *Symphonie Pastorale* (1946) and *The Earrings of Madame De . . .* (1953). 7/5: *Léon Morin, Prêtre* (1961) and *Manon* (1949). 7/7: *Diary of a Country Forest* (1954) and *Forbidden Games* (1952). 7/6 and 7/7: "Movies for Kids." *Hans Christian Andersen* (1952). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.50.

French Institute—7/2: *L'Eternel retour* (1943). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $5.50 seniors.

Lighthouse Cinema—*The Mormon Church Explained.* Beginning 7/5: "The Give Me Liberty Psychedelic Summer Anything Goes Film Fest." 116 Suffolk St., bet. Rivington and Delancey Sts. (979-7571); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 9/12: "Scorsese at the Movies: Selections From the Martin Scorsese Collection." 7/1: *Wild River* (1960) and *The Conversation* (1974). 7/2: *"X"—The Man with X-Ray Eyes* (1963) and *The Killer* (1989). 7/4: *Words and Music* (1948), *Lady in the Dark* (1944), and *Blue Skies* (1946). 7/5: *The Fall of the Roman Empire.* 7/5 and 7/7: *I Walked With a Zombie* (1943) and *The Phantom of the Opera* (1943). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Movie Listings Online

***New York* Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at *go* NYMAG.**

art

William Morris...Ed Ruscha...Sol LeWitt

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Ching Ho Cheng—Torn rag-paper arrangements; through 7/31. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Antonio Frasconi—Recent prints and illustrated books; through 7/31. Dintenfass in association with Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

Pia Stadtbäumer/Eran Schaerf—Figurative sculptures in wax, plaster, felt, and bronze/Site-specific installations. Through 7/23. Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave. (439-8700).

57th Street Area

Joseph Amrhein—Small-scale paintings in which carefully rendered circles have been mapped onto abstract backgrounds; through 7/6. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Douglas Argue—Watercolors and mixed-media works on paper that suggest early scientific illustrations; through 7/19. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Laurent de Brunhoff—Recent abstract watercolors by the author and illustrator of the *Babar* books; through 8/2. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Paul Cadmus/George Platt Lynes—Drawings of the male nude from a series the artist began in 1965/A selection of photographs, including nudes, portraits, and fashion work. Through 7/26. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Richard Crozier—Paintings of the artist's garden in Charlottesville, Virginia; through 7/5. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Jacqueline Donachie—An installation that uses sound as a form of storytelling to evoke memories of past feelings and events; through 7/12. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Diane Kepford—Large-scale paintings of women's faces; through 7/17. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Philip Pearlstein—Portraits executed between 1946 and 1996, including those of the artists Scott Burton, Alex Katz, and Raphael Soyer; through 7/31. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Pablo Picasso—Unique ceramic works from the Jacqueline Picasso collection; through 7/14. Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. (644-4400).

Michael Webb—Drawings and paintings that investigate motion and temporality; through 7/6. Architectural League of New York, 457 Madison Ave. (753-1722).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Roderick Buchanan/Jacqueline Donachie—Recent works by these two Glasgow-based artists; through 7/26. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Dale Chihuly—New glass sculptures from the artist's "Chandeliers" series; through 7/26. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Nora Fisch—Computer-generated images of performance art and the counterculture movement of the sixties output onto canvas and paper; through 7/13. Petronko, 568 Broadway (334-4020).

Shigeko Kubota—Kinetic sculptures, a video "rock garden," and overhead projections; through 8/2. Fung, 140 Sullivan St. (505-3369).

Nicholas Maffei—Recent abstract paintings; through 7/6. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Andrea Morgenstern—Paintings of patterns in nature, such as those of a fish's scales or the bark of certain trees, transposed to landscape compositions; through 7/6. MBM, 580 Broadway (925-4961).

Finn Reinbothe—Installations, photographs, and paintings by a Danish artist; through 7/12. DCA, 420 W. Broadway (334-3331).

Thomas Rose—An installation that incorporates the traditional elements of a garden, among them a gate, a stone, a fountain, a bridge, and a bench; through 7/13. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Edward Ruscha—A survey of the artist's books and book works; through 7/27. Printed Matter, 77 Wooster St. (925-0325).

Nobi Shioya—Sculptures of religious figures submerged in water; through 7/20. 123 Watts, 123 Watts St. (219-1482).

Larry Spaid—Drawings completed in Japan that are the artist's response to the traditional Eastern ornamental, architectural, and utilitarian objects with which he became fascinated; through 7/13. Condeso/Lawler, 524 Broadway (219-1283).

Lee Stoezel/Mark Stone—Recent paintings by both; through 7/27. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Simon Ungers—A site-specific installation; through 7/20. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Peter Waite—Paintings of various kinds of institutions, among them casinos, prisons, corporate boardrooms, and educational facilities; through 7/26. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Max Wigram/Jackie McCallister—An installation of a series of short films titled *It's Okay; I'm Allowed To*, a poster for the films, and a sculpture of a fully functional disc-jockey booth/Recent abstract paintings that use various whiskies for their coloring. Through 7/6. Nordanstad, 289 Hudson St. (627-6628).

Steven Wolf—Paintings that depict a male nude figure in various landscape settings or floating among clouds; through 7/6. Moore, 594 Broadway (343-7016).

Other

Elizabeth Catlett—A survey of the African-American artist's paintings, sculptures, and prints from the past five decades; through 8/15. Caribbean

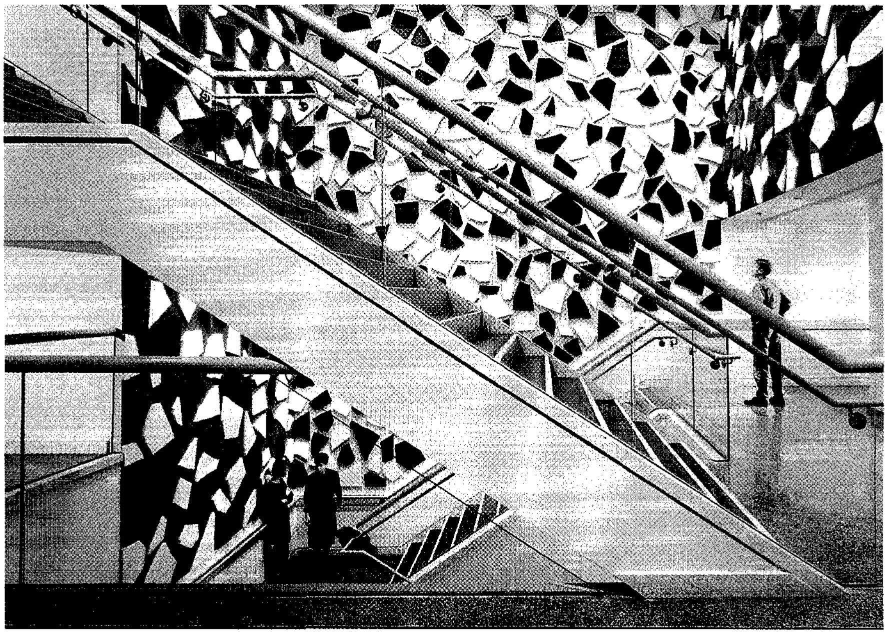
Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Installation

Another Dimension

Minimalist Sol LeWitt moves beyond his trademark line drawings with 'Styrofoam Installation #32.' A gift to the Lighthouse, a leading organization for the blind and visually impaired, the jazzy piece works in three dimensions, ice-floe-like chunks offering tactile pleasure on a visually stimulating background. At the Lighthouse, 111 East 59th Street.



Photograph by Jeff Goldberg/Esto.

Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute, 408 W. 58th St. (307-7420).

Eric Karpeles—The *Sanctuary Project*—an installation of abstract paintings that forms a thirty-by-fifty-foot enclosure intended as a place of contemplation and renewal; through 9/8. Grand Central Terminal, Main Waiting Room, 42nd St. between Vanderbilt Ave. and Lexington Ave. (340-3284), daily 10–7.

Simon Leung—A project titled "Call to Glory . . . or Afternoon Tea With Marcel Duchamp" that proposes the Duchampian legacy as a discourse of ethics and consists of individual works in silkscreen, photography, text, sculpture, and video; through 7/26. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366), Wed.–Sun. 11-6.

Matts Liederstram/Mike Sale—Paintings that transform Poussin-like landscapes into murky nocturnal scenes/A video projection that depicts the artist, who is himself black and gay, watching black-exploitation porno films for pleasure. Through 6/30. White Columns, 154 Christopher St. (924-4212).

Mercedes Matter—Still-life drawings from the past ten years; through 7/13. New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. (673-6466).

Mark Sheinkman/Quisqueya Henríquez and Consuelo Castañeda—Large-scale abstract drawings that employ repetitive mark-making and erasure/An installation by the two Miami-based artists that uses various kinds of white powders and clear liquids to explore perception. Through 7/7. Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753), Wed.–Sun. 11-6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). An invitational show of works by Blosser, Borocz, Gandolf, Green, Steinberg, Woodman, others; through 7/25.

Beacon Hill—980 Madison Ave. (734-3636). "American Painters on the French Scene: 1874–1914," with works by Alexander Harrison, George Inness, Hugh Bolton Jones, Frederick William MacMonnies, Alfred Maurer, Charles Sprague Pearce, others; through 7/12.

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Hare's Fur, Tortoiseshell, and Partridge Feathers: Chinese Brown- and Black-Glazed Ceramics, 400–1400." An exhibition of Chinese black- and brown-glazed pottery organized by the Arthur M. Sackler Museum, Harvard University; through 7/6.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Works in media not commonly associated with a particular artist's *oeuvre*, among them films by Nancy Graves, photographs by David Smith and Richard Pousette-Dart, and an architectural model by Frank Stella; through 9/22.

Murakami—17 E. 71st St. (717-6085). Works on paper, cast-gesso reliefs, plasticine reliefs, and wooden constructions by Lynda Benglis, Louis Lieberman, and Astrid Fitzgerald; through 7/27.

Stone—113 E. 90th St. (988-6870). The gallery's annual summer talent show, with works by more than 25 emerging artists; 6/18–7/26.

57th Street Area

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). Recent ceramic works by Kim Dickey, Matt Nolen, and Chris Staley; through 7/6.

Del Re—41 E. 57th St. (688-1843). Works by Adami, Arman, Indiana, Pousette-Dart, Stella, others; through 8/31.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Paintings of landscapes, interiors, and still life by Anderson, Briggs, Berg, Fields, Kelly, Linehan, Monafo, J. Patterson, W. Patterson, Zigmond, others; through 9/3.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "Peep Show," with works by Gregory Barsanian, Paul Caponigro, Janice Gordon, Holly Lane, Scherer & Ouporov, Idelle Weber; through 8/9.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Paintings and collages from the fifties by Agnes Martin, Alice Trumbull Mason, and Anne Ryan; through 7/12.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Bronwyn Keenan—494 Broadway (431-5083). Recent paintings by Sharon Horvath, Thomas Laduke, and Jeanne Tremel; through 7/26.

Cristinerose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). Recent sculpture by Marina Abramovic, Joan Jonas, and Maura Sheehan; through 7/6.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Sweat," with works on the theme of summer by 31 artists, among them David Byrne, Elliott Green, Kim Jones, and Allison Smith; through 7/13.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Paintings and sculpture by Augustus Goertz, Sarah Leahy, Jim Toia, and Gerald Wolfe; through 7/25.

Hoffman—429 West Broadway (966-6676). Small-scale works by Brady, Buchwald, Eddy, Ferrer, Khalil, MacKenzie, Okulick, Plagens, others; through 7/12.

Kasmin—74 Grand St. (219-3219). Sculpture by Donald Baechler, Kostantin Kakanias, and Nancy Rubins; through 9/21.

Klagsbrun—80 Mercer St. (925-5157). Recent works by Dianna Frid, Amy Steiner, and Patricia Thornley; through 7/26.

Klein—40 Wooster St. (431-1980). "The Facts of Life," with works by Peter Krashes, Glen Rubsamen, and James Stivender; through 7/19.

Luhring Augustine—130 Prince St. (219-9600). "Exposure," with photo-based works by Janine Antoni, Sophie Calle, Larry Clark, Gregory Crewdson, Paul McCarthy, Steve Wolfe, and others; through 8/2.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Abstract works by John Ferren, John Grillo, Anne Lloyd, Paul Shapiro, and others; through 7/9.

Postmasters—80 Greene St. (941-5711). Works by Devon Dikeou, Robert Heckes, and Christian Schumann/A mixed-media installation by Claude Wampler; through 7/13.

Ross—568 Broadway (343-2161). Carved wood sculptures by Azara, Ghiz, Grossman, King, Von Rydingsvard, Whitten, others; through 7/26.

Senior—375 W. Broadway (941-0960). Works by Hermine Ford, Georgia Marsh, and Elyn Zimmerman; through 8/2.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Approaches toward Abstract Expressionism from nine painters and sculptors; through 9/28.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). Recent works by Eric Drooker, Paul Garrin, and David Rokeby; through 8/2.

Weber—142 Greene St. (966-6115). "Photoworks/Artworks," with works by Victor Burgin, Patrick Faigenbaum, Kathy Grove, Louise Lawler, Allan McCollum, John O'Reilly, others; through 8/30.

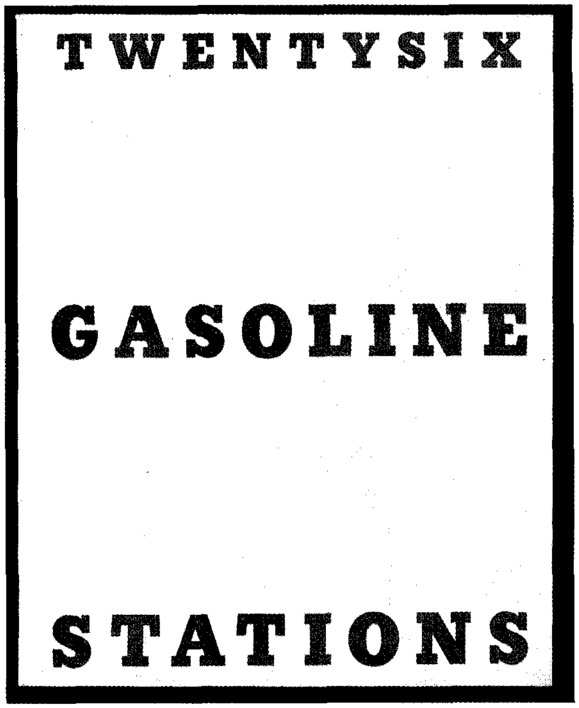
Other

Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West at Hicks St. and Old Fulton St., Brooklyn (206-6674, ext. 251). Creative Time's "Art in the Anchorage '96," with works by Doug Aitken & U-Ziq, Rebecca Bollinger, Jim Campbell, Shirin Neshat, Penelope Umbrico, others; through 8/25.

Sculpture Center at Roosevelt Island—Main St. at Motorgate Parking Garage, Roosevelt Island (832-4540, ext. 359). Recent sculpture by Mary Carlson, Nina Levy, Heidi Schlatter, others; through 11/15.

Socrates Sculpture Park—Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-956-1819), daily until dusk. "Tenth Anniversary Show, Part I" with outdoor sculptures by Colin Chase, Kurt Delbanco, Julie Dermansky, Darrell Petit, Kazumi Tanaka and George Mansfields, and others; through 8/15.

World Financial Center—225 Liberty St. (945-0505), Tues.–Sat. 12–6. "Sacred, Popular, and Contemporary Art From the Northeast of Brazil" features ex-votos from the collection of Janete Costa of Rio de Janeiro and Recife, and contemporary works by Màrcia Abreu, Caetano Dias, Betânia Luna, Eudes Mota, Marçal Thayde, and others; through 7/13.



TWENTYSIX

GASOLINE

STATIONS

On View **Edward Ruscha's books, like his word-based paintings, involve careful documentation of California pop, illuminated "facts" about the Sunset Strip, and parking lots. At Printed Matter, 77 Wooster Street; through July 27.**

Photography

Arsenal—Fifth Ave. at 64th St. (360-8143). Vintage and contemporary photographs from the New York City Parks Photography Archive; through 9/13.

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Third annual summer salon show, featuring works by Evans, Frank, Weegee, and emerging artists Peter Garfield, John Goodman, David Stephenson, others; through 8/10.

Steven Brock—Black-and-white portraits of the people of Pomabamba, a remote Andean village in North-Central Peru; through 8/16. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-0839).

Ellen Brooks—"1975/1995," sculptural and two-dimensional reinventions of adolescents photographed in 1975; through 7/13. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-5480).

Lynn Butler—Photographs of landscapes shot on horseback or from various kinds of moving vehicles; through 7/31. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Carl Chiarenza—Black-and-white abstract photographs taken between 1957 and 1995; through 7/12. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Albert Chong—Photographs by a Jamaican artist whose altarlike still-life compositions and self-portraits of himself engaged in ceremonial acts draw on Obeah, Rastafarianism, Santeria, and other spiritual practices; through 7/20. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Thomas Joshua Cooper—Photographs from the past two decades, including images of the landscape, quarries, and rivers of Great Britain, and more

Jeffrey Goldberg *continued from page 19*

times reached $80,000 a year—Sweeney left fingerprints he will have a hard time wiping away. During his campaign to run the AFL-CIO last year, he was asked at a debate why he "double-dipped," or took salaries from both local and national unions. He gave the only possible answer: "I work for that salary, I work very closely with the officers of that local, and I'm heavily involved in the activities of that local."

One of the activities of the union he personally sanctioned was the intimidation in 1991 of a union dissident, Carlos Guzman, a cleaner at the World Trade Center. Court records show that Sweeney, as a member of the executive board of Bevona's local, approved the hiring of private detectives to stalk Guzman after Guzman had complained about Bevona's salary and lodged allegations that union shop stewards were shaking down members in exchange for jobs. (A union business agent was arrested last fall on shakedown charges.)

Guzman sued the local last year and won a federal court order, little mentioned outside of *The Village Voice*, that enjoined not only Bevona but Sweeney himself from further intimidating Guzman. "Sweeney ratified what they did to me," Guzman contends. "He was intimidating a union dissident. Is that the kind of reform he is talking about?"

Sweeney has so far been the recipient of almost entirely credulous press coverage, portraying him as a latter-day Norma Rae. There have been few mentions of the double-dipping—a practice that is widely regarded among honest trade unionists as egregious—or the squashing of democratic reform within his friend Bevona's local. The harshest criticism, interestingly, has come from a reform group, the Association for Union Democracy.

"The question is, what is Sweeney's relationship to Bevona?" asks Herman Benson, the association's secretary-treasurer. "It's clear now that Sweeney doesn't want that monkey on his back. Bevona is now an embarrassment to him, but Bevona was letting him make his dough for a long time. Sweeney doesn't get very good marks as a crusader." Sweeney may no longer take a salary from Bevona's local, but he remains listed in the local's newspaper advertisements as "executive adviser."

FOR NOW, REPUBLICANS ARE FOCUSING ON the activities of another union, the Laborers' International, and its president, Coia, a reputed associate of both the Patriarca family and the Clinton family. The Patriarcas, now mostly defunct, were once the mob power in New England—Coia's power base is Rhode Island—and the Justice Department believes that Coia and his father, who was also a Laborer leader, were allied with the Patriarcas.

In fact, a 212-

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recent images of native American territories and the rivers of Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico; through 7/19. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Imogen Cunningham—Vintage and early photographs of plants and flowers; 6/28–8/2. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The Insistent Image," with works by Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham, Dorothea Lange, Carleton Watkins, others; "Selections From *Life*," with works by Loomis Dean, Elliott Erwitt, John Loengard, Mark Shaw, others; through 7/26.

Greenberg—120 Wooster St. (334-0010). Photographs of dancers by Lois Greenfield, Gjon Mili, and Barbara Morgan; through 8/2.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Josef Sudek: The Pigment Prints, 1947–1954"; "Highlights From the ICP Permanent Collection"; through 7/7.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6. "In Times of War and Peace: The Photographs of David and Peter Turnley"; through 9/8 . . . "Emerging Photographers #2: Award-Winning Work by New York City Students"; through 9/8.

Gustav Klutsis—Photographs and photomontages of designs for agitational-propaganda posters, plus original posters, poster sketches, and spatial studies; through 8/17. Schickler, 52 E. 76th St. (737-6647).

Nancy Linn—Photographs of families taken while in parenting programs; through 7/5. Roeder, 545 Broadway (925-6098).

Marlborough—40 W. 57th St. (541-4900). An exhibition of photogravures dating from 1903 to the present, ranging from examples from *Camera Work*, the illustrated periodical published and edited by Alfred Stieglitz to contemporary projects by Robert Rauschenberg and Roy DeCarava; through 7/26.

Frederic Ohringer—Photographs of flowers, nudes, and landscapes; through 7/12. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Sebastiano Piras—Portraits of artists from his new book, *Artists Exposed*; through 7/14. Space Untitled, 133 Greene St. (245-2888).

Ricco/Maresca—152 Wooster St. (780-0076). Works by Robert Frank, Robert Mapplethorpe, Sally Mann, and other photographers and scientists chronicling attitudes toward delirium over the last two centuries; through 8/15.

Bob Richardson—"Beyond Cool," recent photographs from this sixties fashion photographer; through 7/6. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (960-6223).

John Patrick Salisbury—Black-and-white portraits of the artist's cousins; through 7/3. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Seagram—375 Park Ave. (572-7379). California photography from the seventies; through 8/16.

World Financial Center —200 Liberty St. (945-2600). "Sacred Lands of the Southwest," an installation of Harvey Lloyd's aerial photographs of national parks, monuments, pueblos, and Anasazi ruins on the Colorado plateau; through 9/6.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Breaking Barriers: Recent American Craft." Works by Wendell Castle, Dale Chihuly, Viola Frey, Michael Lucero, Albert Paley, Joyce Scott, and other contemporary craft artists; through 10/13. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Scientists and Journalists—One Story, Two Voices: A Century of Science Reporting in The New York Times"; through 9/29. . . . "Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. . . . "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $7 suggested contribution, $5 students and seniors, $4 children.

Asia Society—"Worlds Within Worlds: The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars' Rocks"; through 8/18. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.–Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. 6–8 free), Sun. 12–5; $3; $1 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Josef Frank, Architect and Designer: An Alternative Vision of the Modern Home." Architectural drawings, models, drawings for applied arts, furniture, textiles, and other works by the Viennese designer and architect; through 7/21. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. until 8:30).

Bronx Museum of the Arts—1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2 students, $1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 8/11. . . . "Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. . . . "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"On the Prowl: Hunters and the Hunted" with hunting images in paintings and sculptures by Antoine-Louis Barye, Jean-Lèon Gèrôme, Constant Troyon, and others; through 10/5. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-visions of El Barrio." A selection of photographs and drawings made by East Harlem youths during a ten-week class held by El Museo del Barrio and the International Center of Photography; through 8/18. . . . "Working Shoes: A Site-Specific Installation by Ana Busto"; through 9/15. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Soane: Connoisseur & Collector." A selection of architectural drawings from the collection of works housed in Sir John Soane's Museum in London; through 7/7. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Meret Oppenheim: Beyond the Teacup." The first retrospective of the Swiss artist's work in the United States, spanning the early thirties to the early eighties; through 10/9. . . . "Africa: The Art of a Continent." The first major survey of the artistic traditions of the entire African continent; through 9/29. . . . "In/sight: African Photographers, 1940 to the Present"; through 9/22. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Mediascape." Multimedia and interactive art by ten artists, among them Marie-Jo Lafontaine, Bruce Nauman, Nam June Paik, and Bill Viola; through 9/15. 575 Broadway (423-3500), Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—More than 250 works by the sculptor (1904–1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-721-1932); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 11–6 (on Sat. and Sun., the museum operates a shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from 70th St. and Park Ave. beginning at 11:30 a.m. and making hourly trips on the half hour; round-trip fare is $5); $4, $2 seniors and children.

Jewish Museum—"Marc Chagall 1907–1917." An overview of the artist's early career, including paintings, gouaches, and drawings; through 8/4. . . . "Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities"; through 7/14. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Winslow Homer." The first comprehensive of the American painter's work in more than 20 years, featuring approximately 180 paintings, watercolors, and drawings from all periods of his career; through 9/22. . . . "American Printmaking 1880–1900: Winslow Homer and His Contemporaries"; through 9/22. . . . "Toulouse Lautrec." Lithographs, related paintings, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 9/15. . . . "Ancient Art From the Shumei Family Collection"; through 9/1. . . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid *trompe-l'oeil* panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. . . . "Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York"; through 7/28. . . . "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity"; through 8/18. . . . "Art of the Deccani Sultans"; through 8/25. . . . "Studio Glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Art"; through 10/6. . . . "American Painting: 1930–1940, Selections From the Collection"; through 9/8. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"An American Treasury: Quilts From the Museum of American Folk Art"; through 9/8. . . . "The Art of the Contemporary Doll"; through 9/8. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation." The first comprehensive survey of the artist's portrait work, beginning with the early studies from his years in Barcelona, then moving through his life via intimate portrayals of his family, lovers, and friends; through 9/17. . . . "Pictures of the *Times*: A Century of Photography From the New York *Times*"; through 10/8. . . . "From Bauhaus to Pop: Masterworks Given by Philip Johnson"; through 9/3. . . . "Refining the Sports Car: Jaguar's E-Type"; through 8/20. . . . "Thinking Print: Books to Billboards, 1980–95"; through 9/10. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed.; $8, $5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish). Note: Admission to "Picasso and Portraiture" is by timed-entry tickets, available in the museum's lobby or by calling Ticketmaster at (212) 307-4545, for $12.50 (adults), $9 (seniors and students), and $4 (children 6 to 15).

Museum of the City of New York—"Revisiting the Scene: New Evidence, New Discoveries." Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings of scenes of New York from the museum's collection; through 1/12/97. . . . "Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"171st Annual Exhibition"; through 9/1. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, One Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12–8 (6–8 free), Sun. 12–6; $4, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Headlines, Deadlines, Bylines: The New York *Times* Morgue 1896–1996"; through 10/19. . . . "The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters"; through 7/31. . . . "The Global Library http://www.nypl.org." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a 5,000-year history of communications; through 8/17. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Becoming Eleanor Roosevelt: The New York Years, 1884–1933"; through 11/24. . . . "Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897–1917"; through 8/4. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $3, $1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Documenting the Times: Adolph S. Ochs and the Early Years of the New York *Times*"; through 9/15. . . . "Being William Morris: A Centenary Exhibition"; through 9/1. . . . "Through British Eyes: Images of Bermuda, 1815–1860." An exhibition of early-nineteenth-century drawings, watercolors, and prints of Bermuda that was organized by the Bermuda National Gallery and the Bermuda Government Archives; through 8/18. . . . "Pre-Raphaelite Drawings: The Art of the Book and Beyond"; through 9/1. . . . "Morris's Medieval Manuscripts"; through 9/1. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

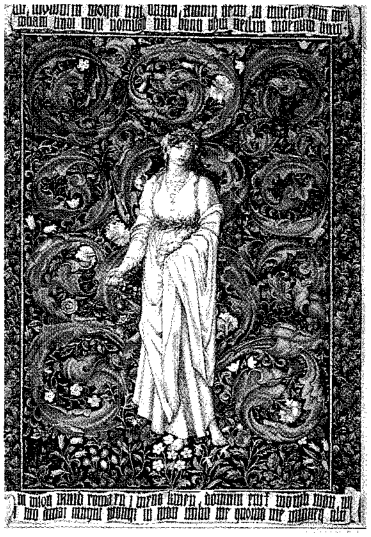
Queens Museum of Art—"Dennis Adams: Ederle." A site-specific installation based on the Gertrude Ederle Amphitheater, a 1939–40 World's fair ruin located in Flushing Meadows Corona Park; through 7/7. . . . "Larry Sultan: Pictures From Home." A series of 202 photographs that traces the entire adult lifetime of the photographer's parents; through 7/7. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Shigeko Kubota." An installation of the artist's video sculptures; through 8/25. . . . "NYNY: City of Ambition." Paintings, photographs, films, architectural models, and period clothing produced in New York City between the turn of the century and 1960; 7/3–10/27. . . . "An American Story." Works from the museum's permanent collection; through 10/6. . . . "Perpetual Image: Photographic Narratives of the Desert West"; through 9/22. . . . "Collection in Context—Paul Cadmus: The Sailor Trilogy." The artist's paintings of carousing sailors on shore leave in Riverside Park in the early thirties; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

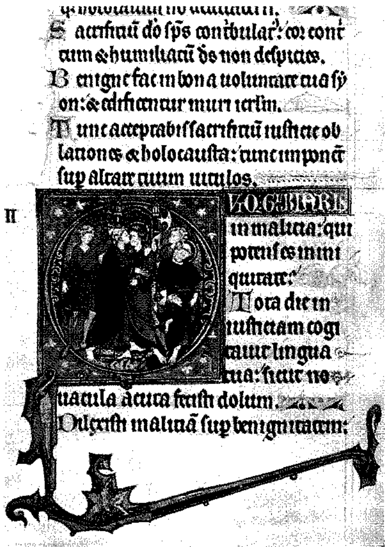
Retrospective

Eminent Victorian



William Morris (1834–96) was certainly a man of parts. Witness the exhibition "Being William Morris," at that oasis of literary and pictorial civility the Pierpont Morgan Library through September 1. The exhaustive show first places Morris among the eminent Victorians of the Pre-Raphaelite movement—poets and painters like Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Edward Burne-Jones, all earnestly seeking to return truth to beauty, to rescue art from the artifice they thought the Renaissance had introduced.

Morris is then revealed plying the trades he was best at: book production inspired by the elegantly lettered, sumptuously illustrated medieval volumes he collected, and decorative art for the home in the form of fabrics and wall coverings where elaborately wrought flora and fauna intertwine in a paradise of well-ordered plenty. The energetic, idealistic man's less successful endeavors are documented too, among them an ardent Socialism somewhat impaired by the fact that "he was always stunned by the smell of the poor."



Intentionally or not, "Being William Morris" raises a question to which the answer appears both mysterious and melancholy. What was it like to be *Mrs.* William Morris? The lady, née Jane Burden, a stableman's daughter "discovered" by Morris and Rossetti, figures in their group's art as a model of Pre-Raphaelite femininity—a strong-boned face brooding under a heavy cloud of hair. In more candid photographs, however, "Janey" is the sulking image of repressed rage. We can only hope she found some consolation in her affair with Rossetti (or was that just one more duty for the muse?). Sadly, the art she served indirectly seems, for the most part, naïve and second-rate. **Tobi Tobias**

Photograph courtesy of the Pierpont Morgan Library.

theater

Samm-Art Williams...Classical Gas

Broadway

Previews and Openings

A Thousand Clowns—Well before sixties counterculture developed its full head of steam, playwright Herb Gardner was already providing Broadway with characters who marched to a different drummer. Judd Hirsch stars in this revival of his 1962 play about a refugee from the Manhattan rat race. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2. *Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. $22.50–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a 12-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. $42.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—Miss it at the Public a few months ago? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. $20–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $47.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.*

A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee's 1966 Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/21. *Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara (*Another World*) as bad boy Danny Zuko, Debby Boone as Rizzo, and Chubby Checker (no identification necessary) as Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Henry V—Free, with a limit of two tickets per applicant. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Tickets may be picked up on the day of performance, starting at 1 P.M. at the *Delacorte Theater in Central Park*, and between 1 and 3 P.M. at the *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St.*; the closest entrances and footpaths leading directly to the Delacorte are at *81st St. and Central Park West* and at *79th St. and Fifth Ave.* Through 7/14. *Delacorte Theater, Central Park (539-8750).*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. With Matthew Broderick in the starring role in which he opened the production last spring, now opposite his real-life girlfriend Sarah Jessica Parker as the girls-just-wanna-get-married secretary Rosemary. $25–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/14. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

An Ideal Husband—Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of Oscar Wilde's 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception. $30–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the current Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning 6/10: Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. $37.50–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. $32.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.

Onstage
Muse of Fire

Once more unto the breach, dear friends! *Henry V*, starring André Braugher (of TV's *Homicide*) as Shakespeare's noblest monarch—a role that's made stars of actors ranging from Laurence Olivier to Kenneth Branagh—is currently kicking off the forty-first season of Shakespeare in the Park at the Delacorte. Through July 14.

Photograph by Michal Daniel.

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67. 50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100).*

Seven Guitars—"Things as they are / Are changed upon the blue guitar," wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist's premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. (For the period surrounding the July 4 holiday, the normal playing schedule is modified as follows: There's an added performance 7/1 at 8, no show on 7/4.) Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. (For the period surrounding the July 4 holiday, the normal playing schedule is modified as follows: there's an added performance 7/1 at 8, no show on 7/4.) $35–$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

State Fair—A new (and first-time-ever) stage adaptation of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II's 1945 musical film about corn-fed Midwesterners at the Iowa state fair. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her trueness heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) $25–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Aliens in America—You think *your* parents didn't understand you? Check out Los Angeles writer and performer Sandra Tsing Loh's chronicle of growing up in Southern California in the context of a family background composed of equal parts of Chinese and German cultural influences. Chopsticks with that sauerbraten, anyone? $32.50–$37.50. Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sun. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/18 opening. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway (873-6103).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $35–$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Boys in the Band—So what if it has a cast of characters—The Brave One, The Scared One, The Troubled One, etc.—seemingly lifted from a forties bomber movie? One excuses such roughnesses in the case of genuine thematic innovation, and Mart Crowley's groundbreaking 1968 script—the one that introduced gay culture, anxieties, and mating rites to mainstream theatrical audiences—is one of the few plays of the past 30 years unquestionably entitled to that distinction. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. Through 7/28. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfitt and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy is directed by Eleanor Reissa. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Curtains—Stephen Bill's award-winning drama about euthanasia and the moral issues thereof. $45. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway*, has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. $35–$40. (A special price of $17.76—get it?—is offered this week for performances 7/2–7/5. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Grace and Glorie—Tom Ziegler's Broadway-debut play is the story of a tough-minded mountain woman (Estelle Parsons) and the Manhattan careerist (Lucie Arnaz) determined to save her, willing or otherwise, from the ravages of real estate development and its attendant sadnesses. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theatre at the Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. (719-9393).*

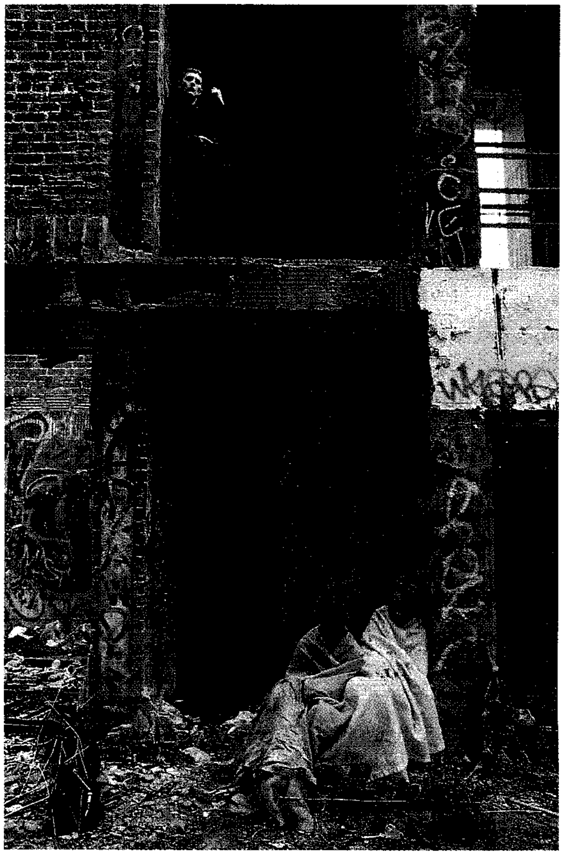
Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.–Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandam), 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Heavenly Days—The Greek myth of Amphitryon has been retold so many times that Andre Gide gave up on the renaming process and simply appended a number in the high thirties to *his* version. John Glines's updated restyling of this classic text looks at it from a modern gay perspective—not so far from the original as you might at first think, actually. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sun. at

Onstage

Outdoor Drama

'The Trojan Women A Love Story,' an update of Euripides' bitterest war play, is performed in the ruins of the East River Park Amphitheatre near FDR Drive and Grand Street—a neat New York twist on Peter Brook's European gambit of staging the masterpieces of Western drama at sites offering a postmodern whiff of decayed classicism. See listings for details.



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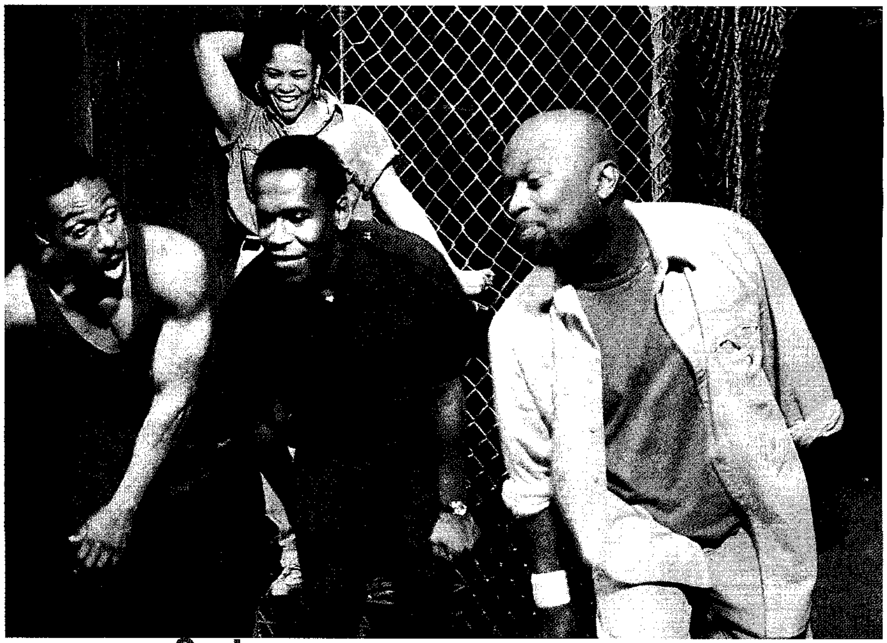


Onstage

The Fire Next Time

Playwright and Negro Ensemble Company alumnus Samm-Art Williams (*A Love Play, Welcome to Black River*) has been working in television for the past several years; he's currently returning to live theater with *In My Father's House*, a new stage piece that looks at a black Los Angeles police officer and his family in the aftermath of the Rodney King verdict. At Brooklyn's Billie Holiday Theatre.

10. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. south of Christopher (924-1198).*

Jasper in Gramercy Park—An elderly couple find themselves mysteriously sustained through the trials of "various and multiple lifetimes" by the presence of a large bossy dog (and hey, we're here to tell you it *does* happen) in Mary Mitchell's new play. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (598-2385).*

Making Porn—Ronnie Larsen's play about life in the gay-porn industry. With Rex Chandler; directed by Mr. Larsen. $25 Tues.–Thurs., $30 Fri.–Sun. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri.–Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Pick Up Ax—A comedy about the growing pains of the personal-computer industry. $20; Thursdays, pay what you can. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/13. *29th Street Rep., 212 W. 29th St. (465-0575).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $29.50–$42.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

Take It Easy—A new musical that pays affectionate *hommage* to Hollywood's version of forties wartime romance. $27.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 7/31. *Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (279-4200).

The Trojan Women A Love Story—$25. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Through 7/14. *East River Park Ampitheatre, FDR Drive at Grand St. (279-6400).*

Off-Off Broadway

Beyond Therapy—Christopher Durang's comedy about a pair of New Yorkers whose earnest efforts at romance run into the brick wall of their respective, and less-than-encouraging, psychoanalysts. $12, plus two-drink minimum. Fri. and Sat. at 8. Through 8/24. *Trocadero Cabaret, 368 Bleecker St. at Charles (330-7607).*

Bipolar Expeditions —An evening of two one-act plays, *The Man With David's Face* and *A Month of Sundaes,* by Susannah Nolan and Robert Remington Wood. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/20. *Synchronicity Space, 55 Mercer St. (343-1181).*

Bride Stripped Bare—$10. 7/4–7, 7/10–12. *Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway bet. Broome and Grand (334-9594).*

Charlie!—$12. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *HERE Performance Space, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Godspell—Steven Schwartz's musical-comedy retelling of the Gospel of St. Matthew. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Through 9/1. *Oasis Theatre, 230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

In My Father's House—$10–17. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 4. Through 7/28. *Billie Holiday Theatre, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-0918/9).*

Macbeth—$10. Fri.–Mon. at 8. Through 7/15. *Tribeca Lab, 79 Leonard St. bet. Broadway and Church (966-9371).*

The Misanthrope—The comedy by Molière. $12. Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8. Through 7/6. *Playquest Theatre, 4 E. 28th St. (779-0170).*

Once Upon a Time in the Bronx—$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Fool's Space, 311 W. 43rd St., Eighth Floor (260-0483).*

Piece of Cake—$10, plus two-drink minimum. Thurs. at 10, Sat. at 8. Through 7/27. *Rose's Turn, 55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

Tell Me What You Want—$15/TDF. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 7/23. *Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave. (206-1764).*

Photograph by Leroy Henderson.

in concert

Organists Unite...Taylor 2...Goldman Memorial Band

Classical Music

Monday, July 1

New York Pops—Directed by Skitch Henderson. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, at 8; free.*

Tuesday, July 2

Black Tie—Adelberto Santiago y Orquesta perform Latin selections. *Hudson River Park, Battery Park City (416-5354), at 6; free.*

New York Choral Society Summer Sings—Participatory choral reading of Berlioz's *Requiem*; David Randolph, guest conductor. *CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8.*

Washington Square Music Festival—Works by Beethoven, Brahms, and Britten with clarinetist Steven Hartman and flutist Timothy Malosh, among others. *Washington Square Park, southeast quadrant (431-1088), at 8; free.*

The National Chorale—Performs a program entitled "S'Wonderful, S'Gershwin." *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, at 8; free.*

Thursday, July 4

Bronx Arts Ensemble—A salute to George M. Cohan, featuring jazz and Dixieland favorites by Cohan, Ellington, and Miles Davis. *Woodlawn Cemetery, Jerome Ave. Gate at Bainbridge Ave., Bronx (718-601-7399), at 2; free.*

Bargemusic—Works by Copland, Gershwin, and Dvořák performed by pianist Rita Sloan, violinist Mark Peskanov, violist Yuri Vodovoz, and cellist Fred Sherry. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Friday, July 5

Candido & the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra—The Cuban percussion master joins the BPO in a tribute to mentor Chano Pozo; David Amram, conductor. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn (718-855-7882), at 7; free.*

Bargemusic—Works by Haydn, Mozart, and Fauré performed by violinists Colin Jacobsen and Mark Peskanov, violists Leo Suzuki and Yuri Vodovoz, and cellist Edward Arron. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Goldman Memorial Band—Performs an American salute featuring works by Bennett, Sousa, and Gershwin. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (886-9887), at 7:30; free.*

Summergarden—The first of the summerlong series entitled "Paris: New Music 1896–1996" features chamber music by Michael Levinas, Karen Tanka, and Arthur Honegger. *Museum of Modern Art, Sculpture Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9491), garden opens at 6, concert at 8:30; free.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Saturday, July 6

Summergarden—See 7/5.

Eddie Palmierri Octet/Papo Vazquez Latin Jazz Band—The Afro-Latin avant garde meets Puerto Rican salsa under the stars. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn (718-855-7882), at 7; free.*

Sunday, July 7

American Guild of Organists—Jon Gillocks performs Messiaen's *Livre du Saint Sacrement. St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. (875-5000), at 3; $10.*

Bargemusic—See 7/4, at 4.

Goldman Memorial Band—Performs "A Night in Vienna," featuring works by Schubert, Richard Strauss, and Léhar. *Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center (886-9887), at 7:30; free.*

Monday, July 8

American Guild of Organists—Nightly choral evensong 7/8–7/11 performed by organists Judith Hancock and Patrick Allen, including works by Rorem, Gibbons, and Byrd. *St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. (875-5000), at 5:30; $10.*

American Guild of Organists—Nightly performances 7/8–7/11 of works by Samuel Adler, Johann Kittel, and Jan Koetsier by organist Michael Farris and English hornist Thomas Stacy. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5000), at 5:30; $10.*

American Guild of Organists—Gregory D'Agostino performs the New York premiere of Milton Babbitt's *Manifold Music. Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (875-5000), at 9:30; $10.*

Opera

New York Grand Opera—Maestro Vincent La Selva conducts the eighth performance of his seven-year Verdi marathon, with *Alzira* on 7/10. A concurrent exhibition at the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center displays memorabilia related to this year's four operas, including librettos, scores, and playbills from previous performances. *Rumsey Field, Central Park, 72nd St. off Fifth Ave. (245-8837); free.*

Dance

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with performances of its oldest work, *Pilobolus*, and its newest, *Aeros*. 7/2–7/6 and 7/8 at 8, 7/4 and 7/6 at 2. Through July 20. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Paris Opéra Ballet—Last performances in the ballet's first visit to the U.S. in eight years. Nureyev's *La Bayadère*, 7/3 at 2 and 8. Preljocaj's *Le Parc*, 7/1, and 7/2 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $15–$80.*

Taylor 2—A benefit performance by Paul Taylor's two-year-old second company for the High School of Performing Arts Dance Department. The program includes *Aureole* and *3 Epitaphs*. 7/2 at 7:30. *La Guardia Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. and 65th St. (741-8185); $10.*

Talent Twist Again

Tune out the Olympic hype for a moment and consider the acrobatic, athletic, and balletic feats of Pilobolus Dance Theatre. The group, which made its debut 25 years ago in a New Hampshire cow pasture, performs at the Joyce Theater June 25 through July 20. And it's bringing something new—'Aeros,' described as a folktale via outer space.

Photograph by Howard Shatz.

nightlife

Porno for Pyros...Midsummer Night Swing

Talent

Worldwide Funk

Downtown's dynamic art-funkers Cibo Matto play a Central Park lovefest with their hero Yoko Ono. The Japanese New Yorkers rock SummerStage on July 6—joined by noted Japanophile John Zorn.

Concerts

The Cure—In his smeared lipstick, white foundation, and teased black coiffure, Cure howler Robert Smith never even approached the *suavité* shown by Morrissey, his chief rival for the British throne of mope-rock. Instead he went right for the heartstrings: posing a little-boy cry to Morrissey's phlegmatic croon and writing tales of romantic disappointments and swooning desperation without a whit of the Smiths singer's campy distance. Buoyed by the Cure's dreamy, goth-tinged synth-pop, Smith was a classic *Top of the Pops* wallower and on *Wild Mood Swings,* their first studio album in four years, he and his mates stick to the tried-and-true. While there's no gainsaying the hilarity of a married, 37-year-old house-husband groveling in eyeliner and amour fou, the religious fervor remains, as do, no doubt, the Cure's legions of hollow-cheeked fans. 7/8 at 8 P.M. *Continental Airlines Arena, East Rutherford, N.J.* 7/9 at 8 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum. (307-7171).*

The Music of Ella Fitzgerald—The recently departed queen of scat gets her due from well-wishers and old friends, including Karrin Allyson, Ernestine Anderson, Ray Brown, Ruth Brown, Ann Hampton Calloway, Harry "Sweets" Edison, Lionel Hampton, Shirley Horn, and Clark Terry. 7/9–7/10 at 7:30 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 57th St. between Sixth and Seventh Aves. (247-7800). $18–$70.*

Marley Magic—The First Lady of reggae, Rita Marley, leads her whole clan: Ziggy and the Melody Makers, Julian, Damon, Junior Gong, and Yvad. 7/7 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

Parliament Funkadelic—There's something slightly fulsome about the title of George Clinton's latest outing, *The Awesome Power of a Fully Operational Mothership.* No one who provided the sonic foundation for half the rap currently filling the airwaves need stress the point. And—though crew members Bootsy Collins and Bernie Worrell are present—the Mothership is really only mostly operational here, jamming ably but with none of the roof-shaking anthems or side-long boogiefests of vinyl yore. That said, no one jams live like P-Funk on a good day, and weather and crowds permitting, this Independence Day looks to be one of the funkiest in years. They touch down on 7/4 at 6 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. (307-7171). $25.*

The Band—With the James Cotton Blues Band, and Screaming Headless Torsos. 7/4 at 4 P.M. *Alliance for Downtown New York, Broad and Pearl Sts. Free.*

Candido and the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra—Cuban percussion master Candido leads a tribute to legend Chano Pazo. 7/5 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn. Free.*

"Classic and Cool on the Hudson"—A summerlong series of concerts showcasing talent from around the globe. Dancing is encouraged. 7/10: The all-female Kit McClure Big Band. Shows at 7 P.M. *World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Free.*

Yoko Ono; Cibo Matto; John Zorn's Masada—7/6 at 3 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

Eddie Palmieri Octet—One of the few mambo masters still available. 7/6 at 7 P.M. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Brooklyn. Free.*

E. Annie Proulx—7/8 at 8:30 P.M. *SummerStage, Central Park at 72nd St. Free.*

Marc Ribot—The post-jazz electric-guitar star, a fave sideman to the likes of Elvis Costello and Tom Waits, plays the weekly "Rooftop Concerts at Twilight" series on 7/3. Show at 6 P.M. *YWCA, 53rd St. at Lexington Ave. (735-9781). $8.*

Sting—Sitting in his sixteenth-century Wiltshire abode, plucking Bach lute suites, Sting is perhaps a bit removed from the concerns of the average working stiff. Once an angel-headed hipster of New Wave, the ex–Police man has become a gentleman farmer of pop tropes—hiring jazzbos and L.A. session musicians, referencing Freud and Jobim, writing tunes in 9/8 time. And while the end product inspires grudging admiration for craftsmanship, it tends to leave the soul pretty much unmolested. Still, he'll doubtless enjoy support from Police fans and liberal-arts students everywhere. 7/6–7/7 at 8 P.M. *Jones Beach, Wantagh, L.I. (307–7171). $37.*

What Is Jazz? Festival—Organized by the Knitting Factory, this eighth installment of the festival runs through 7/1 at various venues around the city. See Jazz section for performances.

Clubland

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/1: Ed Palermo's Big Band plays the music of Frank Zappa. 7/5: Buster Poindexter and His Banshees of Blue. 7/6: Jon Lucien. 7/11: Capercaille. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 7/2: Coyote Shivers. 7/5: Pezfarm; Loaded; Eva Haze; Fully; Ether. 7/6: Fur. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. *(315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 7/3: Lightning Red and Thunder Blues. 7/4: S'Killet. 7/5–7/6: A.C. Reed. 7/7: Open Blues Jam. 7/8: Bluefire. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills a plenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. Every other Saturday night belongs to their famed trash-rock party, "Green Door NYC." Wednesdays it's "Fragglerock." 7/2: Barkmarket; Grotus; Halcion. 7/3: Flying Neutrinos. 7/6: Bile; Virus 23. *15 St. Marks Pl. (475-9726).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the houset. 7/1: Madeleine Peyroux with Marc Ribot. 7/2: Rufus Wainwright; Professor and Maryann. 7/3: You and What Army; Juicy; Daniel Harnett Trio; The Audreys. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—Recently relieved of his Lollapalooza obligations, the always enterprising Perry Farrell hauls out his Porno for Pyros in support of the recently released *Good God's Urge.* Fans expecting to hear the likes of 1993's underground hit "Pets" may be surprised by the ethereal, Latin-inflected "100 Ways" or the folky "Porpoise Head." However, those nostalgic for the good old days may be placated with possible guest appearances by Minutemen-fIREHOSE alumnus Mike Watt and ex–Jane's Addiction guitar wizard–cum–Chili Pepper Dave Navarro, both of whom appear on the album. They play 7/10 with this year's most pleasant surprise, Japanese hip-hop wunderkinder Cibo Matto. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music—and, this week, mission control to the What Is Jazz? Festival—with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars and some of the biggest

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Jill Greenberg.

names in now music. 7/1: David Murray Big Band; David Murray Octet; David Murray Duo, with pianist Dave Burrell. 7/2: "Urban Tap: A Night of Freestyle Tap Dance and Percussion." 7/4: Elliot Sharp/Gigantor; Dub-Out. 7/6: Doran, Studer, Minton, and Ali play the music of Jimi Hendrix. 7/7: Sons of Bitches; Cocktaillica; Living Daylights. 7/8: David Murray Big Band. 7/10: Jaron Lanier. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Louisiana Bar and Grill—Groovin' like Chuck Berry, lookin' like Samuel Beckett, rockabilly legend Ronnie Dawson—a.k.a. "the Blond Bomber"—is still plenty action-packed at 57, perhaps more than ever. His latest record, *Just Rockin' & Rollin',* is a raw, supercharged ride through classic fifties terrain, and his live shows remain dangerously unreserved affairs. He turns this into the sweatiest honky-tonk this side of Austin, playing 7/4. *622 Broadway, near Houston. (460-9633).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for Ladies Night. 7/1: Black Cat Bone. 7/2: Stan and Adam. 7/3: Little Buster and the Soul Brothers. 7/4: Big Ed and the Sidepockets. 7/9: New Orleans Klezmer All-Stars. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUE).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 7/5: Jenny Toomey and Jeff Farina. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—The West Coast songwriter sensation Peter Droge, he of the delightful tune "If You Don't Love Me (I'll Kill Myself)," brings out his new band the Sinners, playing songs from their record *Find a Door.* They play 7/8 with Kristin Barry. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-hop-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. *519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 7/9: Minneapolis's country-minded up-and-comers the Carpetbaggers. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 7/1: Antihootenany with Lach. *94 Ave. A. (473-7373).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 7/1: Adelo Dalto and Chico O'Farill. 7/3: Dancehall-reggae enigma Yelloman. 7/5: Haitian megagroup Boukman Eksperyand; Papa Jube. 7/8: Ray Sepulveda with Adalberto Santiago. Every Saturday is "African Night in New York." Shows nightly. *204 Varick St. (243-4940)*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Friday and Saturday nights, the fourteen-piece Stan Rubin Orchestra plays classics from the swing era for, as they say, your dancing enjoyment. Rubin's songbook is 1,000 arrangements strong, many of them transcribed from thirties and forties records. 7/5–7/6: Joe Bushkin and the Supper Club All-Stars featuring Milt Hinton. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—Plug-faced rapper KRS-One, of the Bronx's semilegendary Boogie Down Productions, is rap's sole M.C. to have recorded a live album—1991's Live Hardcore Worldwide—which, given the state of most live rap shows, isn't quite the claim it might be. Still, KRS-One is nothing if not a seasoned pro and, along with offering illuminating street reportage, he's sure to get a joint this size rocking plenty hard. He begins laying tracks for his second live album here on 7/6, with hardcore female MC Bahamadia and Primordial Source. 6/9: Squirrel Nut Zippers. 7/12–7/13: Old-school funk from somewhat diminished seventies giants Kool and the Gang and the Gap Band. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Jazz

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and, as its empire expands (soon to take Korea with Blue Note Seoul), charges accordingly. Through 6/30: Lionel Hampton and the Golden Men of Jazz. 7/2–7/7: Stanley Jordan Solo Guitar; Bill Evans and Push. 7/9–7/14: An evening with jazz-rock trumpet master and seventies soundtrack staple Chuck Mangione. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's

Scene

Let's Get Fragged

As befits its Muppet-referencing (and non-Henson-approved) title, FraggleRock packs plenty of entertainment value into its Wednesday-night time slot: a female Elvis essaying "Smokin' in the Boys' Room," moshing transvestites, and a very un-buttoned-down Kelsey Grammer rocking out to the all-girl house band—such is the spectacle of the East Village's premier rock-and-roll gay night. The weekly "queercore" showcase occurs at the otherwise heterocentric punk-rock hut Coney Island High, and its aura of wholesome mania draws such scenesters as Deborah Harry, Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon and Thurston Moore, the Beastie Boys, and the curiously regular Grammer—probably the most famous groupie of the FraggleRock house band (whose personnel has included members of Luscious Jackson and Stomp). The oddly far-flung coterie provides a too-rare example of a club that manages to unite the city's separatist gay and lesbian communities—albeit mainly the tattooed and body-pierced contingents—as well as a small faction of plugged-in straights. Copromoter Brooke Webster, who also runs the lesbian rock-and-roll club Meow Mix, credits a welcoming attitude—"We were originally going to call the night Genderfuck, but thought better of it since we wanted to have all-ages shows"—as well as the efforts of her partner Michael Schmidt, who created "an awesomely sexy environment," complete with half-naked go-go dancers of both sexes, pornographic slide shows, and downstairs make-out rooms. One final crowd-pleaser may be the music itself. "Rock and roll is the perfect unifying force," says Webster. "It's a nonjudgmental art form that transcends boundaries—unlike politics."

JAMES PATRICK HERMAN

an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 7/1–7/4: Kenny Barron, Ray Drummond, Ben Riley. 7/5–7/7: Tom Harrell Trio. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).*

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center crosses Dalí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and hosts some formidable jazz comers in its basement, along with the occasional legend. The great guitar innovator Les Paul has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 7/2–7/7: Jon Hedricks and Company. 7/9–7/14: Rodney Kendricks Sextet; Kevin Mahogany. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. Every Sunday in July, it's vocalist Phoebe Legere. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 7/2–7/7: Crooner Tom Postilio. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—The ferocious alto saxophonist Jackie McLean, recently returned from academia at the Hart School of Music, leads a quintet. An early Ornette Coleman disciple and hard-bop legend, McLean blows with enough force and brilliance to knock over a wall. Don't miss him when he plays 7/2–7/7. 6/9–6/14: Jeanie Bryson with Red Holloway. 7/16–7/21: Wessell Anderson Quartet. 7/22–7/28: Branford Marsalis Trio. 7/30–8/4: Lou Donaldson Quartet. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M.and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037).* $

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 7/2–7/3: Bobo Stenson Trio with Anders Jormin and Jon Christenson. 7/4–7/6: Geoff Keezer's "Life Tronic" with Sam Newsome, Marvin "Smitty" Smith, and others. Late-night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégé and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 Macdougal St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Wednesdays, Risa Barash hosts Women of Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Through 6/30: Dom Irrera. 7/2: Ward and Wheeler Variety Show. 7/3–7/7: Dave Chapell. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Catch a Rising Star—Recently reborn, this variety showplace now smells of big money. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill will view "The Loft," a stage set as a New York City apartment, where stand-up, sketch, and alternative comedians—along with musicians, cabaret artists, and others—will perform. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 8:30 p.m.; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 7/1–7/7: Gregg Barnes; Dave Attell; Greg Fitzsimmons; Greg Giraldo; William Stephenson. Shows Fri. 9 p.m. and 11 P.M. Sat. 9 P.M. 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. Sun. 9 P.M. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300-square-feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. at 9 and 11:30 P.M.; Sat. at 8 and 10 P.M. and 12:30 A.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.-Sat., $8 on weeknights. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. *171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. 7/1: Steve Marshall; Loose Screws. 7/6: Wanda Sykes Hall; Todd Barry; Brian McFadden. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 7/5–7/7: Todd Barry; Ray Romano; Gary Valentine; Keith Robinson. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Arcimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is $40; no music charge. *220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 8/10: Barbara Carroll. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10; jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).*

Claire—Jazz vocalist David Downing. Thurs. and Sun. at 9, Fri. and Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 1. No cover, no minimum. *156 Seventh Ave. (255-1955).*

F. illi Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.–Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. *39 Debrosses St. (226-4621).*

Flowers—Wednesdays at 9: Craig Pomranz. No cover, no minimum. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888).*

Ibis—This Mediteranean-flavored supper club, popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, $45. Performance only: $15 with a $20 minimum Tues.–Thurs., $20 with a $20 minimum Fri.–Sat. *327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).*

Michael's Pub—Woody Allen has tooted his last clarinet line at the old Michael's on East 55th Street. The cabaret has now moved across town to the Parker Meridien Hotel, trading saloon ambience for that of a Parisian Rive Gauche salon in the thirties. Allen's New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra should be quite at home. They play, as always, Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. *Bar Montparnasse, Parker Meridien Hotel, 118 W. 57th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Through 7/6: Kenny Rankin. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. Just down the hall, the **Rainbow Room's** "Hot Fun in the Summertime" series presents, for your dancing pleasure, the jazz ensemble Manhattan Latins and the new Rainbow Room Big Dance Band in alternating sets, Tues.–Sat. from 7:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. $20 music charge; an à la carte dinner menu is offered from 7:30, and supper is served from 10:30 Tues.–Thurs. and from 11:30 Fri. and Sat. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet is in the second year of its wildly successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various guest vocalists at 10:30. (A CD of recordings from the series was recently issued, and is well worth your notice.) This week, Ming Lee (*Miss Saigon*) performs a salute to Cole Porter. No cover, no minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Performance

Stardust Memories

Positively dripping with uptown style, Lincoln Center's Midsummer Night Swing begins its month of nocturnal fountainside dancing with the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, July 10.

Tommy Dorsey Orchestra
Tommy Dorsey Orchestra
Tommy Dorsey Orchestra
Tommy Dorsey Orchestra
Tommy Dorsey

restaurants

New Beer Halls...Sanzin...Zagat Map

Previews

Malt Culture

The latest contenders in Manhattan's now-hopping suds war are Commonwealth Brewing Company (10 Rockefeller Plaza), above, and Hansens Times Square Brewery (160 West 42nd Street). Both carry multi-malt pedigrees. Commonwealth's Boston counterpart opened back when Bird's Celtics ruled and brewpubs were failing rarities in these parts. Head brewer Paul Sayler unveils six ales and lagers, most notably a toffee-ish porter. Six blocks down, the far-too-neony Hansens comes from genuine Alpine stock; it's brother *brauerie* is located in Flensburg, Germany. There's a bona fide Bavarian, Andreas Starkmann, at the taps, and a lineup of German-style beers (try the unfiltered bock) at the bar. DAVID LYNCH

Manhattan

Lower New York

Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. Try chef Abdul Sebti's seared-tuna salad, pappardelle al funghi, and Kentucky-bourbon steak in a peppercorn sauce. *475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bar 89—This sleekly contemporary bar, done in black, white, and industrial, also serves food of the burger-and-fries variety. They're awfully proud of their martini here as well. *89 Mercer St. (274-0989). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Can—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

5 & 10 No Exaggeration—Come in for some southern cooking and leave with some antique bric-a-brac—or an armoire. This wonderfully cluttered restaurant doubles as a collectibles shop. *77 Greene St. (925-7414). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Waldy Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. *4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Le Streghe—At the end of SoHo's restaurant row, this Italian spot caters to all comers: old, young, hip, not. Those with appetites should sample the spaghetti alla chitarra or the malfatti with duck and pine nuts. *331 W. Broadway (343-2080). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl; regional specialties and a fabulous selection of vegetarian dishes make this a downtown destination. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Nine Muses Cafe—Cheerful Greek newcomer transforms this corner of the West Village into Mykonos, especially after a glass or two of ouzo. Try the fresh grilled octopus at a table in the outdoor café. *569 Hudson St., at W. 11th St. (741-0009). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) ($).*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bambou—The new, fancified reincarnation of Daphne's Hibiscus is a relaxing, tropical backdrop for the ambitious cooking of chef Herb Wilson. Sample his nouvelle Caribbean cuisine, like ackee-and-calalloo tart with scotch bonnet-and-tomato salsa, or coconut-curry lobster with banana-lentil salad. *243 E. 14th St. (358-0012). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

C.T./Claude Troisgros—Scion of the fabled Troisgros chef dynasty, Claude spins updated French with Latin and Asian touches he picked up during his travels. Big, bright, stylish room and original presentations make a meal here a unique dining experience. Jacket required. *111 E. 22nd St. (995-8500). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Empire Korea—This 500-seat restaurant in midtown's Little Korea broadens the neighborhood's culinary offerings with forays into Japanese and Chinese cuisines, with entrées like marinated short ribs and rib-eye steak, sushi and sashimi, teriyaki, hibachi steak, and everyone's favorite translucent noodle, chap-chae. *6 E. 32nd St. (725-1333). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, grilled Black Angus sirloin, and—for adventurers—the pupu-platter appetizer. *35 Union Square West (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Notaro Ristorante—This new Kips Bay Italian restaurant has already attracted a loyal following form NYU Hospital across the street with dishes like New Zealand rack of lamb with Cabernet-wine sauce, spicy Tuscan seafood, and cacciucco alla Toscana. *635 Second Ave., nr. 34th St. (686-3400). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare, from crab cakes to Maine lobsters to an elaborate Sunday brunch, is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Waterfront Ale House—This cozy Kips Bay bar and restaurant has outlasted lots of other microbrew-pubs, and the American food—fish and chips, house-smoked barbecue ribs, venison-and-black-bean chili—is the best accompaniment to the house beverage. *540 Second Ave., at 30th St. (696-4104). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Appetito Ristorante—A good bet in midtown for Italian food like black linguine with seafood sauce. *47 W. 39th St. (391-5286). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving Continental Mediterranean fare in a relaxed, loft-like atmosphere. The bar menu's burger is one of the best. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

The Crab House Seafood Restaurant—The first New York location of a Florida-based seafood emporium, this cavernous, casual crab hall is famous for its all-you-can-eat salad and seafood bars and its variety of crustacean dishes. Drink or dine on the deck in fine weather. *Chelsea Piers; Pier 61 (312-2722). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of

Opening
SoHo by the Sea

Fresh from his triumph at the instantly hot Pitchoune, Bavarian-born chef Johannes Sanzin has moved into the building formerly occupied by Berry's (180 Spring Street). With him, Sanzin brought a glittering culinary pedigree that began at La Belle Epoque in Paris and continued in the kitchens of Bouley and Le Bernardin. Sanzin apprenticed well. His food reflects the intense flavors as well as the virtuoso preparation and presentation of his four-star alma maters.

"My food is not really French, not really American, not really European," he says. "It's New York—a lot of different influences from all over the world with a lot of fresh fish."

Among his seafood creations, there is an innovative lobster-and-scallop dish prepared with a horseradish, celery leaf, and herb combination that captures the mustardy heat of a plate of shellfish at the venerable Joe's Stone Crabs in Miami Beach. Atlantic salmon, which has become as common (and usually as interesting) as meat loaf, acquires a sweetly acidic insouciance alongside a bed of roasted oysters and a sauce of crushed basil. A homemade semolina pasta in a sauce of milk, vegetable stock, Roquefort cheese, and white-truffle oil is a knockout. Sanzin's wine list is as interesting and affordable as the food ($70 for two).

The dining room is girdled by a mural created by Ludmilla Tomova. Sanzin described it as being influenced by the work of Paul Klee and the palette of the Paleolithic cave artists of Altamira, which, by my reckoning, makes for an original hyphenate, Bauhaus–Cro Magnon. PETER KAMINSKY

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Flowers—A fashionable Flatiron restaurant with surprisingly tasty and innovative food and a lively atmosphere. Sample the chef's modern renderings of shrimp rolls, baby lamb chops and baked Alaska. *21 W. 17th St. (691-8888). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City tavern that's been around for 38 years. Six fireplaces and comfort food like steak, seafood, and pasta make this a warm and cozy Chelsea haven. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Artos—The centerpiece of this fanciful Mediterranean restaurant, designed by Adam Tihany, is the massive hearth oven, used to bake a variety of fresh crusty breads. Sample Greek classics like baked lamb with orzo, moussaka, spanakopita, and grilled octopus and calamari. *307 E. 53rd St. (838-0007). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened shrimp po'boys. On Sundays, there's live reggae and a raw bar. *994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. *988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Denim & Diamonds—This southwestern grill and upscale nightclub is midtown's best place for country dancing in a corporate atmosphere. *511 Lexington Ave., nr. 48th St. (371-1600). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. *663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Méditerranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—This casual midtown restaurant serves a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ask Gael

Noises Off

Is it my age? I crave the sounds of silence.

Mesa Grill comes of age, too. Chef Bobby Flay strolls the room with his tiny newborn, Sophie, in the crook of one arm and an offering of sensational red-hot skewered chicken with yogurt-cilantro sauce for a fan. What a shock . . . you can hear a whisper across the table in this no-less-spirited room. Celebrate the new Pyrok soundproofing, a $30,000 salute to civility, with molasses-barbecued ribs, smoked-salmon quesadilla, lusty maple-glazed pork, feisty chili-crusted tuna, and baby lamb chops beside a sweet-potato tamale. Banana ice-cream cake with pecan-buttercrunch-sarsaparilla sauce is a noisy finale. (102 Fifth Avenue.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Emporium Brazil—Located in the heart of Manhattan's Little Rio, this casual lunchtime restaurant serves Brazilian food like Bahian shrimp stew in a bread bowl, and a smattering of Italian and American entrées for the timid. The mood is midtown tropical, with bossa nova on the sound system and fans overhead. *15 W. 46th St. (764-4646). (I) TM.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $12.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and Richard Leach in charge of elaborate pastry design, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. Open Sundays. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Limoncello—Sophisticated Italian restaurant serving specialties like fennel salad with blood oranges and balsamic vinegar and mussel soup with garlic and chili peppers. Leave room for the tirami su. *777 Seventh Ave., nr. 50th St. (582-7932). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito mixto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Puttanesca—The multi-tiered antipasto table is the luscious centerpiece of this casual West Side Italian. You can't go wrong with any of the homemade pastas and desserts. *859 Ninth Ave., nr. 56th St. (581-4177). (M) AE.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed the formerly subdued Symphony Cafe space into a lively (for midtown) canteen, with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zenith Vegetarian Cuisine—This sedate, cheerful Theater District restaurant offers an extensive selection of vegetarian dishes, from simple noodles and vegetables to complex architectural concoctions like "Bundle of Joy" and "D'Rose's Delight." *888 Eighth Ave., at 52nd St. (262-8080). (I) AE, DC, MC, V*

57th–60th Streets

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of grilled lobster and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fitzers Restaurant—This Continental restaurant at the Fitzpatrick Manhattan Hotel boasts the best Guinness in New York and serves a traditional Irish breakfast until 10:30 PM. Or stop in for tea and scones after a tiring afternoon of shopping at Bloomingdale's two blocks away. *687 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. (355-0100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Match Uptown—Younger sibling of SoHo's trendy restaurant–lounge–sushi bar, with an equally eclectic menu featuring things like seared sea scallops with chive-oxtail risotto and seared pepper tuna with ginger-roasted pineapple. This branch has a cigar room. *33 E. 60th St. (906-9175). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. *42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. *104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. *225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk café. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. *1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Colony—This Upper East Side pan-Asian bistro features Thai, Vietnamese, and Malaysian cuisine in a room resembling Disney's version of a Polynesian village—except for the waitresses in Nicole Miller. Some of the cooks are fugitives from the wildly popular Ollie's. *1199 First Ave., at 65th St. (249-7338). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

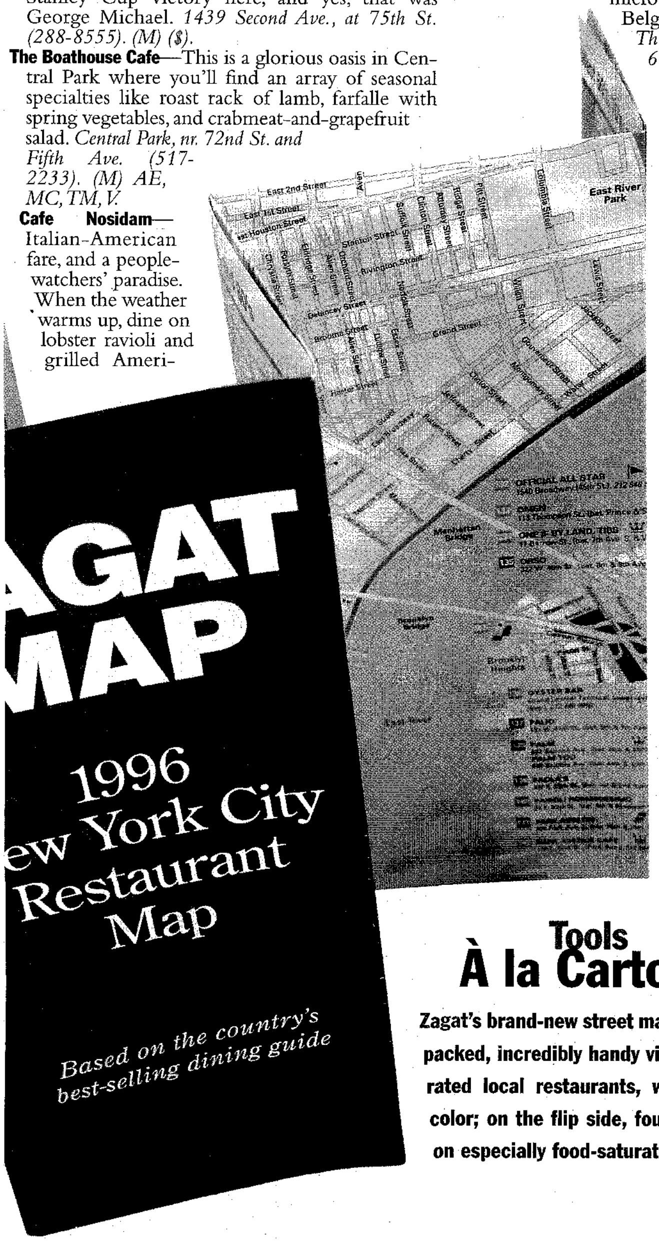
Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. *1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orches-



Tools

À la Cartography

Zagat's brand-new street map is a cartographic, data-packed, incredibly handy view of more than 200 top-rated local restaurants, with cuisine indicated by color; on the flip side, fourteen mini-maps zoom in on especially food-saturated neighborhoods.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

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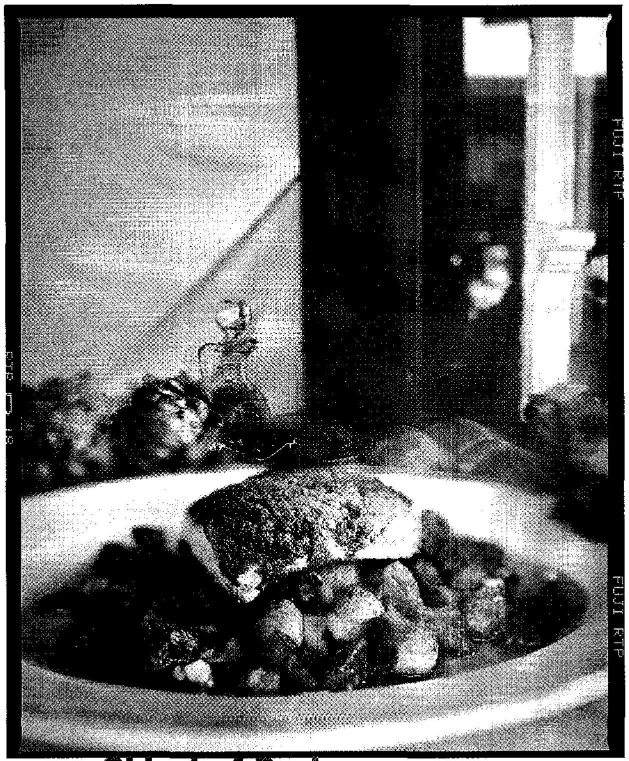


Object of Desire
Bass Profondo

Stephen Kalt's wild striped bass at Spartina, inspired by the refreshingly simple cooking of Viareggio on the Tuscan coast, is crusted with a fresh-basil purée and layered over a lusty mélange of roasted artichoke hearts and Red Bliss potatoes. The pungent summer flavor comes from a sauce of beefsteak tomatoes slowly braised in olive oil and garlic. (355 Greenwich Street.)

trates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very singles-bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Settle into comfortable banquettes and listen to live jazz. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

One Fish Two Fish—Fish is the theme here. Everything—shrimp parmigiana, steamers, quarter-pound Maine lobster—comes with as much salad and garlic bread as you can eat. *1399 Madison Ave., at 97th St. (369-5677). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Quisisana—This cozy Upper East Side Italian restaurant specializes in seafood. Try the grilled calamari, linguine with lobster, the John Dory, or anything out of the wood-burning oven. *1319 Third Ave., nr. 75th St. (879-5000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sign of the Dove—Because the room is lush and romantic, this restaurant has sometimes been overlooked in the pantheon of memorable New York institutions. Right now, chef Andrew D'Amico is among the city's best, turning out eclectic cuisine that draws from influences all over the world. The prix fixe lunch is a good way to test D'Amico's talents. *1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (861-8080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like veal capriciossa and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). Also, 81 Greenwich Ave. (229-0234). (I–M) ($).*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. *246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning decor has been described as "Dalí Meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch, a deal at $17.95, make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Niko's Mediterranean Grill & Bistro—This uptown grill specializes in the cuisine of the moment: Mediterranean, with influences from Greece, Israel, Turkey, and Italy. Sample large portions of moussaka, lamb with orzo, grilled fish, kabobs, and—strangely—brick-oven pizza. *2161 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

O'Neal's—A standby for pre- and post-theater dining, this Lincoln Center restaurant serves American food like potpie and ribs in a room designed to convey the feeling of Old New York. Live music on weekends, and kids eat free on Sundays. *49 W. 64th St. (787-4663). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Scaletta—A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks serves hearty Italian fare. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. *50 W. 77th St. (769-9191). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($).*

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Queens

Gianni's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) ($).*

Jeffrey Goldberg *continued from page 83*

page Justice Department complaint served on Coia in November 1994, accuses the Laborers' chief of extortion and pilfering funds, and outlines a long history of mob infiltration of the union. Coia, his father, and Raymond Patriarca were indicted for racketeering together in 1981, but the case was eventually dropped after a judge ruled that the statute of limitations had expired.

Coia would seem to be the sort of person the White House would seek distance from, but on the very day he was served with the 1994 draft complaint, he also received a warm note from Clinton, thanking him for a gift of a hand-tooled golf club.

At the same time the Justice Department was readying charges against him, Coia was positioning himself as one of the president's most effective fund-raisers in the labor movement. Coia's union has given more than $3 million in campaign donations to the Democrats this decade, and Coia sat with Robin Williams and Stevie Wonder at a black-tie fund-raising dinner for the president earlier this year that netted $12 million.

There are two basic but very different questions stemming from Clinton's dalliance with Coia: One simply centers on the propriety of any relationship between a president and a man the president's Justice Department believes to be involved with organized crime. The second, murkier question is this: Did Coia receive special treatment from the Justice Department because of his ties to the president?

This is the question House Republicans are keen to explore, because it does seem Coia was treated especially gently. The Justice Department's draft complaint went nowhere; after months of negotiations, it was decided last year that the Laborers would be permitted to purge themselves—under the direction of none other than Arthur Coia. The union did hire a highly regarded ex-prosecutor and a former No. 2 at the FBI to police itself, but the arrangement still provokes grumbling among harder-nosed federal prosecutors. They ask, inevitably: Was the fix in?

Skeptics were buttressed in their position by the serendipitous fact that the White House deputy chief of staff, Harold Ickes, was himself at one time a lawyer for the Laborers (he has also represented other dubious unions in his career, including New York's infamously mob-infected Local 100 of the Hotel and Restaurant Workers Union). "It appears that politics played a part in the actions of the Justice Department," Representative Boehner states flatly.

The White House and the Justice Department all deny, naturally, any political meddling in the Laborers case. (Ickes did not return telephone calls seeking comment.) The Justice Department explains it this way: It was far easier, and more efficient, to put in place internal review mechanisms than move to build a RICO case that could take years to litigate. But Congressman Boehner says plausibly that allowing Coia to remain on top is "leaving the fox in charge of the henhouse."

And there are people within the FBI and the Clinton Justice Department who clearly believe as Boehner does. Sources tell *New York* that an FBI task force, operating separately from the union's own internal monitors, is investigating specifically whether Coia is tied to the Genovese crime family, which has apparently moved into New England to fill the vacuum left by the demise of the Patriarcas.

Government sources say they have a right to be skeptical about the union's ability to clean itself up, even though the union has moved against its intensely mobbed-up Buffalo local; they cite the telling fact that, as reported by *Time* magazine this month, a reputed organized-crime associate named Salvatore Lanza was recently appointed to run the Laborers' New York State PAC. And investigators are also checking allegations made within the union that Coia's faction is shaking down members for donations to Coia's union re-election campaign.

All this is made-to-order fodder for Hill Republicans eager to bash their ideological adversaries in the administration and in organized labor. Boehner contends that the hearings are motivated solely by concern for working men and women who belong to the AFL-CIO but who do not support its partisan political goals. The motivation for any congressional hearing will, of course, be nakedly political, but that is not the same thing as saying the Republicans are wrong.

The goal for the Republicans would not be merely to prove that Clinton takes support from iffy sources; the Republicans, after all, are vulnerable in this category, too—Boehner is himself famous for openly passing out tobacco-lobby money to colleagues on the House floor.

One immediate goal of the Republicans is to put the AFL-CIO on the defensive, but another, more important aim is to link Ickes to the Justice Department's curious inaction on Coia. Boehner promises a surprise witness at congressional hearings on the subject; he said there is a "50-50" chance D'Arco will be called out of hiding to testify. The surprise witness could also be Sam Caivano, a onetime Laborers official who was thrown out of the union and is said to be eager to talk about Coia's Washington connections. Boehner declines to comment on that possibility. He does, however, promise a show. "There's an unholy alliance between these labor bosses and the White House," he says. "We hope to exploit this at the hearings." ■

the mix

Amazon Stranger...Online Scuba

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—7/2: Walton's *Crown Imperial* (Coronation March), Haydn's Symphony No. 103 in E flat, *Drum Roll*, and Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*: Dance of the Blessed Spirits. 7/3: Janáček's Five Movarian Dances for Orchestra and Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 in A, Opus 92. 7/4: Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever* and Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. 7/5: Beethoven's *Consecration of the House* Overture, Opus 124 and Dvořák's Cello Concerto in b, Opus 104. 7/8: Mendelssohn's *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, Opus 27, and Schumann's Symphony No.3 in E flat, Opus 97, *Rhenish*. 7/9: Respighi's *The Pines of Rome* and Diamond's Music for Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. 7/10: Brahms's *Academic Festival Overture*, Opus 80, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4 in f, Opus 36. Weeknights at 8 except for 7/10, when it airs at 7. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Saturday Afternoon at the Opera—7/6 at 1: Sullivan's *The Mikado*. With Owen Brannigan, Richard Lewis, Geraint Evans, Ian Wallace, and the Glendebourne Festival Chorus. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

My, How You've Grown—7/2 from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.: artists then and now, with music from their early and recent recordings, including Joni Mitchell; Los Lobos, Bob Dylan, Morrissey, Tom Waits, Elvis Costello, and others. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Blues Divas—7/4 from at 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.: From the Maple Leaf Club in New Orleans. Featuring Irma Thomas, Marcia Ball and Tracy Nelson. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

American Roots—7/4 from 6 to 9 P.M.: From the grounds of the Washington Monument. Featuring Alison Krauss and Union Station, Kevin Ruffins and the Barbecue Swingers, Mingo Salvidar, and Clarence Fountain and the Five Blind Boys of Alabama. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—7/7 at 8: Program unavailable at press time. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Grateful Dead Hour—7/7 at 8 P.M.: Features music from the band's albums and live tapes and explores the influence artists like John Coltrane and Merle Haggard have had on the Dead's music. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

JP Morgan Presents: Masur on Music—7/7 at 1: A weekly exploration of the orchestral repertoire by New York Philharmonic music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—7/2: Former secretary of Defense Robert McNamara talks about his book *In Retrospect;* Mary Gordon searches through falsehoods for the truth about her father in her book *The Shadow of the Man;* novelist James Carroll on the divisiveness the Vietnam War brought to his family, in *An American Requiem*. 7/3: Howard Kurz lets off *Hot Air* about talk radio; Robert Coover discusses his new novel, *John's Wife;* NPR's Noah Adams discusses pursuing *Music Lessons*. 7/4: Mark Arax searches for a killer in his book *In My Father's Name;* Alice Trillin on her correspondence with a child who had cancer in *Dear Bruno; Time's* Calvin Trillin on his book *Messages From My Father;* Louis Elio and Frank Stewart on their search for the best barbecue in *Smokestack Lightning*. 7/5: Philip Hilts takes on the tobacco industry in *Smokescreen;* Graham Swift discusses his novel *Last Orders;* Jane Smiley on the *Best American Short Stories 1995*, which she edited. 7/8: Donald Maggin on *Stan Getz;* novelist Richard Ford on his Pulitzer Prize–winning sequel to *The Sportswriter, Independence Day*. 7/9: Journalist John Hess on what's wrong with the world. 7/10: Etymologist Richard Lederer takes on politics and the English language; Kirk Simon and Karen Goodman, directors of the documentary *Buckminster Fuller*. Every day from noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

Casper Citron—7/6 at 10 P.M.: Steven Cuozzo, executive editor of the New York *Post*, tells the tale of the close death of the paper; Peter Duchin discusses his book *Ghost of a Chance;* Dr. Linda Sapadin tells us how to overcome the six styles of procrastination; Vincent La Selva, maestro of Italian opera, begins a new season in Central Park with George Martins, a Verdi scholar. WOR, 710 AM

Online

2,000 Bytes Under the Sea

Trash your "Myst" CD-ROM and join a team of underwater explorers as they hunt for treasure in the hull of the Concepción, *a Spanish galleon that sank off the coast of the Dominican Republic in 1641, at the new* National Geographic *Website (http://www.nationalgeographic.com).*

The Written Word

Frank DeCaro—7/2 at 7: Reading his new humor book, *A Boy Named Phyllis: A Suburban Memoir.* A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

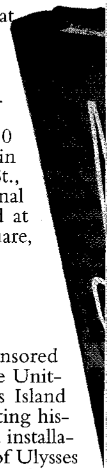
E. Annie Proulx—7/8 at 7:30: Reading from her new novel *Accordion Crimes.* Central Park Summerstage. Enter at Fifth Ave. and 72nd St. (360-2777); free.

Michael Cart and Mark Richard Zubro—7/8 at 7: Reading respectively from *My Father's Scar* and *Rust on the Razor.* A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Wayne Koestenbaum—7/9 at 7: Reads from his *Jackie Under My Skin: Interpreting An American Icon*. A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Susan Isaacs—7/10 at 7: Reads from *Lily White*. Shakespeare & Co., 939 Lexington Ave., at 68th St. (570-0201); free.

E. Annie Proulx—7/10 at 1 P.M. at Main Squeeze, 19 Essex St., bet. Hester and Canal Sts. (614-3109); and at 7:30 at Barnes & Noble/Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.



Tours

Governors Island—7/4 at 1: Co-sponsored with the MWR Department of the United States Coast Guard. Governors Island has more than 350 years of fascinating history, and is the largest Coast Guard installation in the world. Visit the homes of Ulysses S. Grant and General John J. Pershing; the site of the 1988 Gorbachev-Reagan mini-summit; and two early-nineteenth-century forts. Call Big Onion Walking Tours at 439-1090 for meeting site and further information; $12, $10 students and seniors.

The Genius and Elegance of Gramercy Park—7/6 at 1: How a marshland became home to some o America's greatest achievers—John Kennedy Stanford White, and the most famous witch in America. Meet at the Gramercy Park Hotel a Lexington and 21st St. Call Joyce Gold Tours a 242-5762 for further information; $12.

Greenwich Village II: Riots, Murder and Prohibition—7/7 at 1: The Henry Street Settlement; the Rosenbergs and Knickerbocker Village; Abraham Cahan and the *Jewish Daily Forward;* Rose Pastor Stokes; the Anti-Inflation Riots; Sidney Hillman; the Education Alliance. Meet across the street from the old *Jewish Daily Forward* building at 175 Broadway. For more information, cal Radical Walking tours at (718) 492-0069; $6.

Photographs: top, Jonathan Blair/courtesy of the National Geographic Society; opposite bottom, Steven Freeman

A Writer's Walk Through Greenwich Village—W. H. Auden claimed he always left his St. Marks Place apartment with mugger's money. But most accounts of writers in New York are impenetrably romantic. People smoked too much and slept on fire escapes and rose to pound out 3,000 uncorrupted words for Freda Kirchwey or Philip Rahv or (later) Harold Hayes and then, after another round of drinks, put the finishing touches on their first novels. And nowhere figures more prominently in writers' whitewashed stories than Greenwich Village. On this Sidewalks of New York tour, you'll see not only the residences of poets, playwrights, novelists, and journalists but their gathering places and the sites made famous in their work as well. Meet at the Arch in Washington Square Park. The tour is $12; call 517-0201 for more information and a schedule of other tours.

Exhibitions

The Changing Face of Beauty—6/26 to 7/6: An exhibition charting the evolution of ideals of female beauty over 150 years, from Edith Wharton's heroines to twenties and sixties (and nineties) androgyny. On display will be archival photographs and objects from institutions and private collections. Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; free.

Stewards of the Land—6/27 to 8/23: An exhibition that captures the development of the Farm School as well as rural Greek life over the course of this century. Since 1904, the American Farm School has prepared Greek students for successful careers in agribusiness through academics and firsthand practical experience. A. S. Onassis Center, 58 W. 10th St. (998-3990); free.

Events

Macy's 20th Anniversary Fourth of July Fireworks Display—7/4 at 9: Four specially rigged barges, each measuring more than 350 feet, are the launching pads for 12,000 shells that will explode (into gems, butterflies, fireflies, chrysanthemums, silver swallows, morning glories, crossing comets, hearts, stars, and streamers) during Macy's half-hour-long Independence Day show. Many of the shells have never before been seen in America, and several fireworks have been custom-made for the Macy's display. You can catch them from any area with a view of the East River from 23rd St. to 40th St. in Manhattan and Brooklyn and Queens. The musical score for the fireworks will be stereo simulcast locally on 95.5 WPLJ FM, and broadcast on WPIX Channel 11.

20th Annual American Crafts Festival **at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts**—7/6 and 7/7 from noon to 9: Live sheep will be shorn and more than 50,000 works of fine craftsmanship will be presented from France, Mexico, Canada, Israel, Brazil, and the U.S. Virgin Islands. Also presents continuous performances by classical musicians using handcrafted instruments, jazz and folk ensembles, as well as a variety of craft demonstrations. Damrosch Park and part of the Fountain Plaza at 64th St. and Columbus Ave. (677-4627); free.

One-shot ***Bring a candle or a flashlight on the 92nd*** **Street Y's all-night (well, 2 to 6 A.M.) July 4 tour of lower Manhattan's Revolutionary War sites. The walk concludes with a daybreak trip on the Staten Island Ferry. To register, call 996-1100.**

Sports

Baseball

Yankees—A week before the All-Star break, the Yankees finally play their ultra-rivals, the Red Sox. The delay has all but eradicated any lingering animosity fans have felt toward Stanley's replacement, Joe Girardi, and the regime that decided to let the former backup catcher turned All-Star go. After Stanley, stung by not receiving a contract offer from new G.M. Bob Watson, signed with the Sox, it seemed to be some another installment in Boston's payback for the Curse of Babe Ruth. But after a disastrous start, shoddy pitching most notably from the free-falling Roger Clemens, and little offensive punch outside of the always nasty Moe Vaughn and the not-dead-yet Jose Canseco, the Red Sox have been more pushover than contender. Still, Stanno should get a standing ovation when he first steps to the plate, and deservedly so. After that, Bernie, Gerald, and Jeter should run him out of the ballpark. Vs. Boston 7/1–7/3. Mon. and Tues. at 7:35. Wed. at 1:05 (MSG). Phil Garner's Brewers, featuring six everyday players hitting above .300, lead the league in runs. All this despite ranking near the bottom of the AL in home runs and having only one legitimate bopper: Greg Vaughn, with 20-plus dingers and counting, a player whom the Yanks could have had for a song (and Danny Tartabull) last year. Like the Knicks with the Bucks in basketball, the Yankees always seem to underestimate the small-market Brew Crew, which back to the days of Cecil Cooper, Ben Ogilvie, and Mike Caldwell has made Milwaukee an unpleasant place to visit. Vs. Milwaukee 7/4–7/7. Thurs. at 1:05. Fri. at 7:35. Sat. at 7:35 (MSG). Sun. at 1:35. All other games on Ch. 11. Call 307-7171 for ticket info.

Mets—Alex Ochoa is finally here, but despite some impressive outfield play, he has yet to make the sort of splash Ruben Rivera made in that other outerborough last month. Whether Dallas Green's kid-gloves treatment of the phenom *proves beneficial remains to be seen, but it* doesn't hurt that Ochoa's veteran outfield mates have been legitimate threats at the plate. In spite of the letdown following the hyperexpectations for this club in the spring, the Mets—and especially their pitching staff, led by Jason Isringhausen, Mark Clark, and Bobby Jones—while only a few games above Philly for last place in the NL East, are not as mediocre as they seem. At Philadelphia 7/1–7/3 (SC). Mon. and Tues. at 7:35. Wed. at 7:05. Who are these guys? Felipe Alou's Expos have been churning out young superstars (and pennant races north of the border) at bargain prices for some time now: The latest include outfielder Henry Rodriguez (one of a handful of sluggers threatening to top Roger Maris's home-run record) and shortstop Mark Grudzielanek (among the top hitters in the league, currently batting over .340). If you don't catch the Montreal series on TV, watch the All-Star Game next Tuesday. Both "no-names" are sure bets, and may be the primary reasons Mets such as Lance Johnson, Bernard Gilkey, and Rey Ordonez are left off the squad. At Montreal 7/4–7/7. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:35. Sat. at 1:05 (Fox). Sun. at 1:35. All other games on Ch. 9.

All-Star Game—Time was (Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx), the AL ruled this game. Then in the sixties and seventies (Rose, Bench, Garvey, Schmidt), the NL did. Then the AL did again (Ripken Jr., Griffey Jr., Alomar Jr.). Then there was a strike. And then no one seemed to care. From Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia. Tues., 7/9, at 8. NBC.

Soccer

MetroStars—Roberto Donadoni is back from the European Championships in England, where he and his fabulous countrymen failed to make it out of the tournament's initial round. A sharp if unspectacular German side forced Italy to a 0–0 draw, but Donadoni showed that he more than just deserved, at the relatively advanced age of 33, to be on the Italian all-star team, he deserved, with his dribbling and passing and savvy, honors as man of the match. Now that he's back, the theory is that the MetroStars are, too, and their 2–0 victory over the unfortunately named Kansas City Wiz was certainly a step in the right

N
GER
KE TIDWELL

In Print
Tribal Rights

Mike Tidwell's *Amazon Stranger* is an extraordinary work of reportage on the Cofan tribe (living near the Ecuador-Colombia border, 70 miles from the closest road) and Randy Borman, their democratically elected, white-American chief. A son of missionaries, Borman sells his people snacks and sodas from his larder; maintains an apartment in Quito; and is the tribe's best hope in negotiations with rain-forest despoiler Petroecuador, the national oil company. (Lyons & Burford; $22.95.)

Mark Stevens *continued from page 52*

And in the unpeopled seascapes painted toward the end of his life, he commemorated the raw strength of an untamed nature—typically the sea pounding against rocks—for an increasingly urban nation.

Homer is justly admired for his rendering of fresh-faced American light. But his shadows are no less seductive; they give the light drama. He is passionate about the melancholy creep of late-afternoon shade, as the sun's light lengthens toward night. He loves to mass darks in front of background brights, showing, for example, the dim underside of an umbrella raised against the sun; the deep-green hillside that shuts away a white cloud; the blackening sails of a ship as it glides in front of a livid sunset.

Homer's late pictures are bracingly bleak. Nature is cruel, offering little solace or redemption; but a flinty pleasure can nonetheless be found in facing hard facts. In *Fox Hunt,* two black crows with great wings shadow a fox, waiting for him to collapse exhausted in the deep snow. The hunter is the hunted. There is a delicate spray of rosehips from the summer before—startlingly red against the snow—that evokes not only death but an almost religious sensation of austere blood sacrifice.

The same elemental force animates Homer's last seascapes, which the curators have laid out in two spacious, well-lit rooms. Here the paint does not seem too heavy or stale. He gives the rocks a dense physical presence that Courbet might have admired, providing a brilliant contrast to the swirl and suck of the sea and to the shimmer of light in plumes of spray.

LIKE WINSLOW HOMER, **Jane Wilson** IS A painter with a marvelous feeling for the austere but radiant light of the North. The Parrish Art Museum in Southampton is now showing more than twenty of her visionary paintings (through July 14) in an exhibition organized by Klaus Kertess, the curator of the last Whitney Biennial. Glenn Horowitz Bookseller—a rare-books store and gallery that is one of the most pleasing places in the Hamptons—recently displayed a selection of her small watercolors. Born in 1924, she is beginning to get the recognition she deserves.

Wilson lives in New York City and Water Mill, Long Island. She has studied the landscape of the East End—a landscape made mostly of light—for almost 50 years. She does not respond to nature through the usual gauzy means of artists interested in the "sublime." There is often a surprising acid bite to her color. The great washes of open sky contain shapes and brush strokes that are carefully composed. The thoughtful layering and buildup of her surfaces give a metaphysical weight to the momentary and evanescent. She earns, and deserves, her transcendent skies. ■

direction. New coach Carlos Quieroz is said to be much better at giving anxious American players tactical direction than the fired Eddie Firmani, used to coaching veterans like Péle and Franz Beckenbauer, ever was. The MetroStars are possessed of their premium players and reassuring of their scrubs; morale is up. See them soon before the grass at Giants Stadium—like all things of this world, subject to cycles of birth and decay—turns to Astroturf. At Colorado Thurs., 7/4, at 9 P.M. On MSG.

Basketball

Doral Arrowwood New York Summer League—Yes, the final buzzer sounded on the two-month-long NBA playoffs. But the basketball has just begun in what promises to be a virtual summerlong "NBA Is Fanstastic" commercial, what with last week's draft, the Knicks' summer league, and the Olympics—that is, unless there's another lockout. If the labor problems fostered by the two Davids' (Stern and Falk) power struggle for the soul of the NBA doesn't kill another summer and threaten to cancel the first-ever regular-season games in league history, then the Knicks, Nets, Raptors, Sixers, Magic, and Celtics (or at least free agents signed to ten-day contracts who happen to be wearing those teams' uniforms) will compete in a round-robin tournament at Westchester County Center, White Plains, N.Y., 7/12–7/15 and at Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, Long Island, 7/17–7/20. Tickets $11 at the County Center, $10 at the Coliseum. Call 307-7171 for more info.

The Entertainer's Basketball Classic—This NCAA-sanctioned summer classic is what's commonly referred to as the Rucker, the legendary Harlem tournament that has showcased the schoolyard artistry of everyone from Connie Hawkins to Minnesota *wunderkind* Kevin Garnet. Holcombe Rucker Park, 155th St. at Eighth Ave. Mon.–Thurs. at 6 P.M. Sat. and Sun. at noon. Call 246-6299 for more info. Through 8/13.

The Pro Am—This is Anthony Mason's tournament (he plays for the Prime Time team). Six to eight teams comprising pro and amateur players compete at the Corona Louis Armstrong Center, 108th and Northern Blvd., Queens, and at Riverbank State Park, 145th St. and Riverside Dr. Mon. and Wed. at 6:30 and 8:30 through 8/5.

West 4th Street—The Cage at the W. 4th St. playground has been home to some of the most competitive basketball in the city for years, and is an entertaining diversion for anyone dodging Sixth Avenue traffic, sidewalk magazine and incense hawkers, and meandering tourists looking for Jekyll & Hyde. Mon.–Fri. at 6. Sat. and Sun. at noon. Through 8/13.

Nike—Who does Shaq think he's fooling? Until Michael retires, this is a Nike planet. And this is their tournament. Hunter College, 68th St. at Lexington Ave. Through 8/18. Tues. and Thurs. at 6:30 and 8:30. Call 505-9494 for more info.

Running

New York Road Runners Club—Next event: Wed., 7/10, at 6:30 A.M., the Tavern on the Green Breakfast Run. A two-mile "fun run" starting and finishing on West Dr. and 68th St. just north of Tavern on the Green. No race-day entries. For more info, call NYRRC (860-4455; e-mail membership@nyrrc.org).

New York Triathlon Club—Next event: Staten Island Biathlon, Sat., 7/14, at 9 A.M. Run three miles, bike eighteen miles, run three miles on Richmond Pkwy. NYTC, P.O. Box 467, Mount Marion, N.Y. 12456 (914-247-0271).

Bicycling

Kissena Cycling Club—Sat., 7/6, at 5:30 A.M. Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Call 914-767-7160 for more info.

Online

Rosie O'Donnell—Red-hot funny lady who stars in Nickelodeon's first movie, *Harriet the Spy* (based on the children's book of the same name by Louise Fitzhugh), and the daytime-talk-show host of the minute will talk to her many fans. On America Online: 7/1 at 8 P.M.

The Buzzcocks—That influential punk band with the melodic tunes is making another comeback. On SonicNet: 7/1 at 7 P.M. (*http://www.sonicnet.com*)

Teen Idols—Julio Rivera and Duane Ferguson, from the PBS television series *In the Mix,* discuss the deadly fad of binge drinking among teens. Participants are encouraged to share their experiences and help shatter some of the myths about alcohol. On CompuServe in the Youth-Drive Forum: 7/1 at 7 P.M.

Robert Patrick—You know his feline face from *Terminator 2* (he was T-1000, the melting cop), and he can now be seen in the film *Striptease* with Demi Moore. On Prodigy: 7/1 at 9 P.M.

Disney Mania—Dave Pruiksma, one of the most talented animators behind Disney's *Hunchback of Notre Dame,* chats about that rather fetching Esmerelda and some of the other new "Disney" characters. On CompuServe: 7/1 at 9 P.M.

Candace Gingrich—As national spokesperson for the Human Rights Campaign, the nation's largest gay-and-lesbian political organization, Gingrich is spearheading a 1996 voter-mobilization project. She'll be touring the country to urge Americans to register to vote and toss her half-brother's party out of Congress. On Prodigy: 7/1 at 10 P.M.

Jealousy & Online Love —How can people get jealous of your online fantasy? Is online jealousy even stranger than online romance? Richard Newton hosts a probing discussion. On Prodigy: 7/1 at 10 P.M.

Hip-Hop in Cyberspace—Chino XL is a rough yet totally mad, flowing rapper from East Orange, N.J. His new record, *Here to Save You All,* is out on American Records. Chat with him on Prodigy in the SonicNet Music area: 7/2 at 7:30 P.M.

Turn Heartache Into Love—Founder of the Concourse of Wisdom School of Philosophy and Healing, and the author of *Beyond Blame,* Dr. Demartini will attempt to transform any crisis into a blessing. In the Pseudo Chat area of Prodigy: 7/2 at 9 P.M.

O.J. Gets Squeezed Again—Charles Manson prosecutor Vince Bugliosi reveals some of his conclusions from his new book, *Outrage: The Five Reasons Why OJ Got Away With Murder.* On CompuServe: 7/2 at 9 P.M.

Hangin' With Mark Curry—Curry stars in the ABC sitcom *Hangin' With Mr. Cooper* as a fun-loving teacher who instructs at the high school he attended as a student. When not taping the show, Curry takes his stand-up act around the country, and he and recently made his feature-film debut in *Panther,* directed by Mario Van Peebles. On Prodigy in the WiseAcres.Jokes area: 7/2 at 11 P.M.

"Ask Nancy"—Nancy Fedder, *New York* Magazine's loquacious "Strictly Personals" director, chats with her adoring fans about "the new celibacy." She'll be in the New York Forum (where she hangs out when she's online) on CompuServe: 7/3 at 9 P.M.

Sexual Healing—The author of *Soulful Sex,* Dr. Victoria Lee helps couples renew the passionate sexual connection to their partners they once enjoyed and cherished. Get some of her practical guidance for breaking through barriers to true sexual ecstasy in the Pseudo Chat area of Prodigy: 7/3 at 10 P.M.

Here She Is—Always glamorous and ready with some helpful hints about how to save the world, Miss USA Ali Landry chats with you. On America Online: 7/3 at 10 P.M.

Cézanne Scion—Chat with the personable and charming Philippe Paul Cézanne, great-grandson of artist Paul Cézanne and head of the Paul Cézanne Family Trust. Mr. Cézanne will provide untapped insight into his great-grandfather's work and the current Cézanne retrospective at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. On America Online: 7/6 at 7 P.M.

Conferences last about one hour. Please send suggestions to runnette@dti.net

kids

Sparks Fly...History Repeats

Ground Rules:

● = free

◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Independence Display—**Macy's 20th Annual Fireworks Spectacular** promises the usual exhilarating bunch of bangs and wild fiery pyrotechnics. The half-hour show can be viewed from anywhere you can see the East River; the noise is hard to avoid anywhere in the city. 7/4 from 9:20 to 9:50 P.M. See "The Mix" for further details.◉●

Rhythm and Blooms—Spread the picnic blanket out for a Fourth of July Flowerworks Concert: Tom Lenagan and his band and Tir na Nog play tin whistles, mandolin, bodhran, and bones in a program of Irish melodies that veers into rock and roll, 7/4 at 3. Also at the Botanical Garden are golf-cart tours every hour on the hour from 11 to 3, ongoing worm feeding, bug games, and such, bird and butterfly walks on 7/5 (at 1:30) and 7/6 (at 12:30), not to mention 40 acres of forest, thousands of daylilies, and perennials and family garden plots with crops from all over the world. Garden hours are Tues.–Sun. and Mon. holidays, 10 to 6. **The New York Botanical Garden**, 200th St. and Southern Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700). Grounds admission is $3 for adults, $1 for seniors, students, and children ages 6 to 16; younger children are free. Free to everyone all day Wed. and Sat from 10 to noon.◉

Flotsam and Jetsam—Dorothy's ruby slippers from *The Wizard of Oz*, the top hat Abraham Lincoln wore the night he was shot, and a set of eight-foot prehistoric shark jaws are among the ephemera traveling around the country in the largest-ever moving-museum show—part of a celebration of the Smithsonian's 150th-anniversary celebration. The show is at the **New York City Coliseum** through 7/24. 57th St. and Columbus Circle. Free tickets are available on a first-come, first-served basis every morning. It's also possible to reserve tickets by calling 800-913-8687; telephone orders carry a service fee of $3.50 per ticket. ●

Fishing for Compliments—Kids, who need have no fishing experience whatsoever, can join in the Macy's Fishing Contest next week by showing up at the north end of Prospect Lake in **Prospect Park,** near Wollman Rink. Rods, advice, and even bait will be given out to those 15 and younger. (Adult volunteers are being sought to string and bait fishing poles.) Groups of five or more should register in advance by calling 718-287-3400. Contest runs 7/12, 7/13, and 7/16–7/20, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. Call 718-965-8954 for further details. (See box at right.) ●

Onstage—*A Midsummer Night's Dream* is performed by young actors with **New York Youth Theater**—with a bunch of professionals backstage doing the sets and costumes. 7/10 through 8/4. Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 7; Sat. at 2 and 7, Sun. at 3. 422 W. 57th St. (315-1737); $7. Life-size puppets perform a double-bill program at **Puppetworks** in Park Slope. Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* is followed by *The Frog Prince,* set to the music of Kaballevsky's "Comedienas." Through 8/24; Sat. at 12:30 and 2:30, Tues.–Fri. at 10:15 and 11:30. Reservations required. 338 Sixth Ave., at 4th St. (718-965-3391); $7 for adults, $5 for children. *Cinderella*—set in Spain—is performed daily at the **Swedish Cottage Marionette Theater** in Central Park (mid-park at 79th St.). For a schedule of performances, call 988-9093. Tickets are $4 for children, $5 for adults. ◉●

Art Smarts—Free classes for high-school kids are given at the **Metropolitan Museum of Art** during July and August. The classes, which use the museum's collection as a springboard for discussions, visits to other museums, and sketching, require no special skills. For information and registration, call 650-2832. Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.●

Patriotic Past—Hokey? Sure, but what fun to go back in time 100 or so years and then drive home to find air-conditioning and a VCR. Independence Day celebrations at **Historic Richmond Town** include ambling about the tree-shaded grounds, stopping under the 36-star flag to listen to a stirring nineteenth-century-style oration, churning ice cream, rolling wooden hoops, and listening to nineteenth-century ballads. Bring a homemade pie, if you like, by 1 P.M. to enter in the pie-judging contest. And leave the Game Boy behind. Richmond Town is open for the season now. Hours are Wed. to Fri. from 10 to 5, Sat. and Sun. from 1 to 5. 441 Clarke Ave., Staten Island (718-351-6057). Admission is $4, $2.50 for seniors and children ages 6 to 18, and free for children under 6. ◉

Handstands in the Hamptons—No need for little kids to miss out on gymnastics over the summer just because they've left Manhattan for the beach. **Jodi's Gym,** the popular East Side establishment, begins summer sessions 7/8 at 24 Gingerbread Lane in East Hampton for children ages 6 months to 6 years. Call 772-7633 for times and further information; four sessions, $92.

Cue

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Maureen Callahan
Movies

John Dioso
Sports

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Linda Hall
Books
Events
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Alexandra Lange
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Angle of Reflection

Some 30 years ago, each evening during the Prospect Lake Fishing Contest, Carol Nuzzo and several of her six brothers and sisters would eagerly greet their father at the bus stop as he arrived home from work. After Dad had wolfed down a quick supper, they'd all drive over to Brooklyn's Prospect Park and begin fishing in earnest for the carp, sunnies, bass, and catfish—many of them very tiny—that the lake had been stocked with for the occasion. Early on in the history of the contest, catching either "Romeo" or "Juliet"—two specially tagged carp—would entitle a kid to a bicycle or something else wonderful at the end-of-summer prize ceremony. In later years, commercial considerations got in the way of literary ones, and the big prize fish were tagged with an *A* and an *S*, for Abraham & Straus. (Astonishingly, no one has ever actually caught a tagged fish in the contest—at least not that anyone can recall—which has only added to the mystique of the competition.) Nuzzo did outdo her siblings, though, winning prizes seven years in a row in categories like longest fish, heaviest fish, and most fish caught—and she still has two prize fishing-tackle boxes to prove it. Beginning July 12 in this, the fiftieth year of the competition, bamboo rods, advice, and a generous supply of biscuit-dough bait will once again be given out to kids 15 years old and younger, at the northern end of the lake. The fish to get this year is a sure-to-be-elusive carp named R. H. Macy. See "Children's Events" for details.

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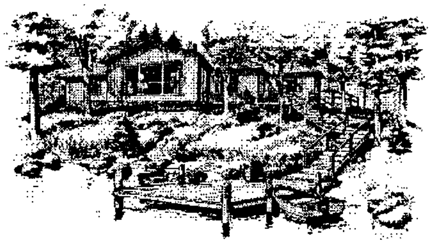

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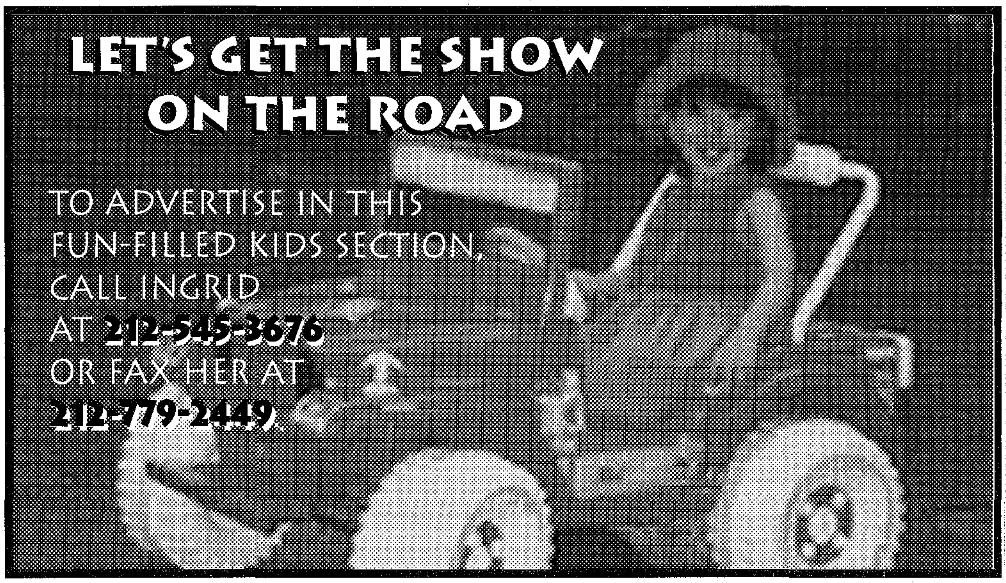

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Sleepless In Fort Lee—45-year-old Jewish exec seeks that special someone to share his life. I am tall, fit and good-looking, as well as articulate, well-read and funny. If you like kids, dogs, convertibles, sincere conversation, walks on the beach, movies and nice dinners, then we can meet at the top of the Empire State Building - or wherever you prefer. Please send a note and recent photo. 8764 ✉

Beautiful, Sexy, Brainy Christian—Not poor, youngish widow, who did the behind-the-scenes medical research for her prominent older scientist husband in Paris and New York, is searching for an appreciative, distinguished, successful, permanent male companion who understands the difference - internationally. MD preferred, age 45-55. 8755 ✉

'60s Folk Singer, '90s Executive—WVA-born, Italian-speaking Jewish female, fit, lives/loves NYC, life, Big Sur, Italy, Israel, India, horses, films, food, Salt 'N' Pepa to Callas, hardware stores, Macs and E-mail - seeking remarkable man, 40s plus, emotionally available, single, fit, successful, up, passionate about life! 76031.1257 @compuserve.com. Note/phone. 8664 ✉

You've Been Waiting For...Me!—Good-looking, 33-year-old Jewish guy, 5'10", warm, funny, intuitive...athlete, artist, MD...just moved to NY. Seek loving, way-smart, thin, athletic, down-to-earth Jewish woman for best friend and much more. Phone/photo/note. 8698 ✉

Romantic And Passionate—Jewish male, 35, attractive and successful, seeks fabulous romance with female counterpart. I'm bright, warm, affectionate and not afraid of commitment. 8728 ✉ ☎

Handsome Professional Male—28, smart and funny, 5'11", Jewish - likes jogging, tennis and "Friends". Seeks attractive, easygoing, slim and sweet female. Note/photo. 8646 ✉

Seeking Born-Again Man—50-65, who is kind, interesting, generous of spirit, fun, well-educated, financially secure, for this elegant, 5'6", slender, attractive lady who possesses intelligence, grace, charm, tenderness and passion - for friendship/marriage. Note/photo/phone. 8813 ✉

Not The Type To Place Ads—So her friends are. We know how she's got it all and that you're missing out on a terrific, caring friend and soul mate. She's 36, 5'9", very attractive, smart, with strong family values, a great laugh and warm heart. Enjoys golf, skiing, sailing, movies and cozy weekends. Seeks Christian male who enjoys career, has sense of humor and is looking to build a home with that special person. 8725 ✉

Successful Entrepreneur, Handsome—30, slightly offbeat, intelligent, sometimes reckless but ultimately responsible, seeks a free-spirited, bright, creative woman with a true passion for life. 8790 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Easygoing, Caring—Generous, successful 41-year-old wants giving, affectionate, honest female for friendship leading to relationship. I enjoy sports, movies, theater and concerts. 8801 ✉ ☎

37-Year-Old, Jewish LI Female—Coward, athletic, has trouble committing and needs breathing room. Truly wants to connect and share life. Activities: rock 'n' roll and serene moments. Seeks athletic Jewish guy. Please, note and photo a must. 8730 ✉

I've Got A Twinkle In My Blue Eyes—And hugs waiting just for you. You love to hold hands. I love to cuddle. You have a sense of adventure. I love to travel. I'm a very young 50. You are fit and know the difference between biceps and triceps. You love words. I play tournament Scrabble. I love movies. You love to dance. You are down-to-earth and prefer the natural look. You are ready to fall in love. So am I. Let's meet. Note/photo appreciated. 8777 ✉ ☎

Take A Chance—Very successful, handsome entrepreneur - has everything life has to offer except that special person to share it with. Seeks pretty, outgoing Christian female, 25-30, for long-term commitment. Photo/note. 8722 ✉

American-Israeli Woman—Living in Israel, with sensual spirit, open in heart and mind, seeking Israeli-American man, 55-65, with a passion for music, blue skies and a love of life, for mutual satisfaction of the mind, soul and body. POB 48415, Tel Aviv 61484, Israel

Until The Right One Comes Along—Male friend needed. As an attractive and accomplished, divorced woman of varied talents and interests, who is involved in numerous aspects of life, I find myself occupied with an overabundance of time-consuming activities from business to social, personal to spiritual, obligatory to diversionary. I am interested in finding an attractive male between 45 years and a youthful 62. Please be over 5'10", down-to-earth, intelligent, sophisticated and with an interest. Able to mix comfortably with all kinds of people and situations. Sense of wit and humor a plus. Being a good dancer not mandatory but a terrific asset. If you are interested in such a friendship, please write and tell me about yourself. Obviously a picture would be helpful and appreciated. Don't forget to include your phone number. 8830 ✉

Affluent Man—54, seeks affluent woman, 25-45. Hear message. Send photo/note/phone. 8648 ✉ ☎

NY Intellectual - Can Skinny-Dip...—Drink Dom in Dakar. Beautiful Ivy writer (35), playful, sensuous, laureled - seeks consort (to mid 40s, 5'10" plus), substantial (in body, spirit, life work), semi-brilliant, funny, fond. Bio please. 8654 ✉ ☎

Hot Summer In NY—Is no place to be... without this tall, dark, handsome, successful, Jewish, funny 40s businessman. If you are 30s, marriage-minded, respond now. Photo essential. 8783 ✉

First-Time Ad—Handsome, hard-bodied, 5'10 1/2", runner, etc. Successful professional, great butt, kisser and lover, finally ready for forever-after with you if you are a very pretty, physically fit, independent woman under 42, who hates the word "eclectic", is uncomfortable about answering personal ads, and is ready to fall in love, hold hands, laugh, travel and never, ever, ever be bored again. Note/photo a must; will reciprocate. 8742 ✉

No Muscles? No Hair? No Problem!—Tall, slim, pretty Mac-addicted designer-writer-videomaker, 40s - values brains, wit, creativity, energy, heart above all else. Smoker okay. Note/photo please. 8752 ✉

Mutual Nurturing Sought—By dynamic, attractive corporate president, generous, Jewish, 41, fun, 5'10", into fitness, travel. Seeks educated lady under 37, for passion, family. Phone/photo a must. 8807 ✉

Do You Dare?—Smart, attractive, accomplished male, 40, seeks adventurous, unconventional female to explore NY's wild side. You will not be bored. 8729 ✉ ☎

Natalie Wood Type—Petite, smart, sophisticated, sexy, dreams about a 50-60, nonsmoking Jewish man to share a golfing trip to Hawaii with all their frequent-flyer miles. Also enjoy museums, working out, cooking, massage, movies and sharing romance and intimacy. Note/phone. Photo a must. 8737 ✉

Smart, Sexy, Spirited!—Single - 7 years. Seeks mensch, 47 plus - smart, playful, funny...for whatever happens. 8713 ✉

If You're Not Stuck—On great-looking women under 45, and want to move to great-looking older... Add to that: loving, sexy, adventurous and smart, globe-trotting, music, art and theater-loving, hiking psychotherapist with 10-year-old son... Seeks 45-60-year-old, open-hearted, open-minded male soul mate to continue the adventure. 8678 ✉

Good Government Activist—Vibrant, attractive, 40, seeks mensch. 8704 ✉ ☎

Blue-Eyed Blond Looking For Her Man—He is tall, attractive and successful, 45-55, with a charming personality and a heart of gold. Photo. 8800 ✉ ☎

Help Wanted—Immediate opportunity for Gal Friday (and other days) to share good times with attractive Jewish male, 31. Flexible hours. 8696 ✉

Are You A Really Nice Guy?—And ready to settle down? I'm a pretty, 5'9", brown hair/eyes, well-traveled BU grad, classy with a great sense of humor. Are you happy, a family man, nonsmoker, easygoing, professional, 34-44? If so, please send note/photo. 8673 ✉

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Turning 70—Charismatic, elegant, educated, divorced sportsman/gentleman, 6'1", 175, nice-looking, reside Upper East Side, CEO successful international art company. Seeking beautiful, tall, thin lady, 40-55, who also seeks affection, tenderness, love, adventure and commitment. No photo, no reply. 8734 ✉

Attractive, Athletic, Successful—Jewish DMD specialist, Ivy-educated, 37 years old, 6', with upstate address, seeks slim, attractive Jewish female, 25-35, to play sports, travel, raise a family and live a spiritual life together. 8688 ✉ ☎

Wife Wanted—Single, white Catholic male, blue collar, 34, 6', brown hair, blue eyes, seeking best friend forever. 8663 ✉

Speak The King's English—Ivy or not. Mid 40s, gentle lady seeks gentleman companion for fun, to enjoy the arts, nature and wicked humor. I'm 5'10", elegant, very successful, independent, at home in boardroom or ballroom - but prefer quiet places, simplicity and the country. Refuse to be completely well-adjusted. Please send photo and inspiration if you're same and have emotional integrity. Teenager tolerance necessary (I have one). No dropouts or smokers, please. 8657 ✉

Jewish Female—33, 5'5", brown/blue, never married, good shape. Likes tennis, blading, movies. Looking for professional, nice guy, 32-40. Photo a must. 8785 ✉

Attractive, Luxurious Dark Hair—Green eyes, fair skin, 5'7", 35, worldly, warmhearted, well-traveled and secure professional. Varied interests include romance languages, art, films, Eastern traditions, cooking. Active on and in - oceans, slopes, parks and courts. Seeking high-minded, healthy, substantial, gentle man (nonsmoking, mid 30s-40 plus), who is mindful, assertive, articulate, amusing. 8778✉☎

Very Pretty, Elegant, Passionate—Smart, blue-eyed woman/artist seeks sincere, warm, handsome, fun, intelligent man, 5'10" and up, 40-55 years, (212) only. Photo/note. 8668 ✉

Handsome Man—Mid 50s, physically fit, athletic, intelligent, financially secure, well-educated, well-traveled, looking for a woman in 30s or early 40s. 8709 ✉ ☎

It's A Beautiful Life—Come share it with me. 31, 6'1", very successful Jewish male who has everything to offer an unpretentious, warm, caring and natural-looking female (25-35). If you are not afraid to fly in a small airplane (I'm a private pilot), and enjoy great dinners, stimulating conversations, all sorts of outdoor activities, and want to laugh every day, I look forward to hearing from you. Note/photo please. 8731 ✉

Energetic, 32-Year-Old (516) Gal—Looking for Mr. Right in the tri-state area. I am attractive, well-educated, with good career, fit, fun, with great sense of humor. You should be the same, but male, 27-37 preferred. Note/photo, please. 8748 ✉

Lesbian, 38—I appreciate the quality of light at dusk, witty conversation, good books. How about you? 8765 ✉

Handsome Jewish Cardiologist—39, living in Boca Raton, Florida, 6'1", 185 lbs, successful, athletic, classical pianist, great sense of humor. Seeking a young, sweet, family-oriented Jewish woman, age 25-32, who is well-educated, cultured, interested/talented in music or art, healthy and in good shape, and would consider relocating to Boca for a lifetime of love and happiness. Please include photo with reply. 8679 ✉

Extremely Attractive—Professional Jewish male, 27, dark hair, green eyes, well-built, 5'10", 175, warm, affectionate, spontaneous, fun-to-be-with, seeks exceptionally attractive, slender female, 22-29. Note/photo. 8739 ✉

Want To Travel The World?—I do too. Intelligent (Ivy), playful, sophisticated, athletic Jewish woman with big heart, seeking similar man to share cultural pursuits, outdoor activities and exploration of locales near and far. I'm 31, pretty, tall, slim, blue-eyed brunette. Please be 27-41 and interesting. Photo if have. 8651 ✉☎

Jewish, Eclectic Professional Male—46, with varied interests - and fun...would like to meet an attractive, Jewish professional female who is sensitive, intelligent and radiates a joie-de-vivre sense of self. Letter and home phone please. 8762 ✉ ☎

Jersey Juliet Seeking Romeostein—Me: pretty, Jewish, green-eyed blond, 31, 5'6", gym-trim, professional, fun-loving woman with warm heart and smile. You: handsome, fit, successful, 32-40, affectionate and ready for romance/commitment. Please send note/recent photo. 8802 ✉

Loving, Charming And Fun—Professional, 6', 39, handsome, athletic and adventurous, seeking lady for romance and forever. Photo and descriptive note a must. 8692 ✉

Pretty Painter—Ivy professor, seeks tall, funny, life-loving man for adventure, 50 plus. Note/photo. 8736 ✉

English Rose Sought—NY-born male, Christian, 34, 5'9", college grad, music sales rep. I enjoy rock/jazz, sports, London, Monty Python, British culture. I seek a serious, loving, sincere lady to make my dream come true. Photo. 8754 ✉

Gay White Male, 41, 5'11", 170 Lbs—4-H (hunk, HIV-negative, humorous, he-man), seeks same, 25-45. Photo. 8721✉☎

Reliable—Handsome, wry, down-to-earth, Ivy, in the arts, (212), young, fit 49, 5'11", reflective, kind, informal. Loves books, nature, music, good talk. Seeks warm, bright, gentle Manhattan woman, 30s-40s, with depth of spirit, matching good looks and heart, for just the very real thing. Hugs too. Recent photo/note of substance (no form letters) please. 6084✉

Fetching Female Architect—Attractive, slender, diverse interests. Seeks financially secure, successful, accomplished, Jewish professional man, 40-53. Photo. 8829 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Seeking Asian Female—I'm a tall, handsome, secure, well-educated professional, single white male, 40. I seek a pretty, intelligent woman, 30-40, who is eclectic in her tastes and who loves life. Send note, phone and picture to: 8788 ✉

Bright, Beautiful, Sexy—Sucessful attorney, young 38, Jewish (you don't have to be), Rubenesque - loves tennis, rollerblading, live music, movies, travel. Seeking intelligent, athletic, funny man with a big heart, for lasting relationship. Nonsmoker only. Photo/note. 8825 ✉

Too Pretty—Classy, tall redhead, 52, seeks male friend/lover/soul mate. 8810 ✉ ☎

Attractive LI Male—Widower, 59, Jewish (nonreligious), stockbroker... secure financially, fit physically and emotionally, wide range of interests, well-built, 5'8", athletic - seeks attractive woman for a long-term, caring relationship. Photo appreciated. 8717 ✉ ☎

Pretty Millionaire—31, green-eyed blond, size 6, 5'7", fit, athletic, dynamic, great job, Ivy-educated. You are bright, successful, over 5'8", ready for relationship. Prefer (203) or (212). Photo/note. 8784 ✉

Love And Passion—On my mind. Charming and desirable, single Jewish female, pretty, 32, caring, warmhearted, fun-loving, 5'4"', slim, secure professional. Enjoys racquet sports, exercising, theater, art, beaches, weekend getaways and more. Seeks nice-looking, sincere, kind, stable, professional, single Jewish male, nonsmoker, 30-40, 5'8"-6'2", to share a caring relationship leading to real love. Note and photo, please - will reciprocate. 8738✉

Gay White Male—37, personable, lively sense of humor, serious, seeks gay male, 21-45, to pal with. POB 544, Bronxville, NY 10708-0544

Let's Be Happy—Busy white professional seeks attractive woman, 30-40, for strictly fun and romance. Note/photo. 8820✉☎

Warm, Witty, Handsome—Articulate, trim Jewish man, 60s, seeks caring, bright, striking match, 50-59. Photo. 8763 ✉

Established, Cultured, Vivacious—Pretty 36-year-old woman, looking for a happy, self-assured Jewish man, 30s-40s, with a great sense of humor. I enjoy dance, music, cooking, travel and the outdoors. Send photo and note. 8693 ✉

Ready For A New Beginning—Handsome, divorced, successful black male...53...6'3"...190 lbs...fit. Looking for attractive black female...40 plus...who enjoys dining, travel, good wine and good companionship. Good sense of humor a must! Please include photo/note. 8680 ✉

6' Amazon—29, slender, attractive, blue-eyed woman (Midwestern transplant), seeks tall, witty guy, 27-36. Photo. 8819 ✉

Gay White Male, 46—Youthful in appearance and outlook, entrepreneur, fit and handsome, with lots of friends, but looking for a special someone to share life's adventures. You are attractive, fun, optimistic, sensitive, emotionally secure and a nonsmoker. We are both HIV-negative. Tell me about yourself. Photo appreciated. 8660 ✉

Summer In The Hamptons—Accomplished, intelligent, multifaceted, financial-y secure, world-traveled professional lady, 43, with a great sense of humor, who loves ife, seeks remarkable man of similar high caliber, who is also looking for a companion with whom to spend the summer enjoying all that life has to offer. Let's make this a summer to remember! Please send note/phone/photo. 8789 ✉

With Style And Substance—Artistic and sensual, model-type Asian beauty, late 20s. Enjoys movies, travel, fine food, a good challenge - both mentally and physically. Seeks intelligent, warm, charming and successful single man, 30-40, of equal dynamics. Photo a must. 8776 ✉

Handsome, Sensitive, Active—Jewish man, 50, financially secure, with time to enjoy Harleys, sailing, golf, skiing and ravel...in search of 36-44, slim, petite, educated Jewish lady looking for serious relationship. Photo a must. 8683 ✉ ☎

There Are Plenty Of Fish In The Sea—But most are floating belly-up. Not this one! Jewish, NJ lad, 36, 5'11", MS, witty, fit, thin. Seeks similar, nonsmoking ewish lass to spawn a new romance. Note/photo. 8665 ✉

Pretty, 36—Seeks handsome Moslem, 35-39. POB 6370, LIC, NY 11106

Gay Woman—45, kind, well-educated, attractive, adventurous, seeks feminine counterpart to share many intellectual and outdoor interests. 8774 ✉ ☎

Everyone's Darling—Wants to choose her own. Long-haired, leggy blond, slim, anchor/actress - loves ideas, people, social ervice and the arts - seeks professional gentleman, 50s, to share. 8656 ✉ ☎

Trial Offer—Handsome attorney, 48, part-time dad, looking for full-time elationship and best friend. Seeking physically fit, attractive, emotionally honest woman with a sense of self. Enjoys exploring the city, quiet dinners (I'll cook), theater, movies, skiing. Must love children. Recent photo/phone/note. 8816✉

CT/Westchester Casual Guy—To be my partner, best friend and lover. You are playful, affectionate, bright, attractive, inancially secure nonsmoker in your 50s, 5'9" plus and Jewish. 8655 ✉

Vivacious, Sexy Brit—40s, very ttractive, dry sense of humor with a wist. Seeks man with kindness, intel-igence and wit, for conversation, walks and possible romance. Photo. 8658 ✉

Beautiful, Sensuous Brunette—Thin, exy, classy, long hair, MA, Jewish, confident, upbeat...seeks handsome, fit, intelli-ent male, 39-52. Note/photo. 8824 ✉ ☎

Fun, Exciting, Unconventional—I'm found very attractive and sexy. 45, 6'2", 175 lb attorney/Renaissance man. I've been meditating and reading Eastern philosophy since the '70s. My favorite thing to do is riding the back roads on my motorcycle. I am very communicative, expressive of my feelings, spontaneous, perceptive, passionate, romantic, resourceful, humorous, strong yet easy. Things work when my partner is intelligent, educated, open-minded, insightful, young-thinking, financially secure. Note/photo/phone. 8745 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking Christian Man—30s, professional, physically fit, affectionate and compassionate - seeks an attractive professional lady, 27-35, to share a loving, caring relationship. No smokers. 8803 ✉☎

Exceptional MD—Young 53, cultured, successful, 6', slim, nonsmoker, seeks slender, attractive, educated Jewish female, 30-35, with a sense of style, for love, marriage and family. Photo please. 8770 ✉

Seeking Pre-1947 Vintage Male—Excellent chassis, spirited engine, trim body, to travel life's highways. Vivacious, pretty, Ivy-educated lady promises captivating company. Note/photo. 8780 ✉ ☎

Dark-Eyed Beauty—Loves to laugh. Warm, creative, articulate, adventurous. Seeks intelligent, playful man, 48-58. Photo appreciated. 8647 ✉

Try A Little Tenderness—Looks, energy, fun, progressive man, 44, seeks smart, pretty, athletic woman, 34-46, for x-country skiing, cycling, museums, film, theater, comradeship and romance. 8740 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Outside And Inside—5'8", 42, slender, intelligent, creative, warm, witty female seeks handsome, tall, successful male counterpart. Note/photo. 8695 ✉

The Finest-Conditioned—Professor of literature, Ivy, 34, 5'4", 110 lbs, cute, spunky, warm, unpretentious. Passionate about sports, arts. Ready for long-term relationship with intelligent, kind, sincere professional guy, boyish-looking, emotionally stable, humorous, unpretentious, generous, athletic. Special admiraton for MDs. Photo and letter required. 8815 ✉

Energized NY Professional—Jewish woman with an exciting mind and a great body, elegant, pretty, athletic (tennis, ice skating). I'm a great dancer, have a good voice, love ideas and intimate conversations. I'm independent, culturally and intellectually diverse. You? My match - a remarkable man around 50, ready for the love of his life! Photo, please. 8705 ✉

Be My Best Friend—Partner and the love of my life. I'm divorced, professional, very pretty, great figure - play tennis, exercise, dine out and travel. I'm seeking that handsome, successful man, 50-60, who could be my counterpart. Note/photo/phone a must. 8792 ✉ ☎

I'm A Very Attractive—Petite, blue-eyed blond, single Jewish female, 38. I'm romantic, honest, witty and financially secure. If you're a single Jewish man who appreciates a woman with good qualities, I'd love to hear from you. E-mail: box18@nystate.com - or: 8787✉☎

Respected Woman Musician—Entertainer - jazz/cabaret. Profound life experience. Kind, sensitive, good-looking. Sophisticated but unpretentious. Seeks mature, trustworthy single gentleman, sensitive to the arts, for peaceful and mutually nurturing offstage relationship. 8779 ✉

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Romantic, Passionate—5'9", divorced, 38, very attractive, sophisticated, somewhat intellectual lady of European sensibility, with two children (11 and 13), seeks creatively inclined, very bright, evolved soul mate to share life with. 8653 ✉ ☎

Happy Father's Day—Next year? Bright, attractive, 38-year-old, 5'7", Catholic, single white female, NP/RN - seeks like, tall, 35-45-year-old, single white male, MD/PhD/DDS, for love, marriage, family. LI. Note/photo. 8715 ✉

A Young Grace Kelly Type—Seeks her prince: tall, handsome, successful 29-40-year-old gentleman. Photo. 8804 ✉

Pretty, Educated Professional—33, 5'5", 117. Enjoys sports, travel, outdoors. Seeks special man, 33-39. 8667 ✉

Exotic-Looking Brunette—Beautiful, Jewish, Ivy-educated attorney with great figure, 40, 5'6", upbeat, down-to-earth and level-headed, seeks intelligent, good-looking, charming, athletic, successful Jewish man, 40-52, who's found himself and is ready to find me. Photo. 8747 ✉

Seeking Italian Stallion—Sexy physician (40) with great legs and petite figure, seeks extremely handsome, well-educated male (35-45) to experience a fun-filled summer and possibly thereafter. Photo appreciated. 8818 ✉

Beautiful, Blue-Eyed Brunette—Slim, 38, Jewish, successful artist, seeking tall, athletic professional man, 36-43, for forever. Note/photo. 8672 ✉

Renaissance Man—Born 1475, friend of da Vinci and Michelangelo, seeks tall, thin, fit, pretty and independent, single white female, 30-40. I'm an excellent conversationalist and listener, a rare male who could adore a woman without losing his own identity. Emotionally secure... Loves Haggard, poetry, Zen, bowling and Chesapeake sunsets. I could live in a forest with a life mate with no regard for accoutrements. If running mountain trails in summer appeals to you...if you couldn't care less about your hair in the wind... you need to call me. 8649 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Blue-Eyed Blond—Shoulder-length hair, 42, 5'5", highly educated and cultured. Note/photo. 8706 ✉

Seeking Good-Natured Woman—Who is warm, affectionate, giving, honest, pretty and in good mental and physical shape - religion unimportant. I am a single Jewish professional who enjoys travel, working out, the beach, movies and dining out. I am 36, 5'10", dark hair, green eyes, fit, have a good sense of humor, and looking for a good woman, 26-34 years old, who I'm attracted to, for long-term relationship. Note/photo/phone. 8793 ✉

Upscale Country Gal—Seeks upscale city guy. Both of us are successful, healthy, very fit, very attractive, with delightful character and a positive zest for life! I am 5'3", 110 lbs, blond, blue, 37, athletically toned with curves in the right places. Employed by a Fortune 500 company. Previously a Manhattanite, now living in a setting of paradise north of NYC. Am cultured, well-traveled, kind, honest, sexy and romantic. Love theater, dance, music, art, nature, etc... You are 35-50... debonair, classy, intelligent, insightful and ready for special. Photo/note. 8691 ✉

Petite Ebony Treasure—With brains and heart of gold, 41 (looks 30), seeks masculine mate (any race) with lots of integrity and established professional career. If you are smart, fit, kind and ready to nest, please send a note and photo. 8756 ✉

Still Believe—In love, marriage and family. Single, white professional female, chef/manager, attractive and optimistic. Loves comedy, cooking, city life and country nights, champagne, kids and cappuccino. Are you 37-47, nonsmoking, attractive, healthy, a regular nice guy with a sense of integrity and a bit of adventure? 8759 ✉ ☎

Girl Least Likely—To place an ad. Attractive, 29, 5'9", slim , fair brunette, Ivy(s). Social, with quiet style; dry humor, with generous spirit; art lover, with passion for nature; high standards, with down-to-earth values. Seeks uncommon guy: advanced-degreed professional, 29-45, independent thinker, cultured, unpretentious, fun. 8743 ✉

Nice Guy—Seeks nice Jewish girl for the usual stuff. I am 49, Jewish (not religious), 5'7". Would like to find a slender, understanding woman who lives in NYC and enjoys movies. Photo appreciated. 8676 ✉

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Zest For The Best—Lively, accomplished, very attractive professional woman seeks her match in a man, 44-55, not afraid to meet his. For future of passion, play and permanence, please call or send note. 8732 ✉ ☎

Summer Hiking—What I love to do. Intelligent male, 40, 5'8", 140 lbs, brown hair, green eyes, chemical engineer with major company in Rockland County, tolerant, nonreligious Christian. Other diversions: film, theater, NYC culture, travel. Seeks slim, intelligent, nonsmoking woman for a lasting relationship. 8714 ✉

Affectionate, Successful, Beautiful—Intelligent, uninhibited, slim 48-year-old female. Looks like Botticelli's "Venus" (no shell). Seeks interesting, sexy, sophisticated, outgoing man with liberal politics, easy laugh, tuxedo, and no serious life problems. 8687 ✉

Compassionate, Stable—Marriage-minded, professional Jewish male seeks female, to 39, with inner beauty, to dance our way through life. Photo. 8719 ✉

Male—31 years old, financially secure, college graduate, seeks down-to-earth, white Jewish female, 20-30 years old. Likes movies, skiing and fun times. Recent photo, note and phone, please. 8791 ✉

Part-Time Dad—52, 5'10", enjoy theater, movies, ballet, reading, hiking, swimming (ocean and lakes). Looking for a woman (30s, 40s) who would enjoy participating in some of these activities. Kids a plus. Note/photo. 8686 ✉

Latin Lover Wanted—LI-based, 6'1", blue-eyed Jewish professional seeks very pretty, upbeat and warm Hispanic woman, 37 and under, for meaningful relationship. Recent photo appreciated. 8650 ✉

Single White Male—49, professional, athletic, seeks Asian female for committed relationship. Note/photo. 8710 ✉

Very Pretty, Fun-Loving—Successful, Jewish, 31-year-old brunette, 5'7", slender, seeks a professional, good-looking Jewish man, 31-36, never married. Must have good values, sense of humor and be unpretentious. Looking for a soul mate to share life's journey. LI resident preferred. Note/photo/phone. 8675 ✉

Wanted: Strong, Supportive—"Stand-up shot-taker guy", late 50s-60s, who can sit down with the porter as well as the president, finds his challenges in business (not home), wants and needs all life has to offer...and willing to give it back. PS: They say I'm very pretty. 8681 ✉☎

Athletic, Professional, Gay NJ Male—Looking for similar male with intelligence, creativity, good looks - for romance, art, skiing, hiking, foreign films. 8805 ✉ ☎

Alaska - Kayaking - Ashkenazy—The odd Yorkshire Terrier - looking to share the whole shebang full-time, long-term, with a good man, 38-50 best. Send a letter a picture. Be kind. 8744 ✉

Let's Fall In Love—Warm, romantic, very successful Jewish man, 49, CT resident, youthful and fit, divorced, single dad of 4-year-old boy - seeks pretty, sensuous, curvy nonsmoking female who enjoys movies, music, sports (running, tennis, golf), seashore, for romance and good times. Picture helps. 8694 ✉

Princeton Commuter—Blond, leggy, sophisticated, zany and pretty, 41, loves outdoors, LBI, country, city, fine dining, travel, biking, skiing, etc...fun and quiet times, and two Persian cats. Seeks tall, lean, well-adjusted professional counterpart, 37-50, who loves to laugh, etc...and wants to share long-term relationship. Send photo/note about yourself. 8699 ✉

My Aim Is True—Handsome, romantic, very successful, North Jersey, single Jewish male, 37. Loves travel, biking, blues/rock, candlelit dinners and long weekend getaways. Seeks independent, career-oriented woman to cherish. Photo, please. 8662 ✉

Slender, Pretty Lawyer—38, 5'5", 110 lbs, blond, blue eyes - loves skiing, beach, hiking, travel. Seeks intelligent professional man with similar interests, handsome, fit, nonsmoker, 34-44. Note/photo. 8726 ✉

Young, Gay White Male—Refined, attractive blond in mid 20s, with Ivy League pedigree, seeks cultured and erudite man in 20s, with stunning physical and emotional beauty, preferably blond, with a passion for the arts. No response without photo. 8769 ✉

Very Attractive Japanese Female—Seeks romantic, intelligent, successful and good-looking white male, 36-48, for last relationship. Letter/photo. 8766 ✉

African Black Beauty—From France, classy, educated, 32, 5'4", fit...seeks sensitive, compassionate nonsmoker, very successful, tall white man for love, marriage, family. Bio/note/photo. 8724 ✉

Smart, Attractive Attorney—46, lover of the arts, seeks intelligent, witty, nonsmoking mensch, 45-55, for whatever happens. Note/phone/photo, please. 8684 ✉

A Summer's Dream—Lovely, slender, petite professional seeks fun-loving, kind, nonsmoking male, mid 40s-50s. 8741 ✉ ☎

Tall, Dark And Handsome MD—54, with wry humor. Athletic, trim, salt-and-pepper hair and like tennis, sailing, movies, theater and travel. Simply looking for lover and best friend with proper values and a kind soul. You are a white female, very pretty, elegant, intelligent, curvaceous, well-endowed yet trim and svelte. Also sensual, possibly athletic and a nonsmoker, age 35-46. Note and photo please. 8771 ✉

Come Laugh, Love, Live Life With Me—Let's explore what NYC has to offer and enjoy the beauty of CT. Mid-40s executive who still has some '60s/'70s left in her, intelligent, attractive - loves film, travel, good conversation, the arts, dancing. Likes to keep growing, to play, laugh and be close to. If you are 40s-mid 50s, young at heart, introspective, reasonably fit, nonsmoker, intelligent, affectionate, attractive and share some of the above, please write now. Recent photo/note. 8690 ✉

Seeking Marriage-Minded Female—Good-natured, handsome, hard-working, honest and sincere, nonsmoking, single white gentleman, 36, who is successful, intelligent, kind, loyal, loving, fit, romantic, affectionate and trustworthy, with many interests, open-minded, described as a good catch... Send note/photo. 8689 ✉

Intellectual Jewish Entrepreneur—29, tall, slender, good-looking, with interests in economics, world affairs, Jewish culture, the Far East, seeks intelligent, outgoing Jewish woman, sensitive, attractive, honest and ready for challenging courtship and marriage. 8703 ✉

Come In From The Rain—Full-figured, 37, black female with a cutting-edge sense of humor and a passion for the arts - seeks a funny, attentive, nonsmoking male (27-40), who is pleasing to the eye and a good conversationalist. Race unimportant. Note and photo, please. 8702 ✉

Mad About You—If you're a funny, sensitive, smart man, 40s-50s, and seek your counterpart, I'm a professional West Side woman with adorable son, real cute dog and regular car. 8814 ✉ ☎

Begin The Beguine—Kind. Warm. Well-read and ready to wed. Green eyes. Faultless skin. ? Hepburn's sister. Approaching mid-life. Write soon, send photo. How about a cassette with voice sample. 8746✉

CIA Grad—Slim, attractive, elegant yet fun-loving Jewish woman, young 52, full of joie de vivre - seeks mature, financially secure, warm and giving man who also enjoys life. Note/photo. 8735 ✉ ☎

Pretty West Side Brunette—31/5'8"/MBA/Jewish, great sense of humor, loves travel. Seeks tall, handsome partner for tennis, blading, skiing and potential happily ever after. Note/photo. 8757✉☎

Ann Arbor PhD, 43—Very pretty, slender, divorced teacher seeks fit, caring man, nonsmoker, under 53, for serious romance, swing dance, films. 8674 ✉ ☎

Father's Day Passed Me By—And it upset me. If Mother's Day passed you by and it upset you, and you are a smart, funny, slim, attractive, aware, involved Jewish woman under 40, let's remedy both together. I am a successful, older male counterpart with the usual (and some unusual) interests and accomplishments. Write to: 8750 ✉

Attractive Professional—Jewish male, 55, never married, seeks a lady, about 45-50, for dating and whatever else may develop. Note/photo. 8677 ✉

Former Classical Dancer—Actress, model, now retired computer specialist, looks 50, feels 40, seeks personable gentleman for fun and maybe more. 8761 ✉

A Romantic Heart And Soul—Intelligent, pretty mom/professional, Catholic, 36, fit, sincere, affectionate and loving. Interests include children, family and friends, exercise, dining, travel, barbecues, plays, music and the beach. Seeking a family-oriented man - successful, attractive, fit, caring, with a good sense of humor - for friendship and love. Letter/phone/photo, please. 8811 ✉

Attractive Woman—47, seeks man for friendship, love, commitment. 8711 ✉ ☎

Tall, Lovely—Health-care professional, 41, Catholic, enjoys theater, fitness, travel. Seeks an educated man, 30-46, ready for commitment. Note/photo. 8812 ✉

Are You My Knight In Shining Armor?—This dark-haired damsel is tall, pretty, 34, likes travel, biking, the beach. Seeking suave, sage suitor (30-45) to be my Lancelot. Note/photo. 8670 ✉

Beautiful, Warm, Caring, Petite—Educated Jewish woman seeks a considerate man, 54-64, to enjoy the fine and simple things in life, and to share the joy of just being together. 8712 ✉ ☎

Single Professional (37) Woman—Seeking long-term relationship with single professional man with a sense of humor, strong personality, liberally-minded, articulate and educated. 8652 ✉ ☎

The Mult-Culti Love Guy—Attention: all races and religions! I'm a 34-year-old, 5'8", native Brooklynite who lives in Manhattan, nonsmoking, disease- and drug-free, in search of female, 26-34, who has brains, dark features, interest in exploring our city, and a good sense of humor. I can be the moonlight of your midnight dreams. Please, note/photo/call. 8707 ✉☎

European Lady MD—5'8", 40, blond, attractive, seeks educated, financially stable, responsible, kind, tall, 38-50 man for theater, museums, moviegoing, possible relationship. Letter/phone/photo appreciated. 8768 ✉

Sexy, Passionate, Successful—I'm 6', 175 lbs, black hair, hazel eyes and muscular. Seeking fit, warm, sexy female, 21-30 - into music, loves animals and outdoors. Please send note/photo. 8682 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Artistic, Mindful—Profes-ional Jewish man, 41, 5'4" (you may be aller), with integrity, humor and a strong nd open heart, seeks friendship, romance, assion and lifetime commitment to ntimacy, family and children with alluring, ttractive, affectionate, articulate, playful, reative, physically/emotionally fit woman, 0s. Note/photo preferred. 8685✉

We Are Very Rare—Me: positive, dy-namic, handsome, boyish executive. You: educated, bright, very pretty, trim, single white female, 40-49. As soul mates, we will find romance. Photo a must. 8808 ✉☎

Made In Hong Kong—Implies cheap and inferior quality. Let this handsome and successful 35-year-old male show you how wrong labels can be. Take a chance... won't bite - unless you want me to!!! Current photo appreciated. 8767 ✉

Financier—Owner investment firm. Ivy degrees, 54, Christian, understated personality, world-traveled. Subscriptions o many NY cultural and sporting events. Seeks lady, 35-50, with education, integ-ity, depth, style, social skills and the bility to smile. Thoughtful note/phone please. Photo helpful. 8821 ✉

Frankly Fabulous At 50—In Toronto... Gym-fit woman of taste, sophistication, substance, seeks cultured, successful, active gent, nonsmoker, 45-55, to share quality time. Photo a must. 8659 ✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome Jewish MD—Mid 40s, with a dry wit and strong interest in the arts (especially music), would love to meet an Asian or American woman, mid 30s or less, who is well-educated, stable, nice, pretty and with similar interests. I'm divorced, no kids. Photo, please. POB 6186, FDR Station, NY, NY 10150

Lean But Not Mean!—Adventurous, well-traveled, deeply blue-eyed, tan, professional man, young 40s, in hot pursuit of an incredibly cute, smart, playful, slim woman, 30s, to be lover and potential wife. Photo/phone. 8697 ✉ ☎

Tall Professional Man—39, looking for love in the right place. Tired of the bar scene. If you are 5'7" or over, 25-35, caring and family-minded, let's get together. 8773 ✉

Pretty Designer—Blond/blue, shapely, petite, fun, honest, divorced, 40s, child-free, seeks soul mate. 8753 ✉

Searching For My Braveheart—Slim, pretty female, mathematics professional, 5'5", brown hair, hazel eyes, with an optimistic outlook on life - enjoys fun times, walks in the park and on the beach, workouts at the gym, outdoor cafes and all cultural activities. Searches for commitment-minded professional male, 38-48, who is financially secure, has similar interests, likes dogs, knows how to take charge, will put me on a pedestal, and altogether adds up. 8786 ✉

Pretty Woman—Blond hair, blue eyes, 5'5", 110 lbs, fit and warm, MBA professional, with a sense of humor. Seeking handsome gentleman (48-59) who enjoys nature walks, music and friends, who loves animals and has a zest for life and a wonderful heart. Photo/phone. 8782 ✉ ☎

First-Time Bi Experience Sought—By very attractive, 5'8", 31, white female. You: bi, white, slim, attractive, intelligent, feminine. Photo. 8723 ✉

6', Attractive, Fit, Athletic—Successful Jewish physician, 33, seeks pretty, warm-hearted female, 25-34, with a positive outlook, interested in a possible long-term relationship. Photo/note. 8701 ✉

You - NYPD/NYFD—Big, tough yet sensitive, smart. Me - sexy brunette, 30s, smart, funny. Photo/note. 8700 ✉

Takes Two To Tango—5'11", slim, single white male, computer artist, no children, 34. Loves ballroom dancing, CNN, movies, kids, intelligent conversation. Seeks pretty, charming, bright woman, 25-35, who likes to laugh. Could lead to serious relationship. 8708 ✉ ☎

Fun-Loving, Attractive Journalist—42, loves music and kids. Seeks relaxed, warmhearted professional man. 8817 ✉ ☎

Cute, Slender—44, female educator with PhD, feisty spirit, social conscience and classic tastes, seeks principled man in 40s - sense of self/humor a plus. 8751 ✉

Self-Made CT Professional Male—42, tall, playful and directed, seeks a slender, educated, confident, cheerful black female, 28-45, to share gourmet cooking, jazz and brilliant ideas. Photo please. 8758 ✉ ☎

Gay, Slim White Male—58, financially secure, attractive, loving, nonsmoker, Willem Dafoe type - seeks same, 45 plus, to share life's pleasures and commitment. Time's precious, alone a waste. 8661 ✉

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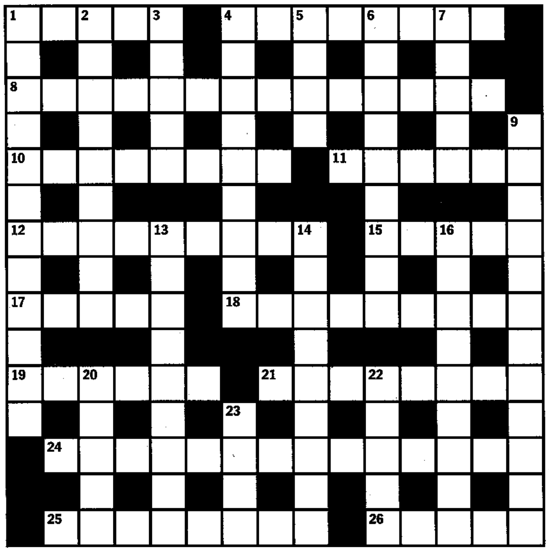
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 This lady will shortly need protection. (5)
4 Attempt to cheat when making appointment. (8)
8 All timber? More a stone structure. (6,8)
10 Even lead could be made lighter. (8)
11 Girl her mother almost has to flog. (6)
12 What to call our G. Carey informally? (4,5)
15 It's everything and nothing with a Scots town. (5)
17 Mediterranean resort entertains English relative . . . (5)
18 . . . just when English leave the island to come back. (9)
19 Get wings to force projection. (6)
21 Empty words dished up by politician to be found at borehole? (4,4)
24 Latest sleaze dished up by the tabloids? (7,7)
25 Utopian brought to earth by the sword. (8)
26 Girl initially taken in by dissolute rascal. (5)

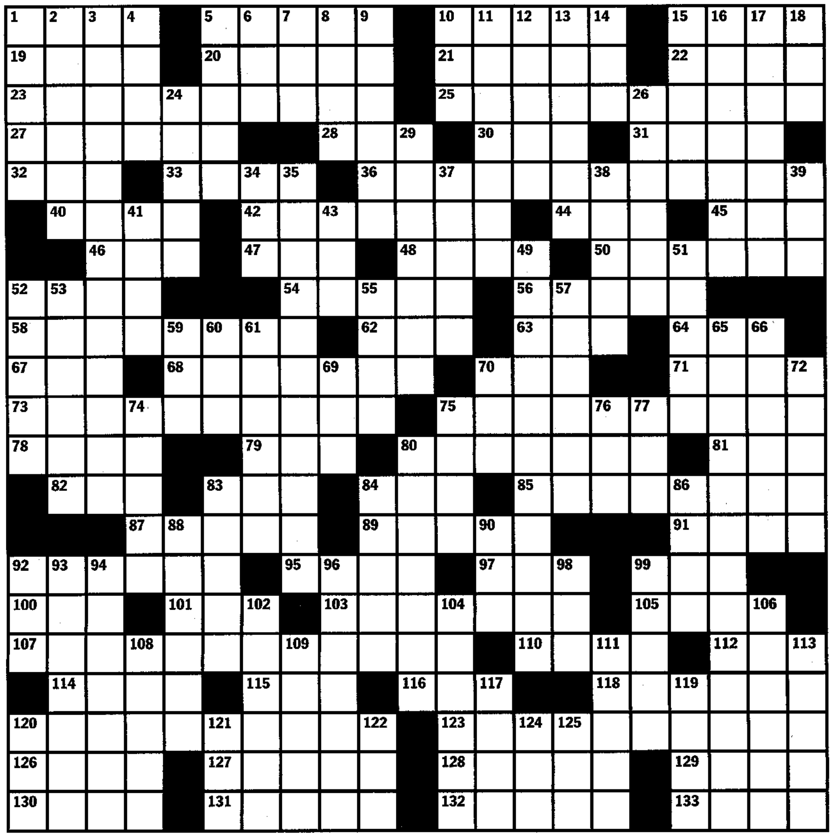


DOWN
1 Whence came the fatal stab in the back for Richard III? (7,5)
2 Cuddle in the recess? (9)
3 Estimate of measurement arising fror partial integral. (5)
4 It's not excessive to be consumed by passion. (9)
5 Vegetables dug up—about a thousand, say. (4)
6 Wild man target of wild woman. (9)
7 Approaches cunning snare. (5)
9 Spare table to serve fish spread. (7,5
13 Capital investment in Scotland. (9)
14 Difficult clue—one needs time to make it clear. (9)
16 Threatening look about Jack at work. (9)
20 18 lacks bite, otherwise it's no different. (5)
22 Submit to delay. (5)
23 This operative is non-conformist—very Scottish! (4)

'It's the 4th': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Take a risk
5 First lady in Parliament
10 Boxers' weapons
15 Chow hall
19 Evangelist Roberts
20 Relinquish a right
21 Do tailoring
22 "—— be Queen o' the May"
23 Hayworth's 4th
25 Carson's 4th
27 Milo and Tessie
28 Catch some Z's
30 Lingerie item
31 Dye
32 Meet the bet
33 Kind of rug
36 Bogart's 4th
40 Coin drop
42 Graceful antelope
44 Mule of songdom
45 Afternoon social
46 Numbered rd.
47 Paul's "Exodus" role
48 B —— (tourist home)
50 Waldorf-salad ingredient
52 Mob scene
54 Conference locale, 1945
56 Dote on
58 Blood clot
62 Ending for cash or bombard
63 Was a candidate
64 Former Clay
67 Barbary beast
68 Complies
70 Condensed, for short
71 Isle of Wight resort
73 Garland's 4th
75 Grant's 4th
78 Developer's interest
79 High dudgeon
80 Buzzard's meal
81 Antipole of SSW
82 Alphabet sequence
83 Batsman's stat.
84 Catch, cop-style
85 Expiate, as one's sins
87 Heartless
89 Salts or Downs
91 "—— take arms . . .": Hamlet's soliloquy
92 South Korean port
95 Ad trademark
97 Chou En——
99 Yearling's age
100 Estuary
101 Obsolete ostrich
103 Wood façades
105 Psychedelic acids
107 Henry VIII's 4th
110 Dec. holiday
112 Le Gallienne of stage fame
114 Kin of etc.
115 Bern's river
116 Porky's place
118 Hush-hush
120 Shaw's 4th
123 Chaplin's 4th
126 —— noire
127 Actor Quinn
128 Roam stealthily
129 Eight: prefix
130 Soho scrubwoman
131 Schooner sights
132 Did suturing
133 Take an oblique course

DOWN
1 "Dumb" old birds
2 Gets up
3 Harrison's 4th
4 Actress Sommer
5 Flooded with water
6 Recite
7 Cratchit's boy
8 Pizzeria fixture
9 Used-car deal
10 Govt. flight-regulating org.
11 Badly brought up
12 Cubic meter
13 Sooners' neighbors
14 —— Lanka
15 Make like
16 Issue forth
17 Hotel-chain name
18 Sea plea
24 Proverbial waste-maker
26 No longer as crisp
29 Taste-sensitive areas
34 Karim of the Khans
35 Davis's 4th
37 Of an arm bone
38 Strips for breakfast
39 Install linoleum
41 Palindromic name
43 Ex-president of Pakistan
49 Sinatra's 4th
51 Absorb lessons
52 Paper quantities
53 Damage
55 Property claim
57 Cry of frustration
59 ——-di-dah
60 Most of Antarctica
61 Penman
65 Sellers's 4th
66 "—— choose to run" Coolidge
69 Mommy deer
70 Robert Burns's burgl
72 January, in Jerez
74 Sailing vessel
75 Pats on
76 Partner of bill
77 Abby's twin
80 Scarface's family
83 —— the mill
84 Beersheba's desert
86 Ages and ages
88 George Eliot novel
90 "Hellzapoppin" star, with 99-Down
92 Author Levin
93 Ancient Assyrian capital
94 Short oratorio
96 Pig out
98 Doxy
99 See 90-Down
102 Maine National Park
104 Impedes, in court
106 Sleekly slender
108 Champing at the bit
109 Finishes a flight
111 —— as the hills
113 Counselor——
117 Bygone times
119 Corp. VIPs
120 #2 on the phone dial
121 Aries
122 M.D.s' associates
124 Feminists' gp.
125 Feeling of wonderment



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 8

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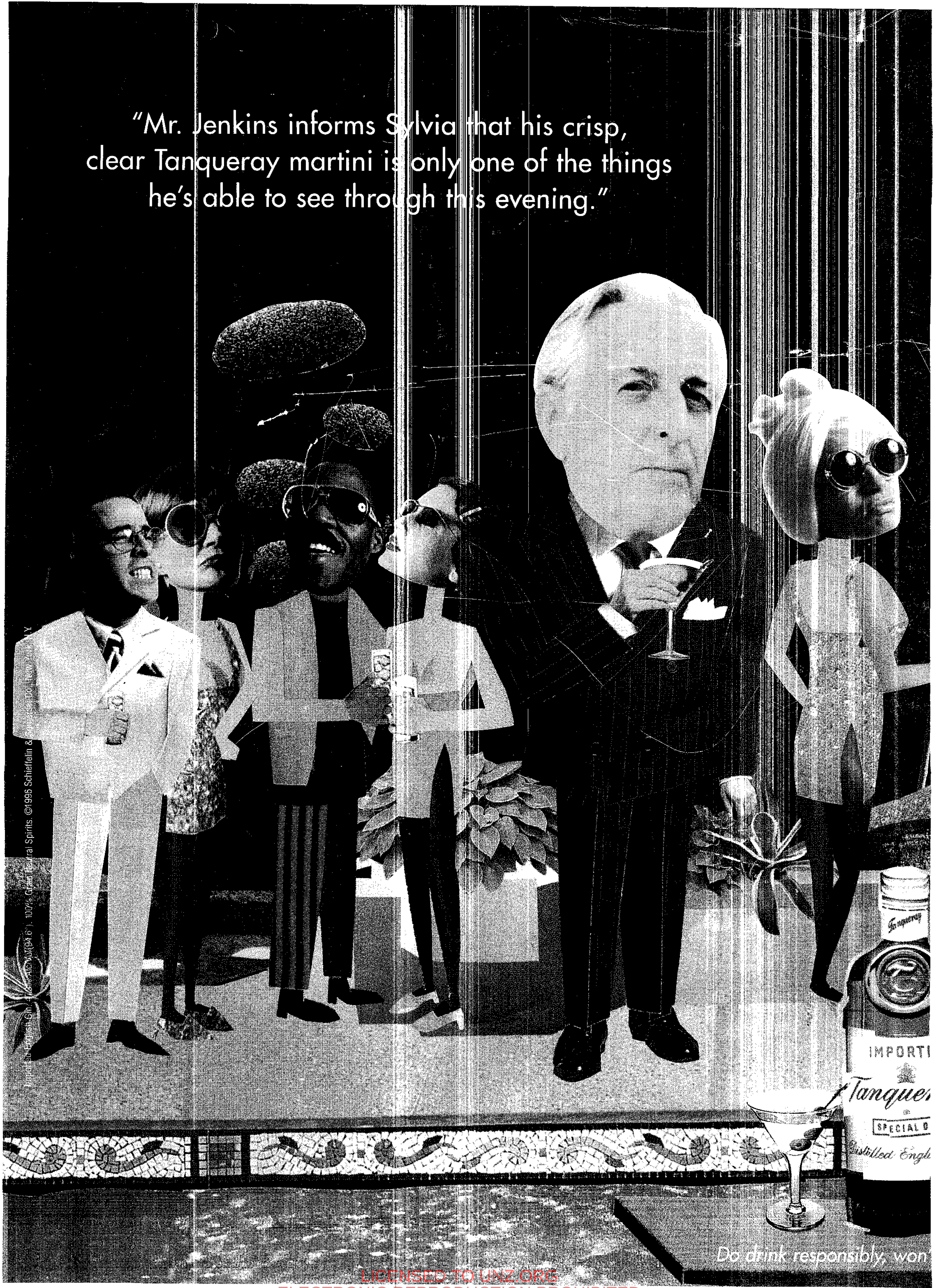

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